THE SATURDAY EVE POST

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Volume 202, Number 25

DEC. 21, 1929

Here's the first canned fruit with numbered grades ...*clearly stamped in the top of the can.*

YOU hear it more and more these days when women speak of foods—"There's a clever new way to buy Hawaiian Pineapple—you can choose at a glance the very grade you wish." And here's the secret: Pineapple grown and packed by James D. Dole has the name DOLE *stamped in the top of the can*—and, beneath that name, the number of the grade inside.

Be sure to look at the can top—it means a lot these days. Look for DOLE—then choose by number the grade of pineapple you wish.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

Do you know you can now buy pure, unsweetened Hawaiian Pineapple juice—packed by DOLE?

GRADE 1

GRADE 2

GRADE 3

A color photograph

The way to be sure of the grade you buy Have you discovered it?

DOLE 1 . . . DOLE 2 . . . DOLE 3

Simply look under the DOLE stamp in the top of the can for figure 1, or 2, or 3. They are grade marks as reliable as the DOLE stamp itself. All grades are sun-ripened fruit—pure, wholesome, delicious. The exact meaning of DOLE grades follows.

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Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit itself is of good, wholesome quality.

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"The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" is one of the most fascinating booklets you ever read. In it you'll find the whole story of DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple—the wonderful tropic country in which it grows—the story of the model kitchen in which it is packed—why DOLE stamped the grade numbers in the top of the can. And in the booklet are 39 delicious new recipes you've never tried before—prepared for you by America's leading authorities. Send for your copy—it's free!

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Mail to HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, Dept. S-139
215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

You may send me FREE a copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden" with its 39 new recipes.

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World's largest growers and canners of Hawaiian Pineapple

72 SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE BUILDINGS under Barrett SPECIFICATION ROOFS

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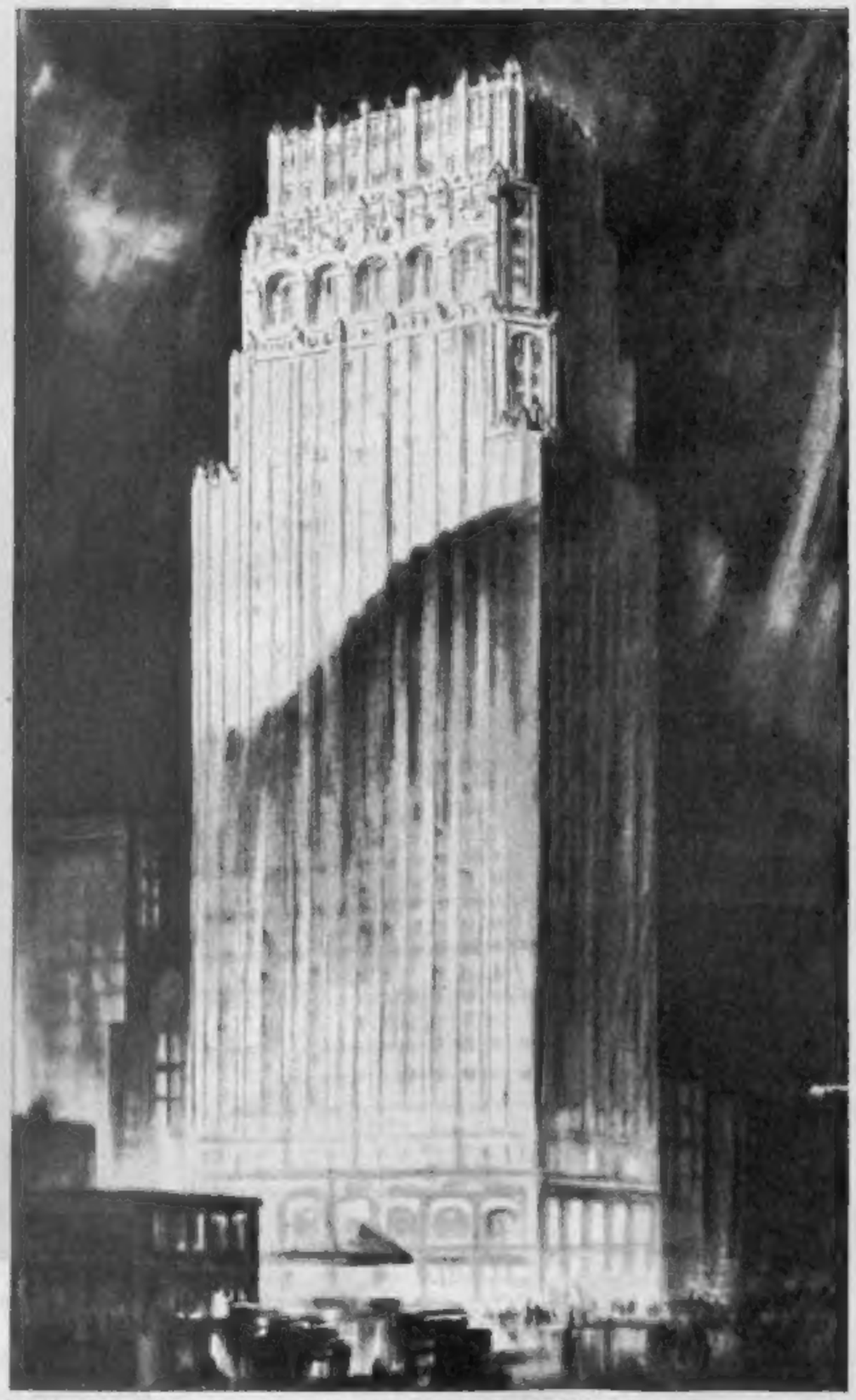
*The Barrett Company also offers a Specification Type "A" Roof which is bonded for 10 years. This type of roof is adaptable to a certain class of buildings. The same high-grade materials are used, the only difference being in the quantities.



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THE PRESIDENT GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS—By Isaac F. Marcosson

A WISE observer of life once remarked that a man's judgment is no better than his information. It was an abstract statement, to be sure, but it applies with unerring accuracy to Herbert Hoover. I doubt if any other living man is possessed of quite so much knowledge on so many different subjects or has it so readily available. In this equipment lies the keynote of the efficiency which he has impressed in many directions both in war and in peace.

Moreover, it is the mainspring of his reorganization of the business of President, a performance peculiarly characteristic of the man and his method. It started the day he took the oath of office. As a matter of fact, it had begun to crystallize long before he took over what is perhaps the biggest and most difficult task in the world. If ever an individual approached the presidency with adequate preparedness and a profound sense of its opportunities, it was the present Chief Executive of these United States.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

President and Mrs. Hoover Parading in the Rain at the Edison Celebration, Dearborn, Michigan

The recasting of the technic of presidential administration has been done without the slightest impairment of processes. They have simply been made more mobile and therefore more effective. To break through the legislative and traditional conventions that hem in this most exacting of American executive posts requires the exercise of both initiative and courage, reënforced by a dominant mentality. The office is interpreted and, in the case of Hoover, expanded by the man who fills it.

One feature of this reshaping of the presidential job, so to speak, is its lack of obviousness. When you approach the Executive Offices of the White House you find that externally they are just the same as in previous administrations. The usual number of motor cars are parked in the roadway. The invariable crowds of people come and go. There is always the foreground of curious sight-seers, eager to establish some kind of vicarious contact with the personage and the environment that hold the largest interest of the American people.

It is when you step inside that you get the feel of something new. Office space has been adapted to meet the demands of the enlarged personnel. This, however, is physical and visible. Something else has happened which is intangible. You are conscious of a new sense of action. It is not expressed in hustle, bustle or the reflex of office wheels whirring at high tension. Nor is it, furthermore, because Hoover is the first President to employ three full-fledged secretaries as well as an administrative research assistant, and also the first to have a telephone on his desk. It is because the plump, boyish-looking man who sits in a room inside has charged the entire establishment with his dynamic organizing power and his well-nigh incredible ability to get things done.

A few innovations will serve to show you how the newsystem operates. Other Presidents have had publicity assistants, but their job was to create and accelerate sentiment from within the White House. Hoover has set up a machinery which probes and searches public opinion outside. It is precisely like a manufacturer who analyzes the market for his sales distribution. He finds out what the consumer is thinking about and adapts his product to needs.

Other Presidents have employed research aides whose assignment was mainly to dig up material for the presidential speeches. Hoover likewise has a research assistant, but his principal work is to mobilize and coördinate the expert forces that can be utilized for his spacious program to enhance the national social well-being; child health in particular.

Because precedent dictated, other Presidents have been largely content to bestow the Assistant Secretaryships in the ten major departments upon the politically deserving. Hoover has drafted part of the flower of American business and professional life for what he calls "the second line." Men who never dabbled in politics have left positions that paid them ten times the amount of their official salaries to occupy minor posts in the Government. Again you have the business chief surrounding himself with the most competent coworkers.

Save in public speeches and authorized third-person statements, other Presidents were never quoted in the press. Hoover laid "the White House spokesman" in a grave six feet deep and stands for what he says in the press conferences with the Washington and other correspondents in direct quotation.

It is impossible to comprehend the Hoover reorganization of the business of President without knowing something about the office itself and the precedents that have guided so many of its occupants. Since the position is attained through votes, it naturally followed that Presidents hitherto have been politically minded. Save for soldiers like Washington and Grant, practically all held some kind of elective office before they entered

the White House. Vice presidencies, governorships and senatorships provided the principal stepping-stones. When Presidents, or their makers and advisers, were not altogether animated by traditional political impulses, they were inclined to err on another side. Confusion—I use the most amiable word—between public and private interests developed. We can all remember the time when the vanguard of contemporary big business was intrenched in the Senate. From oil to the railroads, every vested corporate power had its spokesman.

At this point—and it bears directly upon the subject in hand—it is interesting to interpolate that Hoover is the first President, as far as I know, who had not previously held an elective office. The only national post that he filled was as Secretary of Commerce, which was appointive.

His nonpolitical approach to the presidency explains the disregard of political convention which has been translated into his organization of the national stewardship.

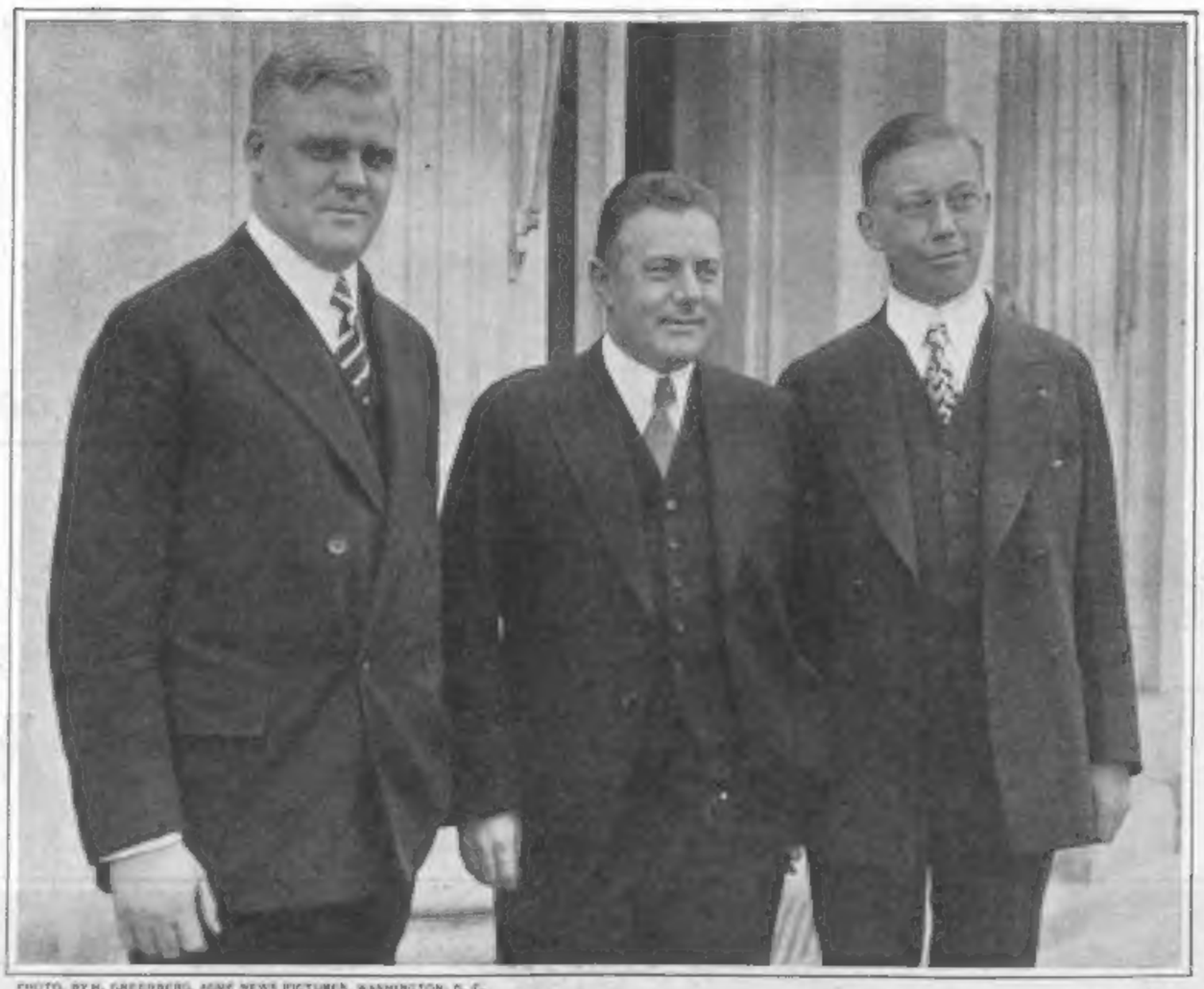

PHOTO. BY H. GREENBERG, ACME NEWS PICTURES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The President's Three Secretaries. Left to Right—George Akerson, Lawrence Richey and Walter H. Newton

Facts, Then Action

TO GET the real significance of this revolution—for it is nothing less—we must briefly analyze political mindedness. Quite naturally it has for one of its objectives the obligation implied in the phrase, "satisfy the public." A President is expected to deliver the goods politically, which means that the whole structure of government, outside the Civil Service, must be more or less adapted

French Strother, Administrative Assistant to President Hoover

to expediency. Custom has decreed it and, save in rare instances such as right now, there is no escape. It was expressed in appointments and also in dramatic gestures that sometimes leaned more on promise than on performance.

Right here is where the Hoover idea lifts its head. The President's entire working life from those early engineer days has been geared to realities. I can best illustrate in a parallel with the late Lord Northcliffe. When a big news item broke he was never swayed by influence to color or suppress its presentation in the newspapers he owned, no matter whom it involved. He invariably said: "What are the facts? They shall be the best judge." Upon facts, and facts alone, functioned his journalistic policy.

Hoover has followed the same plan. It has been a case of facts first and action afterward. He has always been certain of his ground, whether the job was a mine development in China, a relief program in Europe, the organization of a foreign-trade bureau in the Department of Commerce or the indictment of control of an essential commodity like rubber before a congressional committee. His conception of the presidency, therefore, reverses the traditional formula by setting up the unuttered standard: "The public can only be satisfied when it has something to be satisfied about." It is the code of the doer.

When Hoover appraised the presidency, he viewed it in new terms. With his background he visualized it as a great business which had to be organized and conducted in efficiency terms. This demanded that the best man should be on every station. Furthermore, the vast enterprise had to yield dividends in the shape of service that would make the people of the United States healthier, and therefore happier, more productive and more prosperous. Being economically minded he saw that the practical factor entered largely into the human and administrative picture. Ninety per cent of our national problems are big with some kind of economic significance.

This is why the Government today is being projected as a supercorporation, why the personnel and production branches lean increasingly toward competency first and political favor last, why administration is developing into a fact-finding entity keyed to the interrogation: "What are the results?"

Obviously this new administrative order is based on the assumption that national housekeeping is just as important as national legislation, if not more so. The housekeeping end demands personality and direction, while the legislation end operates more or less mechanically. We change our national housekeepers every four or eight years, but the business of national welfare must go on forever. When a régime is nearing its close, there is a considerable amount of let-down all along the line. The new administrative broom must do a considerable amount of mopping up. Hoover has not only mopped up but has likewise infused an entirely fresh spirit into the operation.

To appreciate just what confronts an incoming President, let us, by way of contrast, have a look at private business conduct. When a new head assumes direction of a great industrial enterprise he has a free hand. He can hire and fire at will. The charter of incorporation is his only mandate. His sole responsibility is to his stockholders.

Handicaps on the President

IN ONE sense the President of the United States has the same responsibility. His stockholders are the taxpayers. Every citizen, however humble, has an equity in the colossal business which is the U. S. A.

Unfortunately the Chief Executive of the nation lacks the freedom of action which is the privilege of the president or managing director of the private concern. Our President can name his Cabinet and make other appointments, but various handicaps are laid upon elasticity of movement. An explanation of some of them is essential to an understanding of what has happened at the White House since last March.

(Continued on Page 78)

PHOTOS. COPYRIGHT BY HENRY MILLER NEWS PICTURE SERVICE

The Executive Offices of the White House, Showing the Entrance to the Basement, Which Has Been Reconstructed to Take Care of the President's Additional Clerical Force

SALVAGE

By THORNTON MARTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE train pulled into the terminal, and Jerry Lang got up and wedged into the line-up in the aisle, leaving his paper on the seat. He didn't need the paper any more. It had told him all he wanted to know. All the news in it had been compressed into one line of type for his special benefit.

Barton Appliances closing at 10⅜ meant that his margin was down around two or three hundred dollars. If anything, closer to two hundred than three hundred. He could call up Latham & Co. and find out easily enough. But he was afraid, if he got Latham on the other end of a wire, Latham would say, "Well, Lang, I'm sorry, but I guess we'll have to have a little more collateral," and he would have to tell Latham that he didn't have any more collateral.

He pushed against a subway turnstile with his thigh and looked up a reverberating tunnel for his train. A rumble sounded in the tunnel, grew into a mighty roar. He jammed his way inside and hung, swaying, to a leather strap. As he watched the concrete wall run past the window in a gray blur, another thought came to him and took the place of his thoughts about Latham and collateral.

Hal Peters had told him about Barton Appliances, coming in on the Green Lake local one morning. According to Peters, a man close to the president of Barton had put him next to it. Barton was scheduled to hit 40 before May.

After talking to Peters, he had called up Latham and told him to buy two hundred Barton at the market. He had gotten it at 18⅝. When the letter confirming the purchase had come in, he had felt big and important. He had begun to mention Barton casually at the lunch table. When Mike Griffin had got off one of his daily cracks about his paper profits in Fontaine, Inc., he had chimed in with an account of his deal in Barton Common. Having Barton had let him in on the talk that flowed around bridge tables after the score had been added up. It was fun leaning back in a chair, lighting a cigar, and taking an active and interested part in the "I bought it when" and "I ran it up to" sessions.

Maybe Hal had remembered that he had put him onto the Barton tip and had remembered that he was responsible for his buying it, and had called up Latham and had told him to carry his account. Maybe Hal had told Latham that he would be good for it. It was a fantastic notion, but he played with it for two stations, until it had ceased being a notion and had become a conviction. It explained everything satisfactorily, and it had the added merit of having a sort of glow of milk of kindness about it. It warmed his heart to think that Hal, in spite of the multiple cares of his own business, had taken time out to think about a friend's little problem.

He climbed a flight of scrubbed marble steps and pulled at the lever of a time clock. Hal Peters had an office on the floor above his, in his office building. He knocked on Hal's door, and a voice said "Come in."

Peters was sitting at his desk with a receiver at his ear and his other hand over the mouthpiece. He motioned to a chair. Jerry sat down and looked at Hal. Hal smiled at him, but the well-known Peters smile was only surface deep. He had, Jerry thought, made a bum job of shaving.

A muffled voice came out of the receiver, and Hal said, "This is Hal Peters of Peters & Co. Will you tell Mr. Hawkins I'll have some collateral for him before the market opens? Tell him I just got in and found a note to call him on my desk."

The voice at the other end said something, and Hal put the receiver back on its hook and stood up.

"Sorry I've got to run, Jerry, but they're sort of crowding me."

Jerry said, "Not at all."

Jerry Pushed Back His Chair and Stood Up. "I Don't Feel Well," He Said. "I Guess I'll Run On"

Peters picked up his hat and started through the door. At the threshold a thought struck him, and he turned.

"I hope you didn't go and buy any of that Barton I was telling you about."

Jerry didn't say anything.

"Well, don't," Peters said. "No matter how low it gets. It's a louse if there ever was one."

He went through the door and left Jerry sitting in the chair. He watched the door swing to and fro and become still. Then he got to his feet, went into his own office and hung up his hat and coat. In the middle of his blotter was a square of white.

He tore it open and read it. It was short and to the point. Latham & Co. wanted him to bring them four hundred dollars to margin his account. He didn't have four hundred dollars; he didn't have four dollars. Paying the rent had left him just three dollars and a quarter to last him till tomorrow, when Jackson brought the pay envelopes around.

He picked up his own phone and asked the operator for Pine 2367.

A voice said, "Latham & Co."; and he asked for Mr. Latham.

"Mr. Latham is busy on another wire. Will you wait for him?" He held the receiver to his ear with his shoulder and drew squares and circles on his blotter. He heard a faint sound like the slamming of a phone-booth door, and Andrew Latham's voice said "Hello?" in his ear.

"Hello, Latham. This is Lang. I got your letter."

Latham said, "Your account's pretty weak."

He knew his account was weak. Why didn't Latham tell him something he didn't know?

He said, "Well, you'd better sell something."

"I hate to see you take a loss."

He would have to tell Latham he didn't have four hundred dollars, and he hated him for making him tell. Why didn't he go ahead and sell the stock, instead of fooling around with a pretense of sympathy?

He managed to laugh.

"I hate to take one, too," he said.

Latham didn't say anything for a moment. Then he said crisply, "Shall I put in an order?"

"Guess you better."

"Let me see; where did you buy it?"

His jaw tightened. He could, he decided, be just as nonchalant as old Latham.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Somewhere around 20. Where did it close?"

"Just a moment."

He heard Latham calling to someone, "Where did Barton close?" Then Latham said, "It closed at 10⅜. I'll try to get 11 for you."

"What's the matter with trying for 11½?"

Latham laughed.

"I should sell it at the market. I'm just trying to give you a break."

For a time after he hung up, he stared at the squares and circles he had drawn. Then he picked up the phone again and called a number and asked a secretary for Mr. Putnam.

Putnam was a sort of perennial undergraduate who had had Jerry around to dinner two or three times while he was in college and running on the track team. He was a member of the track committee and didn't have any children. He lived at the College Club and had put Jerry up for the club, or at least he had put him up for the waiting list at the club, which was just about the same thing. He didn't have much to do but clip coupons, and he liked to hang around the locker room at the relay carnival and make the trip to the intercollegiates with the team. He was the sort of old boy who is always saying things like, "Now, if I can ever help you out, Jerry old man, just call on me." Well, he was calling on him now.

The girl finally located him and got him to the phone.

Putnam wanted to know where Jerry Lang had been for the last hundred years.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE BARNACLE

By F. W. BRONSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"Well," said the Barnacle, "I've Always Liked Mayweather. Naturally I Tried to Make it the Best Town Possible"

HIS real name was George Washington Fireston, but forty-odd years ago someone dubbed him the Barnacle, and that's the way I've thought of him ever since. It was one of those apt nicknames that don't shake loose with maturity; probably because they describe some fundamental trait of character or mind. Among other things, barnacles are noted for the way they attach themselves to one particular spot and cling there until forcibly removed. In George Washington Fireston's case, the spot to which he had attached himself was the village of Mayweather, Long Island; and this is the story of how he clung there.

Like the rest of us, of course, he was a Mayweather boy to start with. It was a quiet enough town in those days—full of dogs in summer and sleigh bells in winter and a smell of oysters all the year round. The inhabitants were mostly small tradespeople who dealt with the oystermen and the neighboring farmers, but even in the 1880's there were a few summer estates near Mayweather to set us youngsters dreaming of wealth and fortune.

Looking back on it all now, I'm inclined to idealize the elms, the friendly gatherings at the post office after supper, the autumn bonfires along the dirt streets, the taste of watermelon and lobster and salty clams, the peaceful atmosphere of a village like Mayweather before the days of the automobile. But, as a matter of fact, it must have been a very dull little town to live in. Certainly it lacked the progressive spirit that stimulates young minds and satisfies young ambitions. Opportunity in Mayweather, we felt, was nonexistent. Our fathers had built up the community as high as it would go. Mayweather was stagnant. We wanted to get out into the larger world of the cities, where we could make the most of our lives. Only the Barnacle seemed contented to face a monotonous Mayweather future; he just smiled amiably when we pointed out the limitations of his father's harness shop.

"The Barnacle is Certainly a Wonderful Fellow, Joe"

But this story really opens on the Fourth of July after we were graduated from high school. Five of us were lounging in our bathing suits on the public dock, watching the sun go down into the fiery puddle that was New York State. I remember how the harbor bristled with masts, and how plainly we could hear people calling their cows up on the hill.

Fred Basset, as usual, was talking the loudest. There was a sort of Viking aggressiveness about his mop of red hair, his pugnacious red face, and his bulgy, sun-reddened shoulders.

"I'm clearing out of town next week," he said. "Mayweather's no place for anybody that's alive. Take it from me, opportunity don't walk up to a man and tip its hat to him. You've got to go out and hunt for opportunity. Well, I'm going out and knock about the world until I find a chance to make enough money to retire on."

Peter Armstrong asked: "Have you got a job?"

"No, but I've got seventy-eight dollars." Fred Basset glared around at us belligerently, and we all admired his explosive, inexhaustible energy. "I'll go west first. Maybe I'll try railroading and maybe I'll clean up in the oil fields. Anyhow, I'm not going to sit still and expect dollars to drop into my lap."

"There's a lot of money in oil," said Luther Miller. He was a plump, dark, earnest little fellow with a premature bald spot and glasses. "My father says that if I don't want to go into the hardware business with him, I ought to get a job with one of the big oil companies or with some other big company. Father says that companies are going to get bigger and bigger during the next twenty years, and that the thing to do is to jump in at the bottom and grow up with them."

Fred Basset guffawed. "They'll put you at a desk adding up columns of figures, and there you'll be all your life. I wouldn't go into a big company for a million dollars, unless I was the son of the president."

Luther Miller flushed with the earnestness of his convictions. "At least it'll get me out of Mayweather and into New York. And at least it's a steady job with steady pay. I want to be safe, and you can't be safe unless you're sure of your job. Father says that a big company offers a security that you can't get for yourself. I don't see how you'll stand not knowing where your next meal's coming from."

"I can stand anything as long as I'm my own boss."

"Well," said Luther stubbornly, "when I get to be president of a company, I'll be boss of something more than myself." He turned to me: "How about you, Joe?"

"Pete Armstrong and I are going to college," I replied.

Somehow we all turned to the Barnacle at the same moment. He was taller than the rest of us. His silvery hair was towsled over his brown forehead. Candid blue eyes looked out of a placid, friendly face. In our opinion, he was the most likable boy in town, but a trifle slow and unenterprising. He must have been sixteen that summer.

"What about you, Barney?" I asked. "Where you going?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought of going any place."

Fred Basset said: "Well, what sort of a job do you want? That'll decide where you ought to go."

"I haven't thought about a job," replied the Barnacle. "I figured I'd just hang around Mayweather for a while, and something would turn up. You fellows are all crazy to get away, but I sort of like it here." He drew long brown fingers through his silvery hair. "I like to hang around the water and I like to read. I wouldn't live in a city for any amount of money." He laughed good-humoredly. "When you fellows all clear out, there'll be plenty of jobs right here."

"At twenty-five dollars a week for life!" said Peter Armstrong.

The Barnacle replied: "Father and I will get along. None of you seem to realize what a great little town this is. It's the best town in the world, if you ask me; and when the railroad comes, it's going to be better. A man could

do a lot worse than go into business here. I sort of thought I'd pick up a few rowboats and sailboats, and hire them out to the summer people. It might grow into something pretty good, even though I don't make much at first."

No one laughed. The Barnacle's ambition was too pathetic a thing to laugh at.

After a protracted silence, Peter Armstrong said: "Going my way, Joe?"

We dressed in Morgan's old shed and walked homeward together up Main Street. Peter was the only one of us whose father was well-to-do; likewise he was the handsomest, in his sleek, alert, black-eyed way.

"It'll be fun to see how we all turn out." He laughed. "Are you really going to college, Joe?"

"Yes. Mother and Aunt Hattie want me to go. I'll have to work my way, of course, but I suppose it'll be worth it. After that I think I'll try a newspaper job. I've always liked to scribble."

"Newspaper work's a good springboard into something else—say politics. I'm going in for politics, Joe. Harvard'll put me into contact with a lot of influential men. When I get out I'm going into Wall Street and make money. After that, politics or the diplomatic service. When I'm all fixed I'm going to marry Nancy Carroll and take her out of this hick town."

We were standing under the big chestnut tree in front of the Armstrong mansion, and I felt that Peter had the most brilliant prospects of us all. "I didn't know you were engaged to Nancy."

"I'm not. But she's the girl for me. She's too good for anybody in this town. I'm going to marry her, all right, in about ten years."

"Why not in four years, Pete?"

"Because I can't be handicapped at first. She'll wait for me. I told her my plans and how I feel about her, and I think she'll wait."

"Oh, yes," I agreed. "She'll wait for you." I remember how Pete's assurance impressed me. "He'll go far," I thought. And in contrast, my own future seemed very dubious and full of shadows. There we were, the five of us, stepping off briskly along our different roads; and the others all seemed to have more knowledge of the way than I had. But walking homeward under the Mayweather elms, I thought: "At least I'll make more out of my life than the Barnacle will out of his. The Barnacle's a dead one already."

When the Maine was blown up I happened to be on the train bound for Mayweather. I was twenty-eight years old, and for five years I had been the Star's Rome correspondent. I remember the nostalgia that came over me as I rubbed the frost from the window and looked out at the familiar North Shore. My head was full of questions that I wanted to ask about Fred and Pete and Luther. It would be fun to match achievements with them. Yes, and I'll confess a slight vanity in wanting to show the Barnacle how life in the outside world developed and toughened a man.

Barney had stuck fast to Mayweather all those years. The business that he called Fireston's Shipyard occupied a vacant lot and two dilapidated sheds on the harbor front. I walked down there next morning with the snow over my shoe tops and with the low-tide smells making my heart beat loud under my ulster. I was thinking: "It's great to be home, but what a dead hole to live in." And when I found the Barnacle puttering in a mess of shavings, paint cans, old ropes, oar locks, sail covers, spars, and cat-boat hulls, I pitied him and decided not to boast about my life in Rome.

"I Got Married in 1903," He Boomed

His brown hand gripped like iron and his placid face lit up with an almost childlike pleasure. "Joe! You must be glad to be back!" He was in overalls, a paint-smeared shirt, and his silvery hair was towsled on his forehead. He couldn't wait until we were seated by the coal stove to start talking about his beloved Mayweather; and the more he praised the town the more his blue eyes glowed with enthusiasm and the less he seemed to care about my life abroad.

"You see what the railroad's done for us, Joe? More business! I told you it would happen. I have six boats to take care of this winter. There are eight new summer places too. After lunch we'll walk out and look at them."

I had no desire to look at other people's summer homes in February. But to the Barnacle they weren't other people's summer homes; they were Mayweather homes, part of the town, something for him to be proud of. And when he stopped in at our house after lunch, I hadn't the heart to offend him. He looked like a scarecrow in his battered felt hat and shabby yellow overcoat.

"First we'll look the town over," he said. "I want to show you the new depot and the new bank building. They're brick, both of them! What do you think of that, Joe?"

"Wonderful," I murmured. To me the town looked the same as ever. The empty, snow-filled streets, the black limbs of the elms, the drab frame houses—all were peaceful and unchanged. The only difference I noted was that everything looked smaller and more insignificant than I remembered it. The Barnacle, however, found a hundred things to point out for my admiration—the two-story jail, the new grocery store, the sign over the post office, the Men's Club that he had organized, and especially the depot. We stood in a lot adjoining the tracks, and the Barnacle said: "This is it."

"What?" My feet were cold and I was bored.

"Mine. This lot is mine. All paid for."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing. Just hold it. Some day a business man'll want it, and he'll pay five times what it cost me. Then I'll buy more lots with the money." All at once he leaned over and took hold of my lapel. "Joe," he said, "if you ever have any money to spare, you want to buy Mayweather lots. We're only thirty some miles from New York, and more and more people are going to build homes out here. You don't have to bother—just send me the check and I'll handle it for you. I said the same thing to Luther Miller—he's working for the Eagle Gas Company in New York—and I wrote to Pete Armstrong about it just after he left Wall Street and took a job in the Paris Embassy. I'd write Fred Basset, too, only nobody knows where he is. We five ought to share a good thing when we know about it."

"Much obliged, Barney," I said. "Foreign correspondents get darned small pay, and right now I need all I can scrape up to help mother and Aunt Hattie out. If I can collect a little, I'll surely drop you a line." Of course, I had no intention of tying up my small capital in Mayweather; it was too much like burying the money in the ground. And during the rest of our sight-seeing tramp my thoughts were with Pete and Luther and Fred. So they were all following out the careers that they had chosen—successfully too. "There's no doubt about it," I assured myself. "If you stay in one place all the time you lose all perspective on life. Good Lord! The Barnacle doesn't

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I Felt Like Shouting: "You Poor Fools! Why Would a Man Bury Himself Alive at the Age of Twenty-Eight?"

He Was Staring Off Toward Iceland or Greenland or Whatever it is That is North of a Ship

A VICTIM OF THE WAR

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ALONG time I watched this fellow. He was standing at the rail, leaning over and staring off toward Iceland or Greenland or whatever it is that is north of a ship, and he'd been doing this, never talking only to one guy, ever since we got on at Havre. And he didn't look sick either.

I can't hardly claim this was the most exciting spectacle I ever saw in my life, but you boil at a very low temperature on board ship, things generally being pretty dull; so when I came on deck about the third day out and found the fellow's pal in the deck chair next to mine, I asked him.

"The way he leans over the rail like that," I said, "he looks like he was sick; but if he is sick," I said, "he has certainly got his self under excellent control."

"He isn't sick," the fellow said; "he's just a victim of the war."

"That kid!" I said.

"I don't mean the little World War," the fellow said; "I mean the big war in Paris this summer."

"I didn't see any war in Paris," I said.

"You just wasn't in the right places," he explained. "Are you literary?"

"You mean, can I read?"

"No, I mean, do you?"

"Well, I can't say I'm a fanatic over it,"

"How do you feel about commas?"

"Commas?"

"Commas—little periods with tails." He drew one in the air. "How you stand on commas?"

"On commas," I said, "I think I can say I'm regular. But what have commas got to do with this war you're talking about?"

"The reason I ask," he said, "I don't want to get arguing with somebody that's a bigot on commas. I already had my fill of people like that."

"Well, you're safe with me," I told him. "I don't feel one way or the other about them. I don't even remember the question ever rose before. Maybe I'm just not comma-conscious."

"Most people ain't," he admitted, "and they're just as well off, if you ask me."

"What I'm asking you," I said, "what about commas, and what about this war in Paris that this boy is a victim of?"

"It's a very interesting story," he said.

"All right," I said, "let's have it."

"Very queer too."

"Good. Tell it."

"I don't know as I ever heard anything like it."

"Is there any way I can get you to start it?"

That boy there—he said—his name is Edgar and he comes from Fort Gaines, Ohio, but before he went across he was living in Greenwich Village. Where I met him was on this boat a couple of months ago, going over. We were in the same cabin together.

Naturally we got to chewing the fat together, you understand, and it came out that he was sore at the United States. What I mean, the whole United States. All the way from the top to the bottom, beginning about ten years ago up to that day, he was sore at it. And personally too.

"What's the idea of getting sore at the United States?" I said. "You ought not get sore at the United States."

"The United States," he said, "it's a land of Babbitts. It's no place for an artist."

"Are you an artist?"

"At heart," he said.

It seems he'd wrote a book, called Orchids and Gorillas, just after he got out of state university last June, and all of the critics that weren't Babbitts had praised it. This keyed him up quite a bit and he left Fort Gaines and settled in Greenwich Village, aiming to turn out some high-powered stuff where the surroundings were congenial, as it were.

But things didn't break so well in the Village. First his stuff was so high-powered, he said, none of the old-line magazines had the nerve to publish it. Finally he found an editor with courage, but this editor didn't have any magazine, which rendered him temporarily null and void so far as Edgar was concerned.

"You know what I did?" he said to me. "I and that fellow went out and I helped him raise some money to start a little magazine that we were going to call Dynamite, because it was going to be full of revolutionary ideas. We hadn't any more than published the first issue than first the cops came around, said we were violating the mailing laws, and then this fellow beat it with all the money we had raised—and then you know what happened?"

"No," I said. "What?"

"Somebody stole my laundry."

"Who? The editor?"

"No, the laundryman. He stole everybody's laundry that he worked for. He just beat it one day with about fifty bundles of laundry. That's really what made me sore."

"I can't say I blame you," I said. "A man is certainly in a tough spot without his laundry, even in Greenwich Village."

"Well," he said, "I just said to myself, how can an artist do anything, with the cops busting in and the laundryman going off with his laundry? A country that lets things like that happen, I said, it doesn't deserve artists. I just decided, then, why not go to Paris, where there is an artistic atmosphere and some encouragement to create, and it's cheap living too. What I'm going to do, I'm going to get me a little place on the left bank and just write, because I'm through with the United States forever."

"Does the United States know this?" I said.

"It must by now. I gave a long manifesto to a reporter on the pier."

"That fellow that needed a shave you were talking to?"

"Yes."

"That wasn't a reporter," I said. "That was a man from the express company."

"Isn't the express a paper?"

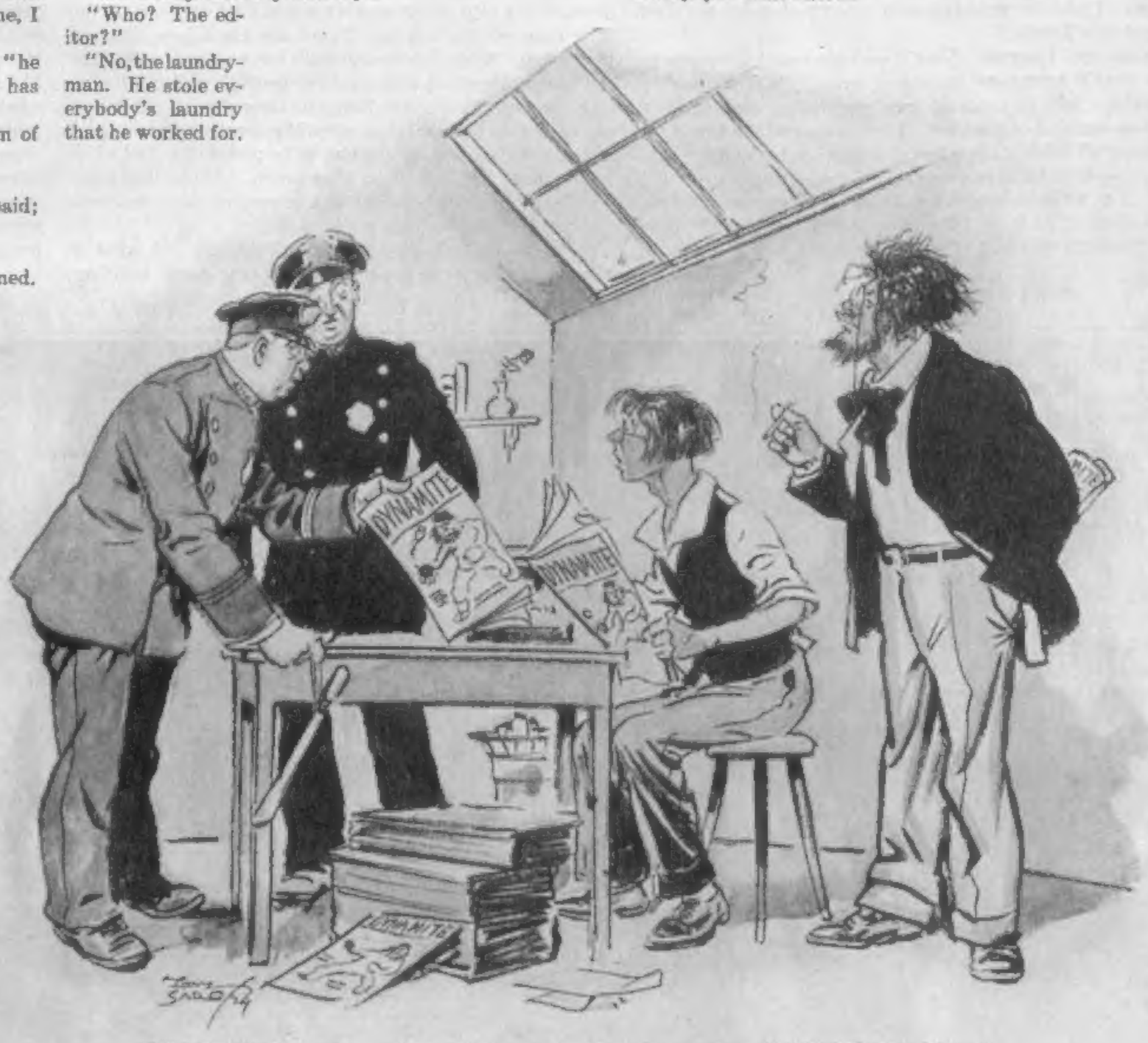
"Not in New York."

"I thought he was a reporter," Edgar said sadly.

"The whiskers threw you off," I said.

We got right chummy going over. He wasn't a bad chap, outside of being a shade on the literary side, and I got to like him. We got in the same compartment on the boat train up, and because I'd been to Paris before and knew a little about it, I found us a little hotel on the left bank in the Rue Jacob, where there was a Frenchman employed to hammer on an iron pipe all day under our windows.

My aim in Paris was just to take it easy for a few weeks, go to the races, eat some good food and drink some wine, and restore my faith in humanity, all in a very modest way; but Edgar, he hadn't any more than got his grips set before he had to go out, he said, and find a Fort Gaines newspaper somewheres.



"We Hadn't Any More Than Published the First Issue Than the Cops Came Around, Said We Were Violating the Mailing Laws"

"I thought you were through with all that," I said. "Besides, they got American papers published right here in Paris."

"I saw one," he said; "it's no good."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It ain't got the baseball scores," he said.

"You didn't look close," I said. "The Giants took two from the Braves yesterday."

"I don't care what the Giants done," he said. "It didn't have the Four-O League scores in it."

"It must be a oversight," I said.

"The day we sailed," he said, "Fort Gaines wasn't but a game and a half out of first place."

I Led Him Down the Boulevard Without Any Trouble at All

"Is it literary to notice that?" I reminded him.

"Everybody has their relaxation," he said.

As soon as I got my stuff settled I went out too. I went to a place in the Parc Montsouris and had some Germain soup and brook trout and a soufflé and some Pouilly. Then I got a taxi all the way back and stopped in Luigi's and had some Pisco punch, and about one o'clock I went back to the hotel feeling that I had properly celebrated my return to Paris. Edgar was already there, sitting nervously on the side of the bed.

"Crane," he said, his eyes shining excitedly, "I met a girl!"

"Well," I said, "you are the lucky one, because it's only the favored few that ever manages to meet a girl in Paris!"

"No, no," he said. "What I mean, a writer, although a pretty girl too. I was over to the Dome, and a fellow and I got to talking, and he told me he felt the same way I do—that the United States is nothing but a land of Babbitts—and I told him about how they stole my laundry, and he had the same kind of experience. It seems he had a package of *salami* one day ——"

"Is this the girl?"

"No. The girl come up while we were discussing things and he introduced me to her. Her name is Maxine Thurston and she's a member of the Sur-Vortex group. I think I'm going to join up with them too."

"Coed?" I said.

"The way Maxine talked," he said, "she certainly opened my eyes on some things. I could have lived in the United States a hundred years and not got half the artistic enterprise I got in two hours tonight. You know how they got it figured out?"

"No," I said; "how?"

"Listen," he said. "You know the old-fashioned hide-bound way of writing—the way they've been writing for hundreds of years without looking for any better way. I mean, with a capital at the beginning of the sentence and the beginning of a name, and all the rest little letters. See what I mean?"

"Sure," I said. "I write that way myself. Is it turned out to be wrong?"

"Did you ever stop to think," he said, "when you do it that way all the importance is put on the first letter of the sentence or word, which generally don't mean a thing, and the rest of the sentence—the really important part—just fades off into little letters?"

"Gracious!"

"I never looked at it that way myself either. I must have been blind not to noticed, though, because the minute Maxine and this fellow pointed it out, I saw it all in a flash. It was one of the most revolutionary things I ever heard of."

"Me too!" I said. "But what are we going to do about it?"

"That's where the Sur-Vortex group comes in," he said quickly. "We're going to found a new school of literature, and the way we are going to do it, we are going to write all in capital letters except the first letter of the sentence or name, and that is going to be a small letter. Like this."

Crane paused and reached in his pocket and pulled out a piece of soiled paper, which he unfolded.

"He handed me this," he said. "If you're interested in the new literary devices, cast an eye over it."

On the paper was this:

tHE TORTURED RIVER
cHOKES?
cHOKES'
cHOKES DUSKY dIANE –
tHE BLOOD AT TWILIGHT
cHOKES
tHE TORTURED RIVER –
sO!

"How does that sit on your stomach?" Crane asked.

"They seem to have hit on something big," I said.

"Well," he said, "that's what started the war."

"It could," I admitted.

Edgar was so excited—he went on—he couldn't hardly get his clothes off. It looked like Paris to him was exactly what the doctor ordered. I started getting undressed.

"See anybody you knew over at the Dome?" I said.

"I saw lots," he said. "Two newspapermen I used to know in Fort Gaines, and a guy I used to see in Springfield, and five fellows that used to eat at Tony's in the Village."

"No foreigners?" I said.

"Hardly any," he said.

"That's good," I said. "I heard the Dome and the Rotonde was being overrun by Frenchmen, but I reckon it was just idle gossip."

"That's all."

"Well," I said, "seems you certainly had a big night your first night here—met a girl, got in with the Sur-Vortex mob, and right up to your hips in literary atmosphere. A big night, I'd say."

"It was swell," he said, crawling in finally, "only one thing."

"What's that?"

"The elevator in this hotel—it don't run down; it only runs up. I must have rung a half hour this evening, and finally I had to walk down. It must be broke."

"No," I said, "that's the way they do in nearly all of these places. They bring you up, but they won't bring you down. You have to walk down."

"You mean that's the French custom?"

"One of them."

"What's some others?"

"Another one," I said, "they make all their coffee out of old felt hats thrown away by bus boys."

"I noticed that," he said. "What I got tonight, I thought the *garçon* didn't get my order straight. However, it doesn't matter. You ain't got to have coffee."

"Have it your way," I said. "Good night."

That's about all we said for several days, because apparently he'd bought one of the chairs in front of the Dome and wasn't getting out of it except when they shut up. He didn't wake until after I'd left in the morning and he never got in until after I was asleep. Out whooping it up, I suppose, with the Sur-Vortex boys and girls every night. When I got to see him, about a week later, he looked a little peaked.

"There ain't a Fort Gaines newspaper in Paris," he said.

"Don't you know yet who's ahead in the Four-O?"

"I don't even know if there is a Four-O League," he said. "You'd think a city as big as Paris would have a Fort Gaines paper somewheres. There was a friend of mine in Fort Gaines going to propose to a girl I knew, and I don't even know if he is engaged, much less married. I ain't had a letter since I got here."

"Maybe nobody's written," I said.

"Somebody's written, all right. I just ain't getting it, that's all. It's these Frenchmen. You know what happened today?"

"No. What?"

"They charged me for butter in a restaurant. It's the first time I ever paid for butter in a restaurant in my life. Nothing but a little plug of butter, like you get in any restaurant in the United States for nothing, and

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The Slap He Gave Ginsburg Rang Like the Crack of a Whip, and Ginsburg's Face Turned White

The Bull Market in Antiques

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IT SEEMS to me that $44,000 is too much to pay for an assortment of drawers, whether the assortment is known as a bureau, or a chest on chest, or a highboy, or an important highboy. You may name, you may value, these drawers as you will, but there will be no more space in them for shirts and pajamas and handkerchiefs and neckties that are never worn, but that are too good to throw away, than there will be in any other assortment of drawers of a similar size. You may declare pettishly that the utilitarian value of the drawers has nothing whatever to do with the matter; that they are priced for their æsthetic value. In that case, it seems to me that if you set a price of $44,000 on them, there will be argument as to whether a more beautiful and equally substantial and well-built assortment of drawers cannot be obtained from the best cabinetmaker in the United States at about one-tenth the price. I do not know definitely about these things, but that is how it seems to me.

Of one thing I am certain, however; and that is the fact that $44,000 is a lot of money. With $44,000 it is possible to go into the large and beautiful state of Maine, up above the billboard-and-fried-clam belt, and buy two or three hundred acres of the finest ocean-front property, clothed with forests of towering pines and birches, and erect thereon one of the dignified square-faced New England houses of the type that so effectively beautifies Maine's old shipbuilding towns. Still using the $44,000, one may embellish the house and have enough money left over to chop a few miles of paths through the forest and run a dock out into deep water and even construct a boathouse and equip it with a neat V-bottomed cruiser, to say nothing of subsidizing a few of the skilled stone workers of Northern Maine for the building of an outdoor swimming pool.

When a Highboy Came High

IT MAY be that a very important carved-mahogany highboy is more important than such a property purchase as I have just mentioned, and it may be less important; but the fact remains that $44,000 is a great deal of money. Money, as is well known, will go to work for its owner if properly treated, and will return him 6 per cent interest. On that basis, a person who spends $44,000 for a very important Chippendale carved-mahogany highboy is giving up a yearly income of $2640 in return for the pleasure he takes in looking at his highboy.

It may be worth it, and it may not be worth it. On this point I do not feel qualified to speak; but I am reasonably certain that the highboy which sold, at the fourth and last session of the so-called Reifsnyder sale on April 27, 1929, for $44,000, will hereafter be known as the $44,000 Highboy.

The Reifsnyder sale was an auction sale of the collection of the late Howard Reifsnyder, a wealthy Philadelphian. It was held in the Anderson Galleries in New York City, and the auction was attended by a large number of the foremost antique collectors and antique dealers in the United States. Not all of the items in Mr. Reifsnyder's magnificent collection brought prices that compared with that of the very important $44,000 Highboy. From the catalogue of the Reifsnyder sale, indeed, one soon gathers that there were a number of items that were within the reach of the most modest collectors of American antiques.

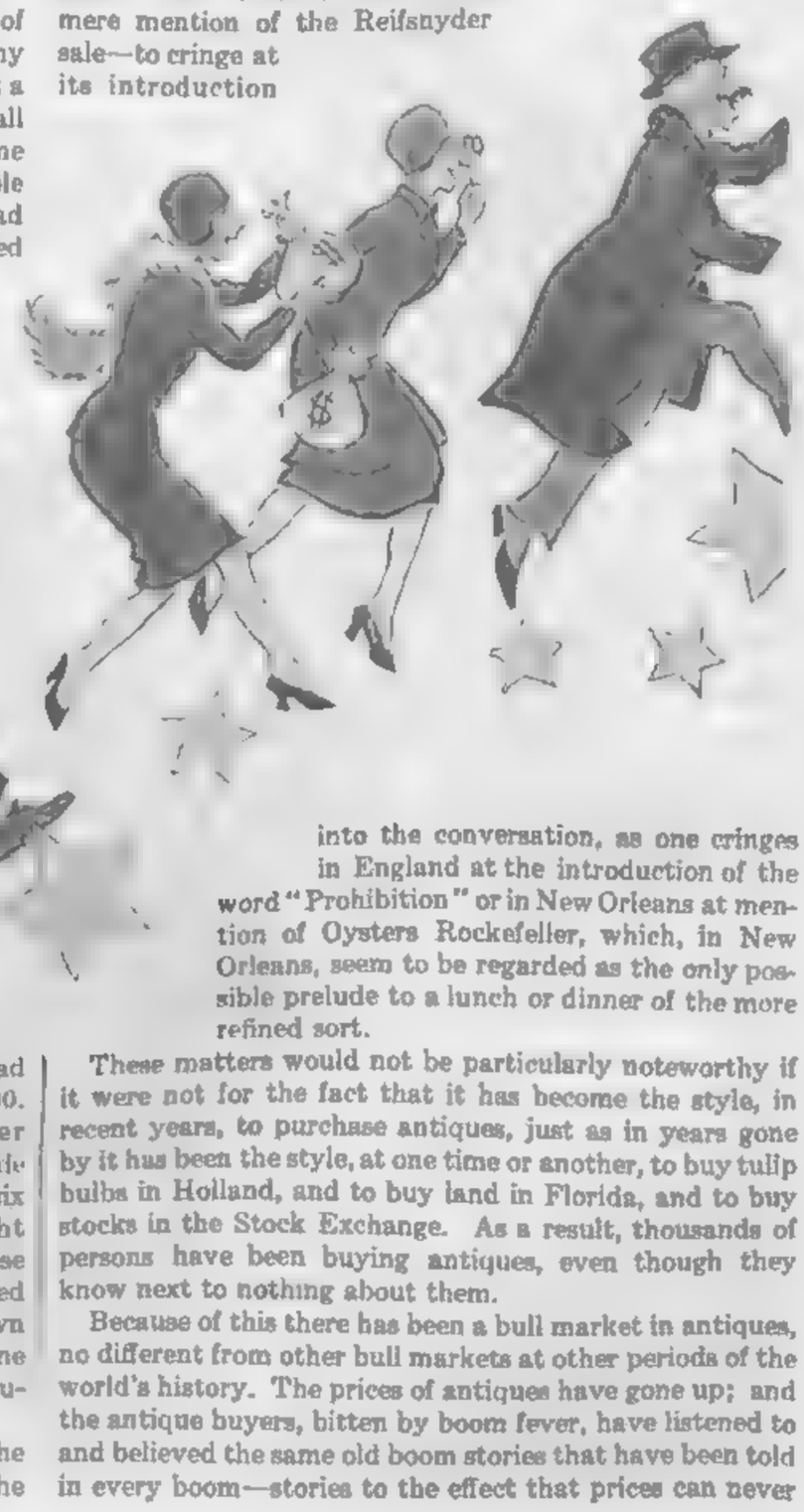
An early New Jersey blue-glass rolling pin, for example, went for $12.50; and while I have never gone in for the collecting of early New Jersey rolling pins, I can readily conceive of parting with this amount of money for such a pin, provided I had a passion for it and knew what to do with it when I had acquired it.

Then, there was an early American salt-glaze patch box, with a cover "surmounted by an equestrian group, probably representing General Robert E. Lee." This went for $7.50, which seems a reasonable figure for a patch box.

An early Staffordshire bowl—cracked—decorated with two groups of ladies and children in a Chinese garden, in bright colors upon a white glaze, was knocked down for $5. These prices, however, occurred on the first day of the sale, before the bidders became properly steamed up, though toward the end of the first day's sale an important Chippendale carved mahogany Pembroke table—length, extended, 40 inches—brought $2600, which figures up to $65 an inch; and $65 an inch is strangely reminiscent of the price that was paid for water-front property at Palm Beach, Florida, at the height of the great fever of 1925. A few moments later somebody pried himself loose from the respectable sum of $2700 in return for a mahogany block-front knee-hole writing desk; but on the whole the sums disgorged on the first day of the Reifsnyder sale were nothing to wax hysterical over.

It was the next three days of the sale, and, in particular, the closing day, that brought out prices whose influence on antiques, antique buyers and antique dealers was both pregnant and insidious. News concerning certain things that happened on the last day of the Reifsnyder sale has percolated into every town and village of America in which any person makes a business or a semibusiness of the acquisition or the sale of antique furniture and so-called objects of art.

San Antonio, Texas, and Skowhegan, Maine; La Jolla, California, and Nazareth, Pennsylvania—all of these places and many places between and beyond them have heard that on the last day of the Reifsnyder sale a Windsor chair—a Windsor armchair, mind you; and the world is full of Windsor chairs—had sold for $500! That a mahogany chest on chest had sold for $26,000—just one chest: not a dozen of them, or a gross, or enough of them to furnish all the bedrooms in the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, but one single solitary chest on chest. That a walnut and maple six-legged highboy with trumpet legs and bun feet had sold for $3600. That a four-poster bed had been knocked down for $3300. That a pair of Chippendale side chairs—not armchairs, but side chairs; and only two of them—had brought $3900. That a single Chippendale side chair had sold for $8300. That a walnut armchair made by William Savery of Philadelphia had sold for $9000. That another Chippendale side chair—one of the celebrated six "sample chairs"—had brought $9500. That still another of these "sample chairs" had been snapped up for $15,000; and that, to crown everything, one mahogany wing armchair, also one of the six "sample chairs," had brought the stupendous price of $33,000.



Now it is unquestionably true that a few of the pieces of furniture that were auctioned at the Reifsnyder sale were unique samples of the work of American cabinetmakers—cabinetmakers who were, in many ways, great artists, so that their finest work may be as valuable and as worthy of preservation as the work of celebrated sculptors and painters. It is also true that since the Reifsnyder sale occurred, it has become impossible for any person to set out on a quest for antiques without having the Reifsnyder sale held up in front of him and flaunted in his face as an excuse for boom prices that compare favorably with those of any land boom or stock-market boom that ever boomed its way into and out of the bank accounts of those who had succumbed to boom psychology.

Marking Up the Prices

THE flaunting, whether it takes place in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or in Saco, Maine, is nearly always expressed in words that do not vary. The would-be buyer of antiques enters an antique shop, sees a chest of drawers that interests him for the moment, and queries the proprietor.

"How much do you have to get for that chest of drawers?"

"Four thousand dollars," says the dealer smugly.

"Great heavens!" the buyer exclaims. "How do you get that way!"

"That's not high," the dealer protests. "Do you know what they got for a chest of drawers no better than that at the Reifsnyder sale?"

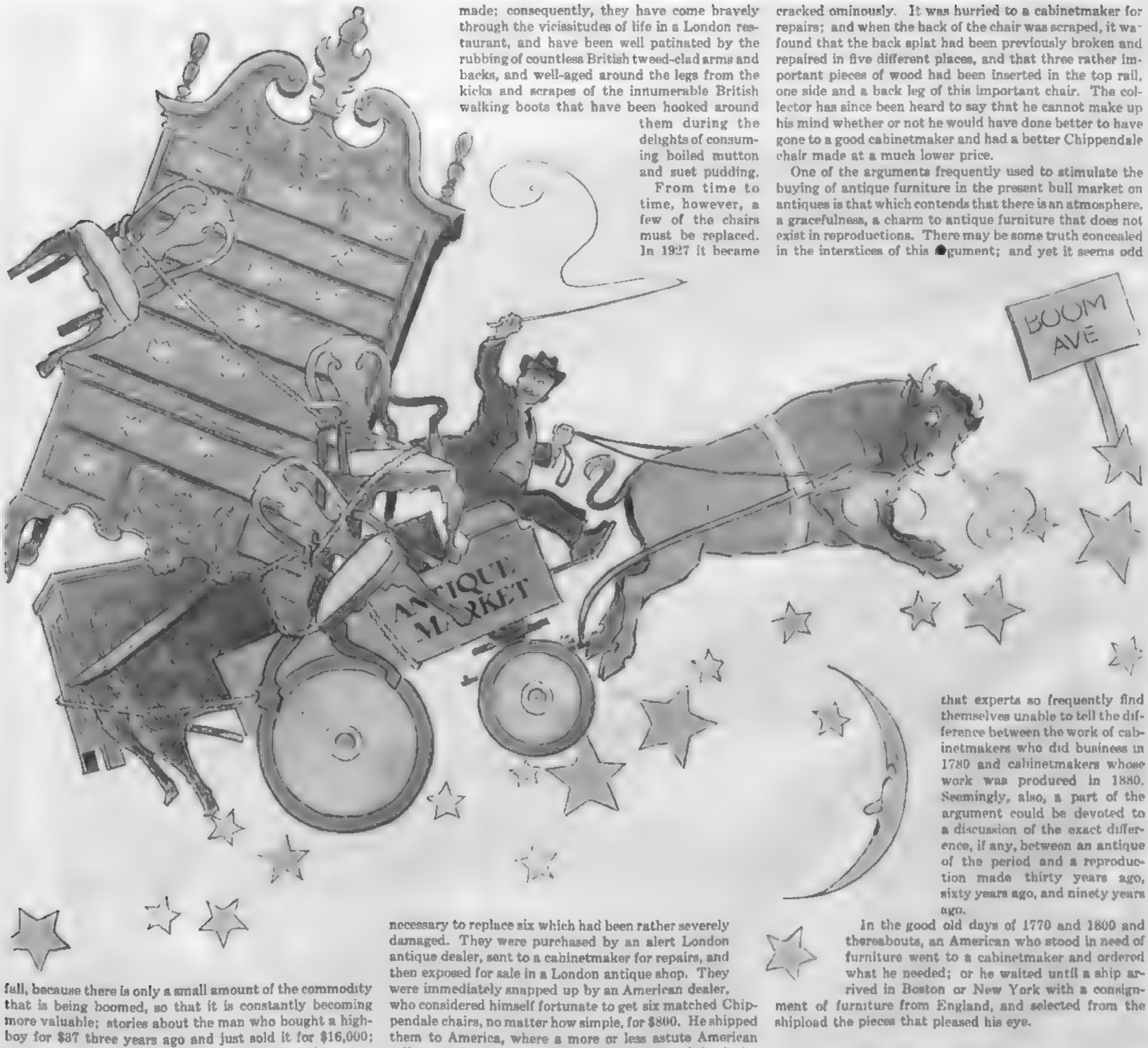
"To hell with the Reifsnyder sale!" says the buyer coarsely.

"On the level," the dealer insists, "they got $4800! And no better than this! Not as good, if you ask me!"

And so it goes. Dealers ask $5000 for a chair because a chair just about like it sold for $9000 at the Reifsnyder sale; $2000 for a lowboy because a lowboy not a bit better sold for $3900 at the Reifsnyder sale. A thousand dollars for a bedstead because a bedstead in the Reifsnyder sale—just about the same kind of bedstead—brought $3300. One comes to wince at the mere mention of the Reifsnyder sale—to cringe at its introduction into the conversation, as one cringes in England at the introduction of the word "Prohibition" or in New Orleans at mention of Oysters Rockefeller, which, in New Orleans, seem to be regarded as the only possible prelude to a lunch or dinner of the more refined sort.

These matters would not be particularly noteworthy if it were not for the fact that it has become the style, in recent years, to purchase antiques, just as in years gone by it has been the style, at one time or another, to buy tulip bulbs in Holland, and to buy land in Florida, and to buy stocks in the Stock Exchange. As a result, thousands of persons have been buying antiques, even though they know next to nothing about them.

Because of this there has been a bull market in antiques, no different from other bull markets at other periods of the world's history. The prices of antiques have gone up; and the antique buyers, bitten by boom fever, have listened to and believed the same old boom stories that have been told in every boom—stories to the effect that prices can never



fall, because there is only a small amount of the commodity that is being boomed, so that it is constantly becoming more valuable; stories about the man who bought a highboy for $37 three years ago and just sold it for $16,000; stories to the effect that no matter what you buy, you can't go wrong; stories in support of the theory that prices of poorly selected purchases may be ridiculously high, but that the prices of properly selected purchases are not only reasonable but even low.

Six Chippendale Chairs, Circa 1895

OF COURSE, the craze for antiques that has swept the country may be different from other booms, as is claimed by all of the leading antique boomers. This, it should be remarked in passing, is a claim that has been made in every boom known to history. None the less, a very large percentage of antique buyers are in the sucker class, as has been the case in all booms, and are therefore engaged in furthering the boom by paying high prices to somebody else for things whose value they do not know. A large percentage of persons who pay high prices for antiques are totally unfitted to know whether they are purchasing genuine antiques or antiques that have been tampered with and repaired until they have in effect become new and badly made furniture. Nor is this surprising when one considers that the greatest antique experts in the world are often unable to agree on certain points.

There is a restaurant in England whose dining tables are surrounded by Chippendale chairs of the simplest type. There is a large number of these chairs in the restaurant's main room. They were made around 1895, and were well made; consequently, they have come bravely through the vicissitudes of life in a London restaurant, and have been well patinated by the rubbing of countless British tweed-clad arms and backs, and well-aged around the legs from the kicks and scrapes of the innumerable British walking boots that have been hooked around them during the delights of consuming boiled mutton and suet pudding.

From time to time, however, a few of the chairs must be replaced. In 1927 it became necessary to replace six which had been rather severely damaged. They were purchased by an alert London antique dealer, sent to a cabinetmaker for repairs, and then exposed for sale in a London antique shop. They were immediately snapped up by an American dealer, who considered himself fortunate to get six matched Chippendale chairs, no matter how simple, for $800. He shipped them to America, where a more or less astute American collector seized on them with a glad cry, handed the dealer a check for $2400, and carried them home in triumph. He has been heard to say that considering the prices that were paid for Chippendale chairs at the Reifsnyder sale, he practically stole them when he bought them for as little as $2400.

Some two years ago it was my good fortune to accompany an American collector through a number of the leading London antique shops in the vicinity of Grafton Street and Bond Street, which is the center of the high-grade London antique business. The collector had enlisted the services of an English furniture expert to assist him in procuring a good Chippendale chair. Three chairs in succession appealed to the collector, but when they were dragged into a strong light by the expert and carefully examined, one was found to have a new arm, one was suspected of having two new front legs, and the third didn't look right—which is an expert's manner of describing a piece of furniture that is believed to have been largely repaired in spots that cannot be located.

At length, however, the collector came across a Chippendale chair that seemed unrepaired, that pleased him and that passed the scrutiny of the expert. The dealer to whom it belonged declared unhesitatingly that it was an important chair. The collector consequently purchased it and shipped it to America. Some months later, during a card game at the collector's home, a visitor leaned overheavily against the chair's finely carved back splat, whereupon it cracked ominously. It was hurried to a cabinetmaker for repairs; and when the back of the chair was scraped, it was found that the back splat had been previously broken and repaired in five different places, and that three rather important pieces of wood had been inserted in the top rail, one side and a back leg of this important chair. The collector has since been heard to say that he cannot make up his mind whether or not he would have done better to have gone to a good cabinetmaker and had a better Chippendale chair made at a much lower price.

One of the arguments frequently used to stimulate the buying of antique furniture in the present bull market on antiques is that which contends that there is an atmosphere, a gracefulness, a charm to antique furniture that does not exist in reproductions. There may be some truth concealed in the interstices of this argument; and yet it seems odd that experts so frequently find themselves unable to tell the difference between the work of cabinetmakers who did business in 1780 and cabinetmakers whose work was produced in 1880. Seemingly, also, a part of the argument could be devoted to a discussion of the exact difference, if any, between an antique of the period and a reproduction made thirty years ago, sixty years ago, and ninety years ago.

In the good old days of 1770 and 1800 and thereabouts, an American who stood in need of furniture went to a cabinetmaker and ordered what he needed; or he waited until a ship arrived in Boston or New York with a consignment of furniture from England, and selected from the shipload the pieces that pleased his eye.

Not Only Antique but Antiquated

THERE were good cabinetmakers in 1770 and 1780; and there were also some who were not so good. A few were good enough to modify the designs of Mr. Chippendale and Mr. Sheraton and Mr. Heppelwhite, or elaborate them, and so work out pleasing original designs. The good ones also reproduced designs that had been successfully tried out in England, and reproduced them well; and those who were not so good attempted to reproduce the designs, and succeeded fairly well or rather badly, as the case happened to be. There is, it seems to me, some room for argument as to whether a poor chair made in 1770 is, in 1929, infinitely more valuable than a good reproduction made in 1900 or in 1928, or even 1929; and though I may be mentally deficient, according to the lights of those who are hurling themselves so enthusiastically into the bull market on antiques, I cannot, for the life of me, see why there is more atmosphere, grace or charm to a patched and badly battered chair made in 1770 than there is to an unpatched and considerably less battered reproduction made in 1929.

I have before me two books. One is the catalogue of the Reifsnyder sale, marked opposite each item with the price paid for the item in the auction. The other is the most recent catalogue of a high-class American cabinetmaker. Both catalogues are illustrated. On page 272 of the catalogue of the Reifsnyder sale there is a picture and a description

(Continued on Page 74)

ACCURSED YOUTH

"You're Not Riding With Grandpop Tonight!" He Yelled at Her. "I'll Give You Something to Remember When You're a Granny!"

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

WHAT was wrong with him? He was twenty-one years old—that was the trouble. He was young—terribly young. They talked, these older people, about the joyous carefree days of youth. Joyous? Carefree? Huh! You know what being young had done to him? It had cost him his girl—that's what it had done.

There she was—out on the floor dancing with this Grainger guy. And here he was—sitting in a shadow on the stairs. Less than three months ago he was the famous Richard T. Wilding who won the 100 and the 220 for Illinois; to say nothing of the great game he played at shortstop against Purdue, his presidency of the Sigma Nu house and the royal swath he cut among the coeds of Champaign. Now, in the middle of August, he was just young Mr. Wilding of Hilck & Co., stocks and bonds, LaSalle Street, Chicago.

Just young Mr. Wilding—they'd even started calling him Dickie at the office—who was visiting his folks for a two weeks' vacation at this Northern Michigan lake resort. Two weeks snatched from a hot and miserable summer because she had sent his fraternity pin back and he had to find out why. Her letter, very sweet and big sisterly, had told him part of the reason. "You know, Dickie dear," she had written, "a girl of twenty-one is much older than a boy of the same age." But she hadn't told him the rest of it.

She was dancing with the rest of it now—dancing out there to the tune of Walking With Susie with this Grainger guy. It was terrible music, played by a pack of sophomores from Northwestern, and the dance floor was just as rough and gummy as any other resort-hotel dance floor. This Grainger guy was a punk dancer too. He was so old his knee joints cracked, probably, and he was red in the face and out of breath. A flabby old duck, that's what he was. He must be thirty-five at least.

But do you think she would admit what a rotten time she was having? Huh! She was trying to dance with Grainger just the way she had danced with him at the Prom last June: Swirling the skirt of her orange-colored frock at the turns. Shaking her blue-black curls in Grainger's face while she did that hotsy-totsy step of hers in the straightaway. Snapping her white, nervous fingers behind Grainger's back to pep up the orchestra. Throwing back her head to get more light into her brown eyes; chattering and laughing. The mother who had named her Prudence Wakeley Adams made a bad guess.

Young Mr. Wilding stared morosely at the score of dancers on the floor. He tried to keep his eyes from following just one couple around. The lump in his throat hurt less when he didn't look at them. How could she be happy dancing with an old duck like Grainger? Why, he was old enough to be her father—well, maybe not her father, but her uncle anyway. She was putting it on; she was doing it to torture him. If she didn't stop he'd —

"Lonesome, Dickie?"

A girl sat down on the step beside him. Not a girl exactly—old Mildred McClure must be at least thirty by now. She was so old he resented her calling him Dickie. She shared the adult world's condescension.

"Not especially," he answered in glum brooding.

"You should have come up here sooner, Dickie," Mildred remarked casually. "This has been going on since June."

There wasn't any use trying to bluff it out with Mildred. She had been coming to the lake every summer for as long as he could remember. She knew him and Prue before they started necking around the summer before last.

"I had to work," he said, with great bitterness.

The music stopped. He saw Prue and the Grainger guy walk toward the moonlight on the veranda. The Grainger guy was mopping the wrinkle on the back of his fat neck with the handkerchief he carried in the breast pocket of his blue flannel coat. Very sporty old duck—two-tone shoes and striped serge trousers.

"Quit squeezing that lighter, Dickie," said Mildred amusedly. "You'll break the hinge off."

He dropped the lighter in his pocket.

"Know anything about this Grainger guy, Mildred?" he asked, trying to put a not-that-it-matters tone in his voice.

"Tom and I went to school together," she said in a too careless voice, which he, being twenty-one, did not penetrate.

"Huh! He must have been in the graduate school when you were a freshie."

She laughed.

"Not that bad. Tom's only thirty-four. He's not quite ready for a wheel chair, Dickie."

"Prue won't be twenty-one until October."

Old Mildred sighed. "It's great to be young," she remarked.

Young Mr. Wilding snorted.

"Great? I wish I was forty!" Then, a bit horrified at the sound of this senile figure, he amended, "Well, thirty-five at least."

"Never wish that, Dickie," she said slowly. "That's sacrilege."

But he didn't see anything sacrilegious about it. His thoughts followed Prue and the Grainger guy to the veranda. Of course he'd like to be thirty-five. When you're thirty-five you amount to something. You've got somewhere. He thought of Spud Malone, at school, who had lost his girl to a bald-headed civil engineer from New Mexico. He remembered Jimmy Halligan, a fraternity brother, whose girl had ditched him for a forty-year-old widower. And Cooper Haennel, who was with the Pacific Fleet as a brand-new ensign, mourning the loss of his girl to a lieutenant commander

"I guess Grainger has a lot of dough," he said.

The girl beside him grinned.

"Haven't you seen his touring car and his speedboat? He rents the Tighlman place; built new tennis courts and opened the pool. Tom is vice president of a bank, you know."

A touring car and a speedboat, eh? While it was all he could do to keep a two-year-old roadster in gas. He had a boat, too, but it was an outboard scooter named Saucy Prue.

"I just got in this evening," he growled.

Music started again. Couples drifted into the lobby. His stricken eyes darted glances at entrance ways for Prue's return. Still looking at the moon, were they? Maybe they were ne

"You might ask me to dance, Dickie, just to be polite," said old Mildred.

"Sure. Come along," he agreed.

She was a tall blonde with a figure, and numerous men of more than forty had looked at her appreciatively. Men of her own age looked at her also, but their eyes wandered to younger girls. Men of Dickie's age didn't look at her at all. Mildred McClure had passed the bloom of her youth waiting for a man who never came back from France.

Dancing with old Mildred, the boy strove to forget Prue's lithe young body. Mildred was a bit heavy on her feet and tried to lead you; Prue's feet seemed never to touch the floor, and she could follow you through any crazy step you happened to think of, when the music and the lights were bright and gay.

Where was Prue? He kept looking for her. Mildred started to tell him about doings at the lake this summer, but he didn't listen.

Maybe Prue was planning to run off with Grainger this very night. Maybe they'd already started. Panic made his feet drag and he stumbled.

At the first encore old Mildred said: "Let's quit. You don't feel like dancing. Come over here a minute and I'll give you some good advice."

The tone of her voice angered him. She spoke as if he were a little boy who could be gently scolded and then patted on the head.

"Aw, no, thanks, Mildred," he said. "I I've got a headache. I'm going to turn in. So long."

He turned abruptly and lunged down the sideline as the orchestra took up the refrain of Avalon Town. Outside on the veranda he kept his gaze straight ahead. He didn't want to see Prue with Grainger. He didn't want to notice any sudden drawing apart which would tell him that Prue had been letting this fat old Grainger k-k-kiss her.

He clumped down the rustic wooden steps and was making for the path to his mother's bungalow when ——

"Dickie!"

Huh. He'd just walk right on. But she spoke again and hurried after him. Mist was rising from the lake below them and she seemed to sweep wisps of it with her skirts as she walked. The buckles on her slippers gleamed like moon silver.

"Why, Dickie, where in the world are you going?" she said, grabbing his coat sleeve.

"To bed," he said.

"But—but you haven't danced with me once."

He was gruffly and heavily sarcastic. "I don't want to make Mr. Grainger sore or anything."

In that moment she was immeasurably older than he. She had poise; her cool regard penetrated his raging, boyish heartache. She spoke with the calm, cruel assurance of a woman who has another man safely hooked.

"Don't be silly. Tom wants to meet you. I've talked so much about you that ——"

"Thanks. I'd rather not."

So she called him Tom? A man old enough to be her—well, anyway, her uncle.

"Now, Dickie, you're acting like a kid. We're still friends, aren't we?"

He struggled for attitudes to take, for sarcasms, for ironies, for swashbuckling indifferences. He wanted to be as cool and brazen about it as she, but his head was full of memories which the familiarity of her face evoked. Why, she—she had been his girl. He knew how her lips felt when she kissed; he knew the slim soft contact of her body when he held her in his arms.

"Friends, huh? I guess—I guess that's all we ever were—friends"

"We were just kids then, Dickie," she said.

Her answer only taunted him. He did not understand that youth is one thing to a boy and another thing to a girl. To him youth was a baffling handicap, for he had stepped into a world of men; to her, youth was a precious asset, which would always be admired and never challenged.

(Continued on Page 58)

She Was Dancing Out There With This Grainger Guy. He Was So Old His Knee Joints Cracked. He Must Be Thirty-Five at Least

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Did No Such Thing. I Brought Peggy and Rita Down Here to Inherit a Diamond or Two, or Some Emeralds—and You Know It. I Had No Idea You'd be Here"

DURING grandmother's funeral, Bill whispered that he thought it would be jolly to motor home in his car. Bill, above all things else, is a sightseer. He is passionately addicted to seeing his native land, and to photographing it; to visiting with the natives; to doing old battle grounds and cemeteries; to standing in awe before great natural wonders and in reverence before the tombs of the mighty. In spite of this, Bill is no joke, and men as well as all women like him immensely. But I wanted to go home on the train as fast as I could get there. Grandmother had conducted her last death-bed scene in Florida on July twenty-third. She had always detested cold weather and she died happily.

After the funeral, Bill came up to my sweltering hotel rooms with a beverage ostensibly designed to fortify us against a depressing curiosity about the will. But I knew its real mission. I was packing, and for the train.

"Bill, this is a sweet attention, but I shan't weaken. Not even to prevent polygamy. If you can't decide which girl without that ghastly trip in this heat, marry them both. Anyhow, I won't go. I'm through chaperoning. You've wolf-wolfed me too often. I'm going home on the train in pajamas under an electric fan."

Bill lighted a cigarette. "Of course you'll go. There are splendid hotels all along the road."

"Yes. And all of them closed. It's no use, Bill. I will not go. If the girls want an educational tour, take them. I've seen the Shenandoah Valley half a dozen times. And I prefer to look upon its glories with eyes unblurred by perspiration."

I continued my packing. Bill planted his six-feet-two length on the edge of an inadequate chair in the alcove, by the window and smoked thoughtfully. "It isn't possible, sis, that you'd go back on a promise; and a promise made at gran's funeral too."

"I didn't promise anything. I merely nodded my head to stop your hissing at me. I expected any second to see grandmother rise from her coffin and shake her cane at you."

"It's you she'd have shaken it at—deserting an Aldrich at such a crucial time. After you'd purposely exposed him, and simultaneously, to two equally irresistible women."

"I did no such thing. I brought Peggy and Rita down here to inherit a diamond or two, or some emeralds—and you know it. I had no idea you'd be here. You haven't attended a death bed before for seven years. And I've brought the girls down for the last two."

"Awfully good luck on my part," Bill agreed—"half a million at least, besides finding the long-sought girl. Two of them. . . . Why don't you let your packing go until it's cooler?"

"I'm taking an early train," I reminded him. "I've seen it twice as hot as this in the Shenandoah Valley."

"That was years ago. Climate of the country's changing."

"So are my enthusiasms. Now please be still while I write my heirs a telegram."

"Give the kids my love. Tell 'em I won't forget their Christmas presents again." He looked at my boys' pictures on the frightful mantel. "Lord, they're almost men. High time I've found a wife, with nephews as old as that."

Bill Aldrich is my young brother-in-law. He has been my young brother-in-law for seventeen years. He is one year younger than I am. And I am thirty-nine. But Bill comes up fresh every season from old roots, and mingles popularly with the new buds; while I am the sort that registers, sturdily but unmistakably, the passing of every year.

"I never notice that you've taken on flesh," said Bill, "until you sit down."

"If you can't win me over with kindness, Bill," I said, "you'll accomplish nothing with insults."

"Wrong deduction. I've always thought you were too thin. On the square, sis, I've a disturbing hunch that I'll never again need your professional companionship. I am absolutely determined to become a husband."

"Oh, I've known that," I said, "ever since you set eyes on them."

"Pretty good. That was about sixteen years ago, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I mean this time, of course. They were infants of nine and ten when they first visited me. And at that time you weren't interested in any woman under thirty."

"You've gone through a lot with me, sis, for a fact. I feel sincerely grateful that you still think me eligible for your charming young cousins."

"They're both emancipated"—I explained—"and neither of them has a cent."

"But you told them some very nice things about me. I was quite surprised."

"Let's see; they may have been flattering you. I told them your manner of ironic composure usually proved fearfully attractive to women, which it does. And I told them your gray eyes and dark hair made a pleasing combination, which they do. I didn't add that your eyes need glasses—for small print only, of course—or that the dark hair is getting a bit patchy by the ears. I said that most men so tall and thin would be ungainly, whereas you were merely languid and unhurried. I said you were distinguished, droll, always resourceful and entirely dependable. Could I have done less?"

"I am embarrassed," said Bill. "No wonder I got a good start with them. But I understood you to say you didn't expect to find me here."

"I didn't. I thought you'd decided to let grandmother leave her money to those who'd worked for it. This is the ninth death-bed call I've answered, and you've only come three times. But the girls have always been interested in you as sort of a romantic character, trailing all over the earth, loving and leaving on your way."

"Yes. From the first they've seemed to have no illusions about me. That's been a help too."

"Modern girls aren't hampered with illusions—or with anything else, as far as I can observe."

"Don't disapprove of them, do you?"

"I envy them. And grant them all glory for subduing the male. When I was Rita's age I was a wife, mother and widow, but just about as worldly as a well-guarded house cat. It's because I so sincerely approve of Peggy and Rita that I feel no obligation to chaperon them to New York."

"They're certainly remarkable girls. Perfectly lovely."

"Don't be humid, Bill. The weather's sticky enough. You sound like Longfellow. And please see if you aren't sitting on one of my white gloves."

He recovered it, but it wasn't worth packing.

"Sis, which one is your favorite?"

"Of the girls? Neither. Being an elderly female cousin, I'm not put to a choice."

"Well, Peggy wins on disposition, I think."

"Undoubtedly." Peggy West is Cousin Tom's daughter, born of a Virginia mother. She is blond and tall and languorous and lovely.

"But Rita ——" His voice left off

"Exactly," I said. "But Rita." Rita West is Cousin Jim's daughter, born of a Spanish mother. She is petite and spirited, with a hundred pleasing devils in her dark eyes. Both girls are named Marguerite—a name that divided most fittingly to suit their different personalities.

Poor Bill was really quite seriously bewildered by his unsettled emotions.

"After I've ruined my health trying to decide, I suppose neither of them will have me."

"Why, Bill, you are low! But don't worry. None of their suitors is so rich as you are. And I give you my word I haven't breathed to them how tight you are."

"You're an ungrateful shrew, sis—and after just doing me out of my own grandmother's money at that. I'll wager we'll have to break the will to get even her ear trumpet away from you for a family keepsake."

"I won't accept over half a million," I said.

"Good Lord. And seventeen legal heirs, not including the outsiders you dragged in."

"They won't be outsiders when you've married them. By the way, that might be the best way for you to decide. Process of elimination. Marry the one who happens to get the best jewels."

"Jane, I'm serious about this thing. Subdue a little of the merriment, won't you?" When Bill calls me Jane, I grow attentive. After all, I do borrow of him somewhat frequently, and I'm terribly fond of him. "I've a hunch that a trip of this sort may give me a pretty good insight into my future. A week won't kill you. I want you to go. Now, will you, or not?"

I sat down on my hat box. "Oh, Bill, I am so miserable trying to be pleasant when it's this hot."

"You won't have to be pleasant—only present. I'll pay your annual Paris passage if you'll come."

My tired brain began a brisk computation. I wouldn't have everything from grandmother for at least a year. And funds were low. Bill doesn't approve of my going to Europe every year. He thinks I should hoard the Aldrich money to add to the endowment of Aldrich College. This was really very brotherly of him.

"Round trip?" I said.

"Round trip, naturally: Cabin first class, meals, and ten per cent."

"Sold," I said, beginning to unpack and haul out motoring clothes.

"That's my own generous sister-in-law. . . . Sis, which one of them do you think I can make the happiest?"

"The one you propose to."

"I'd no idea you regarded me so highly. Have you any idea which one that will be?"

"I have."

"The devil you have. How?"

"Because I know the three of you so well—like three little open primers."

"Then enlighten me and save yourself the trip."

"And save you the steamship tickets. Thanks, no. Besides, you're so perverse you might wreck your future just to prove me wrong."

Bill blew some smoke rings. "I'll take you up on that, sis. I let you bluff me into a good deal, but I think I'll call this one. Suppose you put the name of the lucky girl into a sealed envelope. There's a concealed safe in Hank's car where we can lock it. I'll give you the key—no, we'll mail the key to you in New York. The night after we get to New York, you can open the safe. And if you're right I'll foot your bills for the winter. And if you're not ——"

"Here it begins to be interesting," I said. "If I'm not, just how much do you make?"

"Not a sou. If you're wrong you stay at home."

"Stay at home, nothing! You've already promised my passage. That bargain's settled."

"I promised only the money for it. I'll pay the equivalent. But you stay at home and look after your sons for a change."

Staring at him, a felt hat in one hand and my sun glasses in the other, I was suddenly inspired by a flash of supernormal cunning. I was perfectly certain he would finally choose the languid, lovely Peggy, but before me shone a way by which I couldn't possibly lose. I tried not to appear too eager as I went to the desk and dipped the rusty pen into the boggy ink.

"Bill darling, if I didn't know how much less bitter it is for you to squander the Aldrich money than it is to see me spend my meager income, I wouldn't take advantage of you like this. For here is where I finance my winter abroad with just two words."

I wrote "Marguerite West" in the fat, sticky ink, blew on it for two minutes, and sealed it securely in a thick envelope.

"I'd have to loan it to you anyhow," Bill justified himself. "Only difference is that I won't hear from you so often asking me to renew the notes."

We were going to start very early in the morning, but we didn't, because Peggy overslept and had to finish her postponed packing. It looked cool in the palm-shaded hotel driveway where we waited for her. But it wasn't. Bill's shirt—one of the smart new blues—began to deepen in color like litmus paper and clung pathetically to his spare shoulders. Bill isn't an especially prompt person himself, but by 9:30 it had grown exceptionally warm.

"We won't get home for the fall games if she keeps this up," he remarked, discarding his tie and opening his collar.

"Awfully unbecoming, but certainly sensible," approved Rita. "I wish there was something else I could take off."

"There isn't," said Bill firmly. "Not until dark anyhow. This state enforces its beach laws."

Rita was sparkling and unperspiring in coral-colored linen, lip rouge, sandals, and little else. Her snug hat was in her hand. Her soft black hair was smooth and very short. I felt like a furnace beside her, in my practical tan voile. I am a dimming demibrunette, and tan is as good as anything.

Bill regarded Rita with obvious pleasure. "Don't you want to drive, Rita?"

"Too hot, darling." Rita made herself comfortable in the back seat with me, bracing her shapely bare brown legs against the top of the seat ahead. "I hope this gold and silver chariot will hold up better than Mike's. Mike Hathaway drove us to Quebec in a foreign car last year. That is, we started with him, but the thing got a new trouble every ten miles. We finished up on a freight train."

Bill feels very deeply about his cars. The instant he buys one, it is the best car on the market. He had just bought this great foreign monster from a stranded friend whose dormant fortune lay in city lots—all of them beautifully but inaccessibly situated in undrained marshes.

"Don't worry about this car," said Bill. "When I take lovely women out to ride, they neither walk nor ride on freight trains. This car has the best record behind it of any car ever built. And if we ever get started we won't even see freight trains as we pass them."

Peggy came down at 9:30. She had three bags, large ones.

"But I only have one," said Rita; "so there's plenty of room for them. Two can go back here. I like my feet high anyhow."

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"Stick by Your Principles, Peggy," Rita Encouraged Her. "Bill Feels Like Kissing You, and Perhaps It's Cooler by the Lake"

WITHIN THE GOLDEN CITY

By PRINCESS DER LING

HER MAJESTY has granted audience to the famous American admiral," whispered one eunuch to another, until the whisper became the loud-speaker it usually was in the Imperial Palace of Her Majesty, Tzu Hsi, the Empress Dowager of China, when anything of importance occurred. There were some three thousand eunuchs in the Imperial Palace, and the majority of them were extremely busy doing nothing most of the time; so it does not take any very great stretch of the imagination to realize what a hubbub they could make if anything of an unusual character stirred them up. Although there had been many occasions such as this since the return of the court to Peking in 1902, after the Boxer Uprising, it did not lessen the excitement whenever Her Majesty received members of the Diplomatic Corps or distinguished people from Western nations.

Her Majesty, Tzu Hsi, the Late Empress Dowager of China, Seated on the Dragon Throne, Receiving the Ladies of the American Legation at Peking in 1903. Her Majesty is Wearing Her Famous Pearl Cape, Comprising 3300 Pearls

Prior to 1900 an audience granted to the wives of foreign representatives was an unheard-of thing. Her Majesty was most conservative and would not allow anyone to enter the Forbidden City except the families of the Imperial clan and high Manchu officials. Even these people were not allowed to enter without her special permission. She would issue a decree, ordering such and such persons to present themselves at the palace on a certain day; the time of entrance and departure clearly indicated. This rule was strictly obeyed by all of those fortunate enough to be admitted to court.

Very few of China's 400,000,000 people ever saw Her Majesty. And very few, save her ladies in waiting and the eunuchs who served her, ever got close enough to her to know her well, if at all.

I have been asked by many, many foreign people over the years, why it was that the Empress Dowager was so bitter against all foreigners. The origin of her bitterness was the destruction of the beautiful Yuen Ming Yuen Palace in 1860. This Yuen Ming Yuen Palace was located near the site of the present Summer Palace at Peking, and its destruction she considered a wanton piece of vandalism. It was to the Yuen Ming Yuen Palace that the Empress Dowager went to become the bride of the Emperor, Hsien Feng, and where she spent many happy days before being driven from this magnificent place.

A Palace Destroyed

IT WAS in this palace that she first grasped the reins of power. She thought it was such a barbarous act on the part of the Western people, deliberately to destroy this palace by setting fire to it, that hatred seethed in her breast to the end of her days. During my service in the Forbidden City as her first lady in waiting, she often said to me:

"If the palace had been destroyed by the big guns during a battle, I would not feel so bitter, as the guns have no eyes and could not see what they destroyed. But, as the British said later, it was destroyed as a warning to China that the British Government would not be trifled with, and as a warning of future reprisals, should occasion arise. Would you call that a civilized act? The foreign powers knew that China was in no position to fight. Instead of talking in a friendly manner across the table, they resorted to firearms to force China to do their bidding."

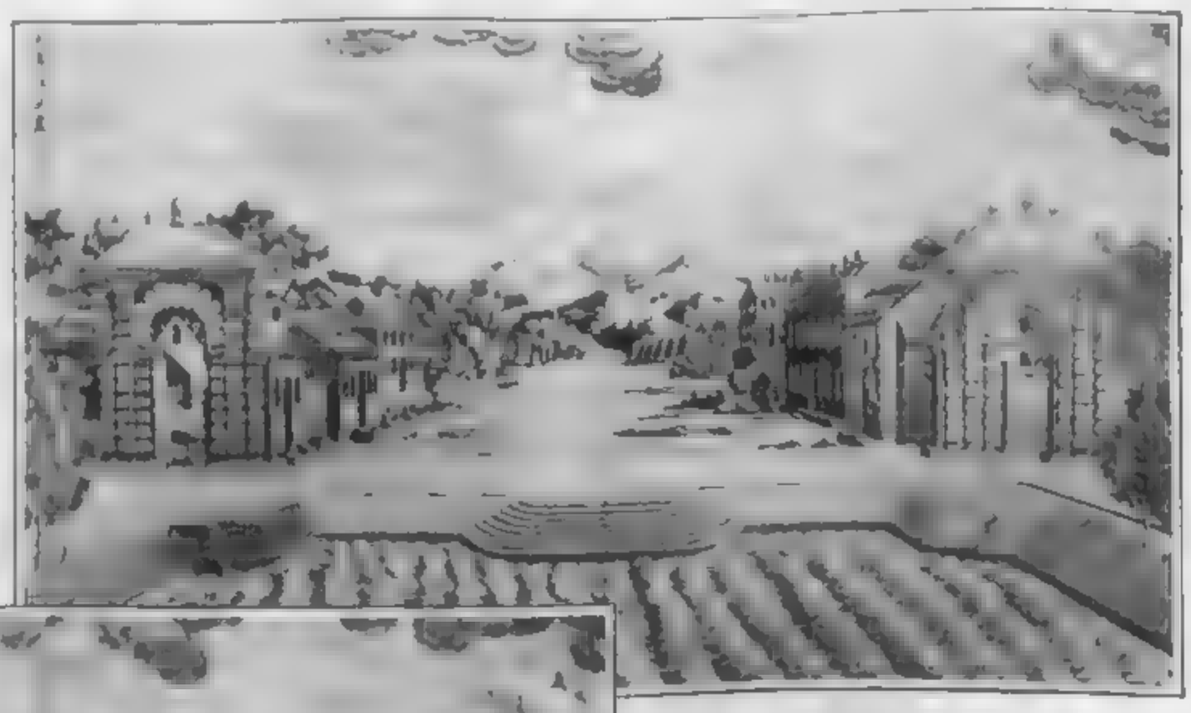
Another reason for her bitterness was that when Sun Yat-sen fled from China and the wrath of the Empress Dowager for plotting against the throne and her life, he was protected by foreign governments and could not be apprehended. The Empress Dowager had set a big price on his head, and more than one attempt was made to capture him and return him to China for punishment, but each time these attempts were frustrated. She instructed her ministers in foreign countries to arrest him and return him to China, but they could do nothing, as there were no extradition treaties between China and other countries.

Kang's Plot

AT THE time these events occurred, the Empress Dowager was not at all versed in the matter of treaties, and made the remark to me:

"The foreign powers pretend to be very friendly to China; at the same time they protect criminals who have fled from China to escape punishment. Suppose some European country or America had a criminal escape to China and I protected this criminal, I would consider it an unfriendly act on my part."

In 1898 the young Emperor, Kwang-Hsu—her nephew—reached his majority, and the Empress Dowager placed the reins of power in his hands and retired to the Summer Palace, located some distance outside of the walls of Peking.



The Garden of the Yuen Ming Yuen Palace

An Etching of the Yuen Ming Yuen Palace, Peking, Which Was Burned in 1860

Her Majesty had retired but a short time when the information was brought to her that one of the Emperor's trusted advisers, Kang Yu-wei, was influencing him to institute all sorts of reforms, and was plotting against her life. It was also reported to her that Kang was urging the Emperor to embrace the Christian religion.

These things made her furious, and were the cause of the famous coup d'état of 1898, now well known to history. Her Majesty returned to the Forbidden City and again resumed her rule, and Kang fled to Europe and America with a price set upon his head.

Again Her Majesty instructed her ministers abroad to capture this political refugee and return him to China, and again her orders could not be carried out, as the foreign powers refused to assist.

The next reason for her bitterness was on account of an incident that happened in the interior of China. A foreign missionary was killed, and the consul of the power concerned demanded that the people responsible for the death of this missionary should be punished, and four Chinese were tried and beheaded by order of the viceroy. The Empress Dowager sent word to this viceroy to do something drastic to appease the foreign government concerned, for fear of more reprisals.

Years after, Her Majesty was telling me about this, and said:

"I cannot understand why the foreign people come to China to teach the Chinese their religion. Those Chinese who have been converted to the Christian religion do not worship their ancestors' graves, nor observe the old laws and customs of China. They are constantly fighting against their own people, and are a continual source of trouble. It is such incidents as this that led up to the Boxer Uprising of 1900."

Up to the time of the Boxer Uprising, she had no fear of the Westerners, but after her return from exile in 1902, she realized that she was not strong enough to cope with their immense strength, and formulated a policy of conciliation and friendliness, although her bitterness and hatred of all things foreign were, if anything, more intense.

The Exterior of the "Long Life" Audience Hall in the Summer Palace, Peking

The Empress Dowager's Sacred Sleeping Quarters

A Jade Girdle Bridge at the Summer Palace

The events of 1900 left a lasting impression on the mind of the Empress Dowager, and ever thereafter she lived in fear of the Westerner and his power.

Foreigners as Tzu Hsi Saw Them

MAYBE the reason for this fear had something to do with what she told me one day when she was in a reminiscent mood. Speaking of the trouble and hardship she went through in 1900, she said:

"The foreign powers are always interfering with my affairs of state, also my private household affairs. Do you know that the real reason why I fled so far into the interior was to escape being captured? It was the intention of the foreign powers to kidnap the Emperor, Kwang Hsu, and place him on the throne, and to capture me, take me to their countries, put me in a cage and exhibit me, so that everybody could see the terrible person who was the cause of so many people being killed in China. But they were not able to find either the Emperor or myself, and my ministers finally persuaded these bloodthirsty foreign devils to accept a big indemnity instead. I have always regretted that I gave the order to fire on the foreign legations, but I was desperate and wanted to drive all the foreigners out of China, so that the people of China could carry on the law and customs of our ancestors free from outside interference. Of course, I now realize that I made a big mistake. These foreign devils are really powerful and I am afraid of them.

"Ancestor worship and the twenty-four rules of filial piety, strictly observed for over 4000 years, were the foundation of life in the Chinese Empire, and what made China a great nation. Why should we change our religion now? It has always been a great puzzle to me why the Western people should want to come to my country and teach my people these new ideas. If they don't like our ways, why don't they return to their own countries and stay there? If teaching their religion to my people is considered a friendly act, I should return the compliment by sending some of my Buddhist priests to their countries to teach the Buddhist religion. I believe I shall make this proposal to the diplomatic body when the opportunity presents itself. I am sure such a demand would be considered unreasonable, in the same way that I consider what is being done in China is unreasonable."

During my sojourn at the court, the Empress Dowager granted audience to many Western people, accompanied in all cases by a diplomatic representative. All formal audiences were held in the audience halls, either in the Forbidden City or the Summer Palace. These audience halls were very massive and imposing structures, covering a large area of ground. The exteriors were painted in rich and vivid colors, and made a rare picture as one approached the great doors leading into the throne room. The interior was richly decorated with paintings and priceless porcelains and bronzes, placed on blackwood stands at each side of the throne.

The throne itself was on a raised dais, facing the entrance to the hall. At the back of the throne was a five-leaf screen made of solid blackwood, richly carved and inlaid with precious stones and jade. At each side of the throne and a little toward the back were two handsome peacock fans, symbols of good luck, and the whole platform was beautifully decorated. The throne was approached by ascending six steps, covered with gorgeously woven, yellow brocade. At the Empress Dowager's left was a smaller throne, which was occupied by the Emperor, Kwang Hsu.

The procedure followed when receiving Western people in audience was that the Empress Dowager and the Emperor seated themselves on their thrones before the visitors entered the audience hall. On arrival at the palace gates, the master of ceremonies would announce the fact to the throne. As soon as this was done, all the court ladies, court attendants and officials took their proper stations around the dais, and it was my duty to ascend the six steps and take my place at the right side of the Empress Dowager, to be in readiness to do her bidding. While we were waiting for the visitors to enter, we could hear their shoes making a noise on the flagstones in the courtyard as they approached, and some of them even squeaked. This seemed very funny to the Empress Dowager, as Chinese shoes have cloth soles and are noiseless.

One day she said:

"What are those people's shoes made of, that they make so much noise? And what is that funny, squeaking sound? If their shoes always make such a commotion, they could never be thieves, as the sound would give notice of their approach."

Chinese Politeness Tested

ON ONE occasion when audience was being held for foreign people, and all the guests were assembled in the throne room, Her Majesty was surprised to see that several of her guests had "little black boxes" in their hands. She asked me:

"Are those little black boxes cameras?" I replied that they were, and she was very angry at the rudeness of the guests. According to the ancient Chinese etiquette, no matter how rude a guest might be, the host or hostess could not criticize, as it would be considered a lack of hospitality. So, instead of forbidding these guests to use their

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The Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi at Peking

The Princess and the Plumber

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

II

MR. ALBERT BOWERS had been born "Bauers" and christened "Albrecht" not so very far from the spot on which he now stood. He was directing his valet and butler, who had come over with him all the way from the United States. The cook and head chambermaid were being sent from Vienna, and the rest of the staff was local talent. He was a robust, not very tall man, nearing forty, with that brown-and-red complexion that winters and summers passed in the open air bestow on healthy brunets. He had made a fortune purveying the well-known drink Frostyfoam, which his father, while managing a small railway restaurant in Ohio, had invented. Traveling salesmen and railroad hands had in old days enjoyed beakers of a beverage then simply known as "Bauers' stuff." It had remained for Albert to have the supreme courage to borrow, first, one hundred thousand dollars, and then ten times that amount, to advertise it and put it on the market.

Since he had made his money—that is to say, in the course of the last eight or ten years—he had made himself into a famous sportsman. His expeditions to Alaska, to Abyssinia, to India and Central Africa had all been well written up in the papers. Men said to their wives: "Oh, no, Bowers wouldn't want to come to the house. He's a simple fellow, without social ambition." But the men who said this must have been rather simple themselves, for if they had stopped to consider, they would have noticed that, though Bowers had made no social demonstrations in New York, Palm Beach or Newport, he was careful to arrange his expeditions so that there was always a maharajah, an English nobleman or—much more difficult to get—an American of social fame. There is, in fact, no such lure to the weaker members of waning aristocracies as an opportunity to indulge in expensive sports at someone else's expense.

Bowers, being rich and magnificent, attracted to him those who liked to spend other people's money; but being also bullying and egotistical, he attracted only those who could not spend the money of more agreeable patrons.

It was the tragedy of his position that he could not get the people he wanted, and did not really want the people he could get. Now, after many refusals and changes of plans, he had succeeded in getting only three companions—an English earl, a French count, and a Scotch commoner, said to be one of the best shots in the world. True, each of these gentlemen was the possessor of a reputation somewhat tarnished. The earl had been involved in a great racing scandal; Perrain Latour had behaved execrably in the divorce suit of a lady of quality who had expected to be by this time a countess; and Druce-Grant, the Scotchman, had not given a check since the war that could be at once cashed by the recipient. But these were aspects of their lives known only to the initiated; to the world at large it appeared that Mr. Albert Bowers was shooting in Daritzia with some of the proudest names in Europe.

"Your Highness," He Said, "I Am About to Shake the Dust of Your Historic Castle From My Shoes"

Stephanie and Miss Eden, peering out from behind the shelter of the schoolroom curtains, saw the courtyard filled with motors, which suddenly burst like erupting volcanoes and filled the open space with sportsmen in green-and-brown tweeds, valets, chauffeurs, bags, golf clubs, and guns in neat leather cases. Herr Potzi and Fräulein Sophie came hurrying out of the castle, and from distant outbuildings ran huntsmen and stable boys, and even dogs, as if ready for instant action.

Then, to Miss Eden's thirsty ears came the words, "Yes, m'-lord; no, m'-lord," from a trim dark-clad figure that could be nothing but an Englishman's body servant. An earl—possibly even a marquis? It was easy to pick him out—a thin, stooping, tall man with gaps behind his eye-teeth. Too old for Stephanie? Well, he might have a son just the right age. If only she could catch his name. . . . Then Bowers' loud, booming voice: "Pick out your own guns, count." . . . Ah, a French nobleman too. . . . "Take Mr. Druce-Grant's bags." . . . A good Scotch name. Miss Eden was delighted. At last, though through no effort on the prince's part, the girl was to meet people of position. Miss Eden reacted quickly to this stimulus.

"I think, my dear," she said, "that, as your father's representative, you really ought to go and welcome his tenant."

Stephanie shrank back. She was unaccustomed to strangers, particularly in large groups. Then, remembering that it was beneath her dignity to be afraid, she said: "Yes, of course." And added more weakly: "But you'll come too, Edie?"

"Naturally," said Miss Eden, and fell into line behind the princess, becoming on the instant less the teacher of youth and more the duenna of beauty.

Bowers had heard a great deal about the great drawing-room of the castle from a steamer acquaintance who had stayed there in the old days. He in his turn had described it to his guests, making it sound as magnificent as the great hall in Windsor. "Splendid, but homelike," he hurried to add, lest they should think he had no eye for comfort. So, as he strutted in, followed by an alarmed and protesting Potzi, it was annoying to him to find the room looking more like a blacksmith's shop than a drawing-room—the rugs rolled back, lengths of pipe on the floor, and three men, two of them in overalls, tinkering with a flame and a wrench. He immediately lost his temper. He lost it because the situation was disappointing, but also because he had found that losing his temper was an effective method of getting what he wanted, and most of all, because his ego had suddenly expanded on finding himself a sort of feudal lord, with people saying that they kissed his hand, and calling him "Gracious sir."

"What's the meaning of this?" he said in a very loud voice. "Don't you realize that this is a breach of contract? Where the devil are we to sit with the drawing-room looking like a pigsty? Why wasn't this finished long ago? You've had six months. I've a mind to go back to Paris and throw up my lease."

One of the figures in overalls glanced up as if he had heard a noise, and then glanced back again as if he had been mistaken. There was something about this byplay that irritated Mr. Bowers still further, and he shouted: "What are all these men doing here, anyhow? Don't tell me they call this working!"

"Yes, yes," said Herr Potzi, almost in tears; "this will be finished by tomorrow; or within a week, I am sure. I can promise."

"And why wasn't it finished before I arrived?" said Bowers.

Herr Potzi gave up. He had tried to be brave and responsible, but he had reached his limit, and he offered up Petres as a sacrifice.

"This is the gentleman from the heating company," he said; "he will explain to you."

"Oh, is he? . . . Oh, are you?" cried Bowers. "You've been here since February, and this is as far as you've gone. Well, let me tell you that I am an intimate friend of the vice president of your company, and I shall let him know how things have been done here."

"And do you know how things are being done?"

"Yes," cried Bowers; "I use my eyes. It oughtn't to take six months to do this job; but here you are, three

men, idling on your work, bringing your company into disrepute."

"Oh, really—really, Mr. Bowers," said Potzi, "you don't quite grasp —— This gentleman has come as a favor—as a favor, Mr. Bowers."

"Well, he needn't do me any favors," said Bowers. "I shall let my friend Allen know that he's being made a monkey of. Special care was to be given to my work, and look at it—three men tinkering for six months and not done yet. I shall have someone competent sent up from Turin."

"You have had someone competent here for several days," said Oswald gently. When one person is shouting, there is something inherently insolent in responding in a soft and gentle voice.

"I have, have I? And who is that?"

"I," answered Petres. "I am competent."

"You are, are you? Well, opinions might differ. You can get out of here and take your men with you."

"I am delighted to go myself," said Oswald, and he began to strip off his overalls with whatever quiet dignity the gesture permitted, "but I hope you won't insist on my taking the local plumber, Herr Merkl, and his journeyman, who have lived here all their lives and might feel strange in Turin."

Grasping the almost incredible fact that he was being made fun of by a young man only now stripped of his overalls, Bowers shouted, "I don't want any of your insolence!"

"Overstocked?" said Oswald, and he picked up his coat, which was lying on a chair, and swinging it over his shoulder, he walked to the door, where he came face to face with Stephanie, who had been an entranced spectator of the whole scene. "Your Highness," he said, "I am about to shake the dust of your historic castle from my shoes. I wish you a respectful good-by; I may say forever."

The girl suddenly saw herself vindicated—plumber or not, she said to herself, he had the grand manner; he knew how to behave in a crisis. She glanced contemptuously at Potzi, literally shaking with distress; at Bowers swelling with futile anger.

"Don't go," she said, but she spoke too low and too late. Petres had gone.

Stephanie now took a step into the room, every inch a princess.

"You seem dissatisfied, Mr. Bowers," she said, and a keen observer might have toyed with the fancy that her manner was modeled on Oswald's. "May I know what the trouble is? I am Princess Stephanie of Daritzia."

Bowers, whose heart was soft to all pretty women, was slavish to princesses.

"Oh, no, princess," he said hastily, trying to remember what he ought to call her. "No, no, I am not dissatisfied."

"The tone of your voice—the very loud tone of your voice, Mr. Bowers."

"No, no, I am delighted with everything," said Bowers. "I was a little put out at the insolence of that young American. You probably did not hear ——"

"Yes," said Stephanie, "I heard every word. I thought he was wonderfully patient."

"My dear Stephanie," murmured Miss Eden reprovingly, with her mental eye still on the earl.

"Wonderfully patient," repeated Stephanie a little louder.

But Bowers was enraptured. She had looked and now she spoke as a princess should. He was no reader of English nineteenth-century verse, but if he had been, he might have burst right out:

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,
Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you,
Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely ——

But as it was, he had no expression for his feelings except to entreat both ladies to come to dinner that evening.

"I'm afraid that will be impossible," said Stephanie, thinking that she would have nothing to do with horrid people who were rude to plumbers, but Miss Eden, greatly desiring the acquaintance of the earl, accepted authoritatively, and Stephanie agreed, remembering that, after all, no one had been as rude to the plumber as she. And besides, here was the first opportunity to wear the sea-green dress.

Potzi watching, bright-eyed, for an opportunity to save the prince's rent, saw that Bowers was now softened by feminine society, and made another effort.

"I hope you will not allow that American gentleman to go, Mr. Bowers," he said pleadingly. "The mistake was made by the local plumber, and he—Mr. Petres—was sent only a few days ago direct from Turin. If he goes before the work is finished, I cannot answer ——"

"I was hasty," replied Bowers nobly. "Tell him to come back here and I'll speak to him."

Herr Potzi trotted off obediently. In his mind, Bowers had, by renting the castle, taken on a little of the majesty of the prince. And indeed there was something faintly majestical in Bowers' manner as he turned to the princess and remarked.

"What a historical pile this is, princess; medieval, I would call it, and yet homelike."

He was still speaking in this vein when Potzi came back to say, in a sort of stammering agony, that he must be a very bad messenger, but that he had not been able to make Mr. Petres see the necessity of returning.

"What?" cried Bowers. "He won't come back?"

"Of course not," said Stephanie, in a gust of joyous admiration. "How we should all despise him if he did."

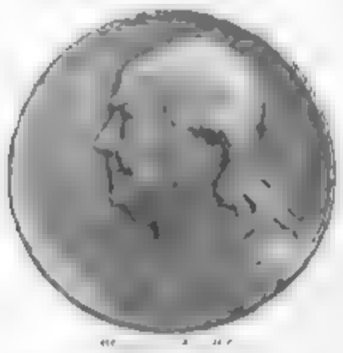
"What exactly did he say?" demanded Bowers.

All Herr Potzi's hopes seemed to be crashing about him, and he answered with a sort of desperate courage: "He said he would still be five minutes picking up things, if you wanted to come down and speak to him."

(Continued on Page 31)

She Was Shaking With Disgust, and Perhaps Also With Disappointment

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Business Integrity

IT IS well to remind ourselves now and then, although in no spirit of boasting or complacent self-satisfaction, that business integrity, though by no means universal, is customary to a gratifying extent. But the room for betterment is great, as is proved by the litigation which fills the courts.

Commercial bribery is a fairly common practice. Surety and bonding companies carry on an enormous business, as do commercial detective agencies. Credit men are engaged in a continual and far-flung warfare against business dishonesty. All the agencies set up, either governmental or by business itself, to enforce fair practices are swamped with duties.

But this is only one side of the picture. The daily transaction of business is a never-ending miracle in integrity and duty performed. If we still lived in a régime of barter, probity on the part of most men in the overwhelming majority of their operations would not be so essential. But our life is based on credit, which in turn rests upon confidence, and that cannot exist at all without an uprightness which permeates the whole structure of society.

Consider the vast sums handled daily by the larger retail establishments and the railroads. It may be that spotters and detectives and bonding systems artificially stiffen up the weak human fiber of employes and petty officials. But surely we are not to assume that these are the major influences in making large financial proceedings possible. If sheer rectitude does not prevent the breaking down of these operations through pilfering and embezzlement, then a sense of duty to be performed, a loyalty to the business itself, and a responsibility to the very job must be the motivating causes.

Consider the impressive sums, running far up into the billions, held by life-insurance companies, savings banks and trust companies, for the account, in so many cases, of women, children, the elderly and the ailing. Rarely, indeed, are these trusts abused. For that matter, the banking operations of the country are carried on, broadly speaking, in a way which commands faith and reliance. Many bank failures have taken place, it is true, during the past ten years in the more depressed agricultural regions. But these were due in the main to a combination of unfortunate economic conditions and unwise banking organization, rather than to personal faithlessness.

Thus, when we contemplate the defalcations which come to light in banks or other business concerns following the collapse of a speculative mania, it is well to bear in mind that breaches of trust are very much the exception. There are always those who give way to temptation, whose moral backbone is made of putty, and who forget that no man living can lend money to himself. Those who betray these trusts are in a peculiar sense the enemies of society, because its whole integrity rests upon a daily sense of duty and responsibility. Any person who handles funds for a bank or other business concern is honored by the trust reposed in him. Fortunately, most men and women live up to the trust.

For Service Rendered

A TRULY serious problem not only in local and state but in the Federal Government is to secure a schedule of salaries which will attract men of desirable type. We all know that governors, judges, cabinet officers, diplomats and many others are in many cases insufficiently remunerated.

But there is no field of public service where the pay schedules are so obsolete, so full of complexities and even injustices, as in the Army and Navy. There is eager hope these days that the race for naval power can be brought to an end and the immense burdens involved materially lightened. But regardless of the size of Army or Navy, efficiency demands a square deal in the matter of pay. Niggardliness in this respect means discouragement and an unduly high rate of resignations among officers. Although slow prospects of promotion, the possibility of naval disarmament or at least of material reduction, and unnatural family life due to long enforced separations are among the reasons for the high rate of naval resignations, insufficient pay is said to be even more influential.

In the first place, not only has the pay of officers in the military establishment failed to keep pace with rewards in civilian life but it has even fallen behind the salary advances in other comparable branches of public service. In 1922 there was a general readjustment of salaries, including elaborate variations in pay according to the length of service, and also a complex system of allowances based on family dependents. The theory was that in this way the officer could meet his personal family requirements at various periods of his career. It was also sought to protect the officer from inadequate pay during periods of slow promotion, while preventing the more rapidly promoted officers from obtaining undue financial advantage.

But in practice the scheme has proved highly defective, with results both lamentable and absurd. We find admirals commanding entire forces receiving $900 less than junior officers commanding small parts thereof. Sound logic requires that an officer should be paid for his value to the Government, without regard to his family status. The responsibilities which he bears at any particular time and those which, in an emergency, he may be expected to assume are the only justification for his pay. These responsibilities in the main are indicated by his grade, and pay, therefore, should be based fundamentally on the grade. Even if, in theory, it is wise to take family needs into consideration, there is no complete or perfect way to do it except to require each officer to submit a budget and to pay him accordingly, which is impossible. Fixed allowances for rental, subsistence, and the like, are arbitrary, complex and often unjust.

Owing to the allowance system and the fact that length of service rather than rank is the controlling factor, promotion does not necessarily bring financial advantage. It is said that the expense of new uniforms has absorbed the entire increase in salary for several years of more than one promoted officer, so small is the increase in pay from grade to grade. Representatives not only of the Army and the Navy but of the Marine Corps, the Public Health Service, the Coast and Geodetic Survey and the Coast Guard have recommended to Congress the correction of these abuses. The consolidation of all allowances with pay into a single item to be known as pay, and the basing of pay fundamentally upon the grade, are urged. Not only should these officers be paid adequately but the scale of pay should stimulate ambition. A country need not be wasteful because it is rich, but it cannot afford to be miserly with those who serve it, whether it be rich or poor.

Standardized and Doing Nicely

NO ONE is blinder than certain Americans who try to explain and apologize for their country without ever having really seen it, without ever having made any serious effort to understand it, and without ever having perceived any but its most superficial characteristics. No foreigner who spends a sleepless month with us, gathering so-called material for a book about our pet continent, writes of us in terms more misleading or misrepresents us more grotesquely.

For example: We are told almost daily, and some of us are quite too ready to believe, that our very souls are being crushed out of us by the effects of living in a mechanized and standardized America. Being mechanized—so we are told—deprives us of all skill of hand, and our worship of utility crowds out all desire for beauty. Being standardized, according to the same authorities, robs us of artistic initiative, makes us content with monotony and deprives us of the right of self-expression.

We must confess to the vice of trying to make our heads save our heels, of making electricity perform the labor of our hands, and gasoline do the work of our feet. We confess that we make little by hand which we have learned to make better by machinery. We own that millions of our manufactured things are as alike as so many grains of wheat, which is the main reason why we can afford to buy them. We seem to think that our factories and offices and kitchens which we equip with these things are centers of production, and not museums of fine art. May we not possibly be right about this?

But let us suppose ourselves convicted of error and resolved upon sincere reform. If we are to demechanize ourselves and destandardize the things about us, we must begin in our own homes, where no outsider can interfere with us. We shall, naturally, send to the scrap heap the washing machines in laundry and kitchen. We shall get rid of the vacuum cleaner, the electric refrigerator, toaster, chafing dish, cream whipper, curling tongs and orange juicer. If our heating equipment be sufficiently modern, that, too, will have to go, despite the onset of winter. So will the talking machine, the telephone, the radio and even the faithful old sewing machine. All these things are in the conspiracy to mechanize us and blight our spirits. The motor car, apple of the family eye, must, of course, share the banishment of the other machinery. The electric wiring, because it carries that which is so closely allied with huge generators and mass production, must certainly come out.

Thus, so far as our surroundings are concerned, we have the power to put ourselves back into the 1840's and again taste the blessings, if blessings they are, of domestic drudgery, narrowed horizons and imperfect communication.

Mechanization is the lever whereby the mind of man makes the work of his hands more productive. This increment of power repays his mind by giving it a new freedom to undertake higher tasks than that of keeping body and soul together. But do we turn to good account the leisure which invention and progress have brought us? The pessimist will find his answer on the street corners, in the speakeasies and in the places of amusement which are open when men should be at work. The optimist will find it in the free libraries and in the night schools, in the hall bedrooms of the boys who are taking correspondence courses, in suburban gardens and by cottage firesides.

Standardization is the sacrifice of prodigal individualism to thrifty uniformity. When Washington tells us that we are saving hundreds of millions annually by conformance to carefully devised standards, it speaks of real savings of actual wealth, salvaged from profitless waste and made available for purposes of education, health, charity and pure learning.

American life does not, in every respect, match our conception of what it might be; it is not perfect, but it is much better and more beneficent than some of us like to paint it.

THE NEW WAGON

By Gilbert Seldes

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

A STRANGE new man has appeared in America, the last man who might reasonably be expected to come out of the prohibition era—the man who interprets "personal liberty" to mean the liberty not to drink, the wet who dries up. He is a rebel not against the law which involves drinking in all sorts of criminal procedure but against the social tyranny which makes drinking compulsory. So far, he is equally displeasing to the wets and the drys; for he is a total abstainer who offers liquor to his friends.

It is unlikely that he will solve the problem of prohibition or even be seriously discussed by enforcement officers, commissions, and writers of prize essays. Nevertheless, he has solved the problem for himself, and he may be an index to the field in which the solution of the whole problem can be found.

He is a rebel against one of the most oppressive social tyrannies ever imposed upon free-born Americans—the obligation to drink on all possible occasions—but as this tyranny is exercised suavely and secretly, without written laws, through looks of the eye and the pressure of invitations to attractive gatherings, most of the people who live in its power are unaware of it. They cherish the illusion that they drink because they like drinking, and the talk of social despotism seems preposterous to them. Yet it exists, and in the sober moments of a drinking man's life, he becomes aware of it, vaguely using his brain to discover why he did what he did the night before, and helplessly wondering whether he is going to do it again on the next occasion. He does not know that he joined the religion of drinking.

I should say at once that the religion of drinking has founded its cult only in big cities and that the new rebel is, necessarily, an urban product. It is, however, an evangelizing religion—it demands converts—and if the city extends its influence over the countryside, the same religion and the same heretics will appear everywhere. When I say the city, I include, of course, those semirural spots like Palm Beach and Long Island where the manners of the city obtain, and also all those communities whose ideal is to approach the style and dignity of the roadhouse; in these places the deserter from the army of drinkers is already feared, for the cult of which the bootlegger is the high priest and the gin cooker is the mystic Dionysus is morbidly sensitive, and the existence of a drinker who has stopped and remained happy is unnerving.

The statistics of the Association Opposed to the Prohibition Amendment and of the enforcement units of our Government will give a mathematical indication of the extent of the drinking circles to which I allude, but no observation has yet been made of the dynamics of drinking; there is no gauge to measure the social pressure to drink. The thing must be approached negatively, and to those who still fancy themselves purely voluntary drinkers, the negative test must be offered. Assuming only that they live in social groups not opposed to drinking, I provide a questionnaire:

1. On how many occasions have you been invited to any gathering of more than three people at which liquor was not served?
2. If any such occasions occur in your experience, were you
   a. Surprised?
   b. Embittered?
   c. Relieved?
3. Did you and your friends, on such occasions, mutter and curse and take oath never to return?
4. How many times have you yourself invited any number of people to your home, to dinner outside your home, to any meeting of human beings taking place after five in the afternoon, without feeling compelled to offer them drink?
5. On how many occasions have you drunk only when you wanted to, what you wanted to, and as much as you wanted to?
6. Unless you are one of those who always get drunk before anyone else, make a complete enumeration of the times when you were ordered to drink up, because your sobriety was a drag on the party spirit?
7. Describe acutely your embarrassment when unexpected callers arrived and your supply of liquor was gone. Describe their emotions also.

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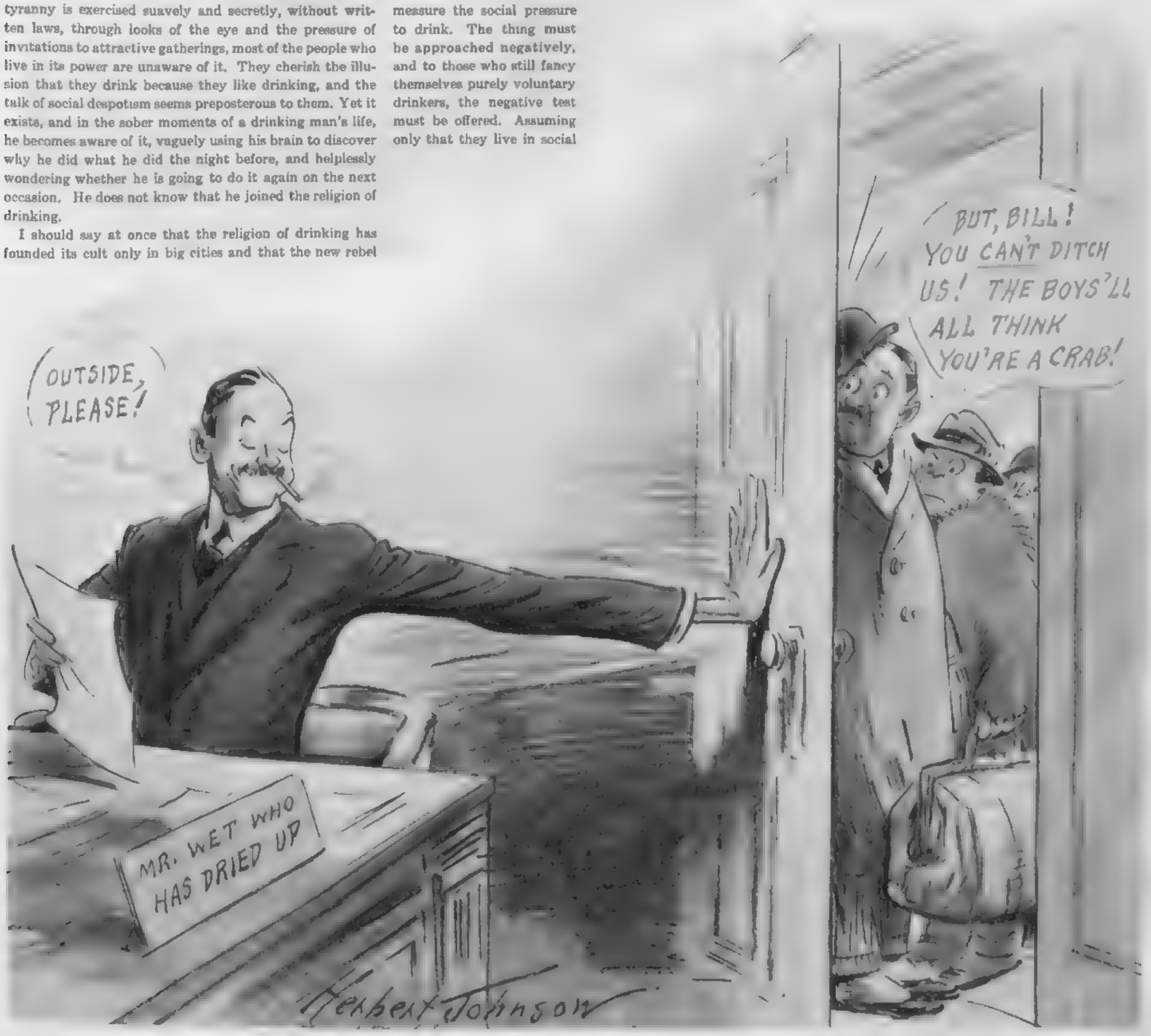

The Nondrinker Has Reasserted the Old Position That Drinking Is a Personal Matter

THE SHAGGY LEGION

They Had Reported Coleman Dead. Swiftly, Bronson's Hand Moved Toward His Gun

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

X

COLEMAN shot a lone buffalo bull, and while the animal was still warm he cut deep gashes through hide and into the flesh of legs and back, inserting in each a quantity of strychnine, which at once impregnated the hot meat of the whole carcass.

This accomplished, Coleman mounted Flea bit and rode on for some four or five miles, never out of sight of the vast herds of buffaloes. Antelope stood about or darted away in large bands. He sighted several small bunches of elk and deer in the prairie breaks and huge flocks of turkeys raced along the courses of the draws.

The weather was extremely cold and Coleman wore heavy fur mittens. The collar of his jacket was turned up. He had tied a scarf over his ears beneath his hat. Still, the cold bit into him. Five miles beyond the first poison bait, he shot another buffalo bull and similarly poisoned the carcass.

By nightfall of the second day he had completed a sixty-mile loop, over the course of which he had left ten poison baits. He found Dick Conley waiting for him with the mule outfits at the appointed spot. Coleman was glad to sleep in a warm camp bed again after his tour on the winter prairies.

Early the following morning the two men broke camp and drove the few miles to the first bait. Mounting their horses, the wolfers toured in widening circles about the poisoned carcass. Still shapes showed here and there on the adjacent prairie. Coleman passed several dead skunks, both of the big prairie and the little spotted varieties; also a badger. None of these interested him. However, he leaned from the saddle to retrieve the body of a tiny kit fox. Larger forms, those of poisoned gray wolves and coyotes, were scattered round the landscape. These were retrieved and loaded in the wagons, every carcass frozen stiff. The net haul consisted of seven gray wolves, five coyotes, a bobcat and two kit foxes.

The two wolfers then drove on to the second bait and repeated the operation. Before nightfall they had covered the third poisoned carcass, and the day's catch totaled twenty-three wolves, eleven coyotes, one bobcat and three kit foxes. They would not attempt to skin their catch until they were treated to one of the bright, warm days that recurred frequently even in midwinter in that region. Or, if such a day were too long in putting in an appearance, they would repair to some creek bottom where wood was available and thaw the frozen carcasses before a fire until the pelts could be stripped off.

However, the third day was bright and warm. The victims of poison baits were scattered on the prairie exposed to the sun, and as soon as the outer parts were thawed a trifle the two men stripped off the pelts of the animals taken during the previous two days. The following morning they drove on to cover the next bait. On warm days the poisoned wolves and coyotes were skinned where they were found. Twice during the first ten days they covered the loop of ten baits. By that time the carcasses largely had disappeared. The total catch consisted of almost two hundred wolves and coyotes, with a sprinkling of bobcats and kit foxes.

From Montana to the Arkansas River, the great wolf-poisoning campaign was on. Buffalo robes had sustained the trappers and the fur trade after the passing of the beaver. Now a sudden world-wide demand for wolf pelts had sprung into being after the robe trade in turn had died. The whole western country literally swarmed with wolves, and with a somewhat lesser number of coyotes. It was not unusual to sight from ten to fifty wolves in the course of a day's ride.

They were bold and feared man but little, scarcely troubling to remain beyond gunshot. The Indians had molested them but infrequently. Until recently, white hunters seldom had wasted ammunition on them. As a natural consequence, wolves knew that they had little to fear from the human race. When hungry, they did not hesitate to crowd in upon the remains of a hunter's kill in broad daylight before he was out of pistol range.

It was not surprising, therefore, that they fell such easy victims to the poison baits of wolfers. At first, apparently, the big gray hunters failed to associate man with the great mortality occasioned among their ranks by the poisoned baits. Still accustomed to feed upon the dead and wounded animals left behind by hunters, they failed to distinguish between such offerings and the deadly carcasses prepared by wolfers. In fact, it was not until perhaps nineteen out of every twenty of the whole wolf population of the plains had fallen victim to the poisoning campaign that the survivors gave evidence of even an awakening sense of caution. And at last the few that remained were to become extremely wise and wary. But by that time the great demand for wolf pelts was destined to have come and passed again with the passing of the wolves themselves.

Coleman moved on to put out another loop of baits. When he had collected about four hundred skins he drove to Sheridan to market them, leaving Conley with the remaining wagon to make another round of the baits during his absence.

Interminable herds of buffaloes were drifting slowly to the south, as they had been drifting since early in the winter. With the coming of spring, a reverse movement would set in, the herds shifting northward in countless millions, yet with no apparent diminution in the numbers by those continuing to put in an appearance from the south.

Coleman found buyers from St. Louis and St. Joseph waiting in Sheridan, eager to bid for the pelts hauled in by wolfers. He secured a price that averaged him a trifle less than three dollars apiece for the lot, including the cheaper coyote skins, and round a dollar apiece for his kit foxes and bobcats. This was the third load that he had hauled in and marketed since commencing wolfing operations early in the fall. Also, he would make still another haul before the wolfing season ended.

Most wolfers contented themselves with a fair catch, then remained in the camps to blow in their proceeds, he reflected. But Coleman had need for money. More and more now, as increasing waves of settlement swept westward with the railroads, he visioned a future in which a man would need not only cows of his own but land of his

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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

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own to succeed in the stock business. Not soon perhaps; eventually, though, to a certainty.

A man could not secure any sizable slice of land by homesteading. He could buy railroad land, of course. In the Southwest there were vast Spanish grants for sale. Texas had retained control of her lands upon entering the Union and she had a tremendous acreage for sale at very low figures. But he did not know yet where he wanted to settle; in some spot, he was certain, where settlers would not swarm in like locusts. A year or so back he had heard that there was much Civil War script floating about—script issued to soldiers for service, and which could be filed to cover any open land upon which the holder of the paper chose to locate himself. Much of it was for sale at prices ranging from a few cents to a dollar an acre. Since learning of it, Coleman had had various friends in the posts and railroad towns on the lookout for bargains in such paper. He had purchased a considerable amount; enough to assure him of several thousand acres of land when the time came for him to locate. And he wanted to buy more if possible.

He sent the returns of this latest batch of wolf pelts on to the post trader at Wallace to be used in the purchase of more script, if any were available.

Sheridan now was the big outfitting point for Colorado. Merchandise reached that spot by train over the Kansas Pacific and was freighted on to Colorado camps by bull train or mule-drawn freight wagons. Coleman found Sheridan thronged with people. Winter though it was, half a thousand freight outfits were camped round about. Some were leaving over the trail for the West, others arriving from that direction. Coleman knew that there would be twice that many outfits moving in and out of Sheridan during the coming summer.

And this activity was not confined to Kansas Pacific points alone. To the northward, the Union Pacific had reached Cheyenne. To the south, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe was rushing its tracks toward the valley of the Arkansas on the route of the old Santa Fé Trail. Everywhere along those right of ways, towns were springing up overnight and settlers were swarming in to squat upon the land or to purchase land from the railroads.

Coleman headed back toward the point where he intended to join Conley. His four mules were in excellent shape. The faithful Fleabit trailed behind at the end of a lariat. Coleman seldom traveled by mule wagon without taking Fleabit. Then, in case of eventualities, he could leave his mules, mount Fleabit and outrun any hostiles that might jump him.

However, there was little if any danger from savages through this country now in the dead of winter. At the treaty of Medicine Lodge the southern tribes, including the Southern Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Apaches and Comanches, finally had agreed to lay down the hatchet and remain south of the Arkansas River, upon the promise of the Government to permit no buffalo hunting in that region. The Arkansas now was the dead line, all south of it being Indian country closed to white hunters, all north of it to the Platte being white man's country and closed to the redskins. North of the Platte, the northern tribes still were restless and unruly because of the swift disappearance of the buffaloes of that region.

Despite the treaty of Medicine Lodge, Coleman knew that white hunters would shoot what they pleased south of the Arkansas and that war parties of young Indian bucks would sweep north of it to raid the Kansas settlements. But the Indians would do no raiding in midwinter. It was foreign to their ideas of conducting war. At the present time they would be gathered in their villages far to the south along the Canadian and the Washita.

However, while he knew that the danger of an Indian attack anywhere between the Arkansas and the Platte at this season of the year was negligible, Coleman's habitual wariness prevented him from relaxing his customary vigilance.

Then, too, there were other dangers besides that of hostiles. White savages, as ruthless as their red brothers, were much abroad in the old war-road country of late. Despite the increasing output of the far-famed Missouri mules, the demand exceeded the supply. The Government in its military operations, the railroads in their grading camps, and freighting concerns that dispatched merchandise across the overland trails, all competed for the possession of sturdy Missouri mules. Reasonably large animals commanded a price of from four to six hundred dollars a span. Sizable horses, too, were in demand to fill in as work animals and cavalry mounts coincident with the rise of the mule and the decline of the ox in popular esteem.

Such prices as mules and horses commanded necessarily tempted the predatory brotherhood. A regular business of stock stealing was carried on by organized bands. Stealing horses and mules on the Platte, the thieves headed southward, adding to their herd along the Smoky Hill and disposing of the animals along the Santa Fé Trail on the Arkansas. Stealing stock on the Arkansas, the marauders headed north again and sold their herds on the Platte. No man's stock was safe, and no man's life who inquired too closely into the affairs of the horse-thief element. The traffic had assumed large proportions. As a friend had remarked to Coleman in Sheridan, the war-road country might well be redesignated as the Horse-Thief Trail.

Wherefore, men of ripe experience in that section were not prone to ride too precipitately into some isolated camp where an undue number of mules and horses were being held for no apparent reason. Nor did they always trust the good intentions of small bands of heavily armed men that rode about in that country.

That experience presently was to stand Coleman in good stead. He drove across a level stretch of prairie that fell suddenly away to the floor of a small, hidden pocket. The eroded sides of the depression indicated that it had been worn by the action of springs. Their waters gathered to flow in a spring branch through a narrow cut at the lower extremity of the concealed pocket. And there, but a short distance from him, a camp was tucked away in that

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"Anyway, He Was a Murdering Rat," He Said at Last. "Better You'd Never Marry Than to Have Been Hooked Up With Him"

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KIDDING OURSELVES ALONG

By Stewart Edward White

IN THE previous article we looked over the salmon situation and concluded that, on the whole, the outlook is pretty good. Experience in the Columbia River and other places shows that even if we grab so greedily as to destroy our fish completely, it is yet possible to start all over again, and by artificial propagation and strict regulation to bring them back to paying numbers. The process takes time and is very expensive, and our losses in the meantime would be heavy, but it can be done.

However, there now seems no immediate danger that it will be necessary. The old grab-it-now sentiment among the packers is giving away to a more enlightened spirit. They are willing to admit depletion that requires rigorous and immediate remedy. That is a big advance; for until recently most of them denied any material reduction. Many of them are increasingly willing to coöperate in regulations that aim to supply that remedy, even at the expense of immediate interests in favor of future interests. The first great step in any situation is frank acknowledgment of it; the second great step is the desire to do something about it.

Those steps have been taken. As to what is to be done about it, that is a different matter. Every man has his own idea, and that idea is fashioned by the shape of his head, his interest and his training. The actual constructive work is in the hands of the Bureau of Fisheries, under the immediate direction of Henry O'Malley. It is good constructive work, not only because it is intelligent but because it is uninfluenced. Its present methods are avowedly not final. It is experimenting toward the best for each situation. It is gaining, little by little, the confidence of the packing industry as a whole. Naturally, it is also arousing opposition among those whose vision is short or narrow, and those dominated by greed for the immediate return. In the present Administration these selfish interests are unavailing. A turning wheel might conceivably make effective their political pressure. We are justified in believing that no change will take place before the whole thing is stabilized and made permanent.

Whose Property

WE, THE public, must uphold the bureau's hands, when it proves necessary, and keep ourselves intelligently informed as to what is our own business. If we do that, I can see no reason why we should not have salmon both in cans and in the water forever.

That is one thing we must keep constantly in mind—that these are our salmon. We tend to forget that fact. Not only are they our salmon but that Northwest country is our country, as are all the things it contains. In the broadest general view of the situation, it is we, and nobody else, who should have the final say-so as to what shall be done with our property. We it is who can permit our middlemen, the packers, to can them for us so we can eat them. We it is, and nobody else, who can say how many of them we want canned; and in deciding how many it is to be, we it is, and nobody else, who shall say how many we prefer uncanned, "and for what reason." The significance of the quoted words will appear shortly.

But we lose sight of that point of view; and those we delegate to the job forget it even more quickly. They look on the salmon fisheries as theirs. The whole business becomes a vested interest, a private property. Its importance becomes paramount to the importance of all the rest of our property. When, through other people we have delegated as we delegated the packers, we attempt to say how we want our salmon treated, we arouse resentment and fierce opposition. We are interfering with property rights. And when, reluctantly, our power to regulate is acknowledged, we are expected to subordinate all our other interests.

I am not attacking, not even criticizing the packers. I like them and I admire their splendid pioneer qualities. Furthermore, all things considered, I think they are swinging into coöperation with the idea faster than, in the past, the other pioneer industries. I am merely exemplifying a national trait, trying to clarify what has always been a muddled point of view, probing for the heart of the conservation idea. We have been through the same thing—or are going through it—with our lumber, our water, our oil. In each case, even after some dim realization has come that it is, after all, our property, and that we are merely delegating its exploitation for our ultimate benefit to people whom we pay to do the job—in the form of profits—no one quite realizes that we have not agreed to subordinate all our other interests. There lingers in people's minds an idea that we have contracted to farm out our whole interest. The lumberman is aggrieved that we do not give him all the timber, and cannot understand that we consider scenery and water and the future as definite properties also. So with the water man and the oil man. So with the fish man. Only reluctantly—and partially and dimly—has he come to the point of view that these are our salmon, and not his private property, but ours. It never enters his head that our economic contract with him to can some fish for us does not cover all the fish that can possibly be packed. He is at last ready to acknowledge that we are going to need some of them to breed and keep up the supply. He cannot imagine that we might want to use some of them for another purpose having to do with some of our other property interests. If we have any other property interests that need salmon, then he quite sincerely believes that our agreement with him demands that we destroy those interests, sweep them out of the way. The only sensible use he can see for salmon is to can them. Anybody else, like me, who sees any other use for them is impractical, a visionary, a crank.

This is the natural point of view of a specialist. I have no quarrel with it as an ethical question. But, notoriously, a specialist's judgment is only good as to his specialty. When we are to decide on a generality we are foolish to consult him exclusively. To all of which broad theory I am led by the spectacle of ourselves, under the lead of specialists, continuing to kid ourselves along.

We kidded ourselves along as to the depletion of the old-time salmon run until stark facts made us ridiculous. We can no longer deny it. But we, or a good many of us, are still indulging in our favorite pastime when it comes to the reason. Instead of acknowledging frankly the cause, we shuffle and dodge and orate, trying to prove that, after all, we are not wholly responsible, that other things than ourselves have had an important influence; and we go on to insist that if we remove those other causes, we shall have gone far to remedy the depletion.

Gathering the Pot. Below—Brailing

For More Salmon

WE ARE being led into this point of view by the specialists. The packers are specialists, of course; also the men in the Bureau of Fisheries are specialists. Both are occupied with the salmon as an economic asset. Both, by the nature of their interest, are blind to other aspects.

Why are the salmon diminishing? They have been over-fished—acknowledged. We are remedying that. But, also, they suffer an enormous drain from other influences. Eliminate these other influences. Then everything will be perfect. The fishing industry is unanimous on that score. So, alas, to judge by its reports, is the Bureau of Fisheries. Between them we are in danger of being convinced.

Why are salmon diminishing? The bears catch them as they go up the streams to spawn. There are a great many of these animals, and they eat a great many fish and, regrettably, sometimes they do not make a clean job of it. You can read the reports of many horrified observers as to partly eaten carcasses. The remedy for this is to open the closed season on bears, to encourage their slaughter. By and by, when the bears are all killed, we shall be able to can that many more salmon.

The eagles also gather at the streams and seize and make off with and devour numbers that otherwise would spawn. There are a great many eagles—a number incredible to one accustomed to the bird of freedom as a rare and beautiful sight in the heavens. The remedy here, too, of course, is to kill the eagles. To that end we have for a number of years paid a bounty of a dollar apiece, and every Alaskan has popped away so enthusiastically that the eagles are disappearing with gratifying rapidity, and shortly, unless we change our minds, we shall be able to point with pride to the fact that we have all those salmon, too, in the can. Then the bird of freedom will become in Alaska as rare—though still as beautiful—a sight as in other parts of his land.

It is well known also that hair seal and sea lions live on fish. They do not confine their activities to the spawning beds, but in the perversity of their natures continue to eat

(Continued on Page 29)

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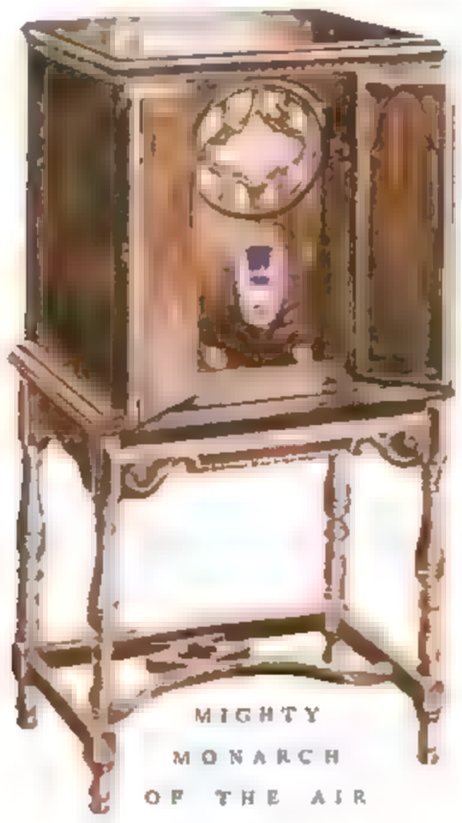

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(Continued from Page 26)

fish all the year around. The bears have the decency to live on berries and roots part of the time, and the eagles manage to make some of their living off things we do not can, but seals and sea lions are incorrigible. Furthermore, we have the word of the Bureau of Fisheries for it that they are "economically useless." So we offer a very tidy bounty on them also—a bounty that really makes it worth while for us to go after them. We have not yet arrived at the efficiency of our Canadian brethren. We do not, like them, send out government expeditions equipped with machine guns to do a really good job at the breeding places. We are notoriously slacker than the British in dealing with our criminals. We have no record like theirs of 1928, when one such expedition killed 1359 sea lions and nobody knows how many seals. But give us time. We are doing pretty well; and will undoubtedly do better if we continue to listen to our specialists. Already the soft-eyed creatures are beginning to realize that we are not to be fooled with, and no longer swim around one's anchored craft with their old-time trustful and friendly curiosity. After we have really settled into our destructive stride, I have no doubt we will save for our cans a great many thousands of salmon a year and will have gone far to solve this scarcity problem. A man gave me some statistics on this point once, but unfortunately, I have forgotten them. He was skipper on a cannery tender, and I was out with him watching the brailing of traps. It was a very bad day for fish We only lifted about 8000. Should have had twenty or thirty thousand he said. No, I do not know how many seals that many fish would have fed, or for how long.

It is unnecessary to pay much attention to certain halibut men who are beginning to insist that the slaughter of sea lions is permitting an undue increase of skates, and that the skates are crowding out the halibut. The fact is not scientifically proved; and anyway, it is not fashionable to consider seriously the balance of nature

Sea gulls also are responsible for much damage. They gather in great flocks about the shallows on the spawning streams and they flap, and utter ribald screams, and eat our salmon. I have watched them doing it. If unanimity and vehemence of assertion mean anything, I must believe that they habitually pick out the eyes of the salmon as they go up the stream, and pounce upon and tear and wound many more. Possibly they do. I have long since realized the idiocy of saying a thing never happened. But my own observation has been that sea gulls are not that quick. Those I have seen have confined most of their attention to the spent and exhausted fish that have stranded hopelessly and helplessly because unable to continue. So done are these poor creatures that I have been able to nudge them gently over the obstructions and into a quiet pool in a probably useless rescue.

Fewer Trout and More Salmon?

AS FAR as my experience goes, a vigorous salmon, one fit to spawn, is off like a flash of light at my slightest movement. It would take some gull to pick his eyes out! And the back wounds ascribed to birds I have many times seen inflicted by other salmon, either pugnaciously or as what seem to be love nips. But of course the gull is of no economic importance, and undoubtedly he does come there to eat fish, and, as undoubtedly, he ought to know better and to confine himself to garbage from steamships. We have, as yet, taken no concerted measures, but we are agitating toward them; and shortly, I have no doubt, will start in to kill it off. And that will save even yet more salmon.

But the worst of the lot are the trout. It is their moral misfortune that they live in the streams the salmon use for spawning purposes. As they live there all the year, they may consider it their stream, for all I know; and the salmon a sort of annoying tourist for two months in the summer. The trout eat the salmon eggs in quantity. They are said also to eat the fry, when they can get to them. Therefore, if we go at it vigorously and seine out and dynamite the trout during the off season, we are going still further to gratify our passion for putting everything possible into cans. Those particular cans, could we know them from the rest of the pack, would be a wonderful buy. For in them would be imprisoned not only the salmon for which we pay, but the essence of rushing streams, and the swirl of flashing bodies rising fiercely to our flies, and the shriek of the reels, and the zip of the tautened line, and sun-slanted, murmurous, long afternoons a-wade in fisherman's magic.

Alaskan trout fishing is the finest I have ever seen, and I have cast my fly in many parts of the world. The rivers are wide and rushing, and the water is almost too cold to drink. Their freshet beds are broad, so that generally, by a little judicious wading, one can make his way without too much taking to the brush. Gravel and sand bars above pools; fallen trees on which one can walk cautiously to within casting range of still green water—all the conditions are perfect for unobstructed back cast. On either hand is a beautiful and solemn forest, through the columns of whose tall trees slants the sun in golden bars. A dense undergrowth of salmonberry and blueberry bushes, of broad-leaved devil's club and skunk cabbage and saxifrage, of giant ferns and tall wild grasses, weaves its tangle ten or fifteen feet high. It is very beautiful and tropical looking, but it does not invite exploration as does the chuckly, friendly river. From the allurement of the latter it is difficult to know enough to start back home to the boat. Around the next bend may be another gorgeous pool. And if not, then a little farther, with abundance of fascination to toll one on and yet on. Almost certainly, on some of the sand bars we are going to see deer, and they are going to stare at us curiously, not at all afraid, until we are less than fifty yards from them, and then they are going to depart, not with the scrambling long leaps of terror but with the high India-rubber bounces of gayety of spirit. There are incredible numbers of deer in that country, and I do not think they constitute a threat to the salmon. A friendly water ouzel will escort us from rock to rock, bobbing his absurd tail, until he can turn us over to the next water ouzel on the next beat. A merganser lady, very solicitous, will squawk and splash in assumed awkwardness to decoy us from her dozen funny babies, which dive conscientiously and hide in the sedge as per mother's orders, though they do not seem at all alarmed. Big Canada geese, roosting incongruously twenty feet from the ground on leaning trees, will startle us with a few choice remarks as they leave. Kingfishers accompany us for miles, officiously informing the entire river world that we are coming. As if anybody, in this wild and unsophisticated region, really cared!

And, of course, there are bears in the salmon season, dozens of them; their trails are a maze of tunnels through the dense undergrowth. Black bears who are amusing and harmless, and who hook their salmon out with a lightning sweep of the paws; the big brownies of the grizzly family, who have no retractile claws, and so pounce upon their fish with mighty splashings, like a dog scrambling for a ball. They are big fellows, and awesome. I measured one track that was twenty inches long. And there are little people, too—minks and martens flowing like water; and the very wise beaver people, whom we shall see only occasionally, if we are very quiet and very lucky, but whose works we may admire; and the enameled dragonflies and the butterflies—and the occasional little muskegs and meadows brilliant with flowers. And when the intimacy of the forest draws away to opening or vista, we are struck motionless by the stillness of the snow-topped peaks close under the sky. They are there all about us; and the forest and the stream and all the busyness of the intimate creatures are as a robe let fall and forgotten in the uplift of age-old brooding peace. And, perhaps for the first time, we stand silenced of our smaller preoccupations to hear the great solemn voice of the country, mingled of deliberate down-dropping distant waterfalls from the snow fields, and the wind in the trees, and the rush of the stream, and the ecstatic, exquisite, spaced songs of thousands of hermit thrushes, like temple bells.

Preparing to Brail at Low Tide. Below—The Scow Drawn Alongside the Trap to Take the Salmon to the Canneries

Fishermen's Paradise

GOING a-fishing is like going a-living—the by-products are more rewarding than the aimed-for goals. If this were not so, if fishing for fish were the whole of life, why not drop our baited hooks into some hatchery's liver-fed ponds, as some poor creatures do? And surely nowhere are riches of the spirit more bountifully offered!

But there are trout beyond the dreams, beyond the conceptions even, of the angler whose experience has been confined to ordinary modern conditions. I am afraid they are beyond his belief; and when I shall try, as dryly and statistically as possible, to tell about them, I shall expect to be dismissed as a typical purveyor of fishermen's tales.

In some of these rivers I have seen pools, perhaps three or four feet deep by ten or twenty feet wide and a hundred feet or so long, bordered by shallow water. From a short distance, at a slant, they look milky white, so that one would suspect glacier or snow water, and therefore conclude them useless for fishing. A closer inspection shows that this blue-white effect is caused by trout, lying in ranks so closely side by side as to tint the whole appearance of the water by the color of their backs. I would hesitate even to guess at their numbers. If one takes pains to keep out of sight, a cast of the fly will bring up, not one or two or three, but a dozen or fifteen, in an eager race. And how the unlucky warrior does fight! The icy water gives him a strength far beyond what a fish of his weight would exhibit elsewhere. I have counted fourteen vigorous jumps before he settled down to the real battle. And they are all big If you want little fellows for the pan you must hunt out some shallow riffles. Fishing with barbless hooks, so the take could be returned unharmed after its exercise, I have caught as many as eighty-four from one sand bar. The smallest weighed a pound and a quarter; the largest more than three pounds. In three successive casts I once hooked and landed nine fish, the smallest just over a pound. This I think is some sort of record. In one afternoon, on a four-ounce rod, I took four rainbows that went seven and a half, seven and three-quarters, eight and a half, and nine pounds. If by awkwardness or circumstance one has alarmed the trout in such a pool, so that, though ranged still in their close-packed ranks, they merely cast a cynical and sophisticated eye at your best flies, what matter? Around the

(Continued on Page 68)

EVERYWHERE, motor car buyers ask: "How is it possible for Fisher to build such remarkable quality into Fisher Bodies, at a cost so low?" Many factors combined, result in the superior quality and value so plainly evident in every Fisher Body car. Foremost of these reasons are the following: 1st, Enormous resources, unapproached by any other body manufacturer. 2nd, The fact that Fisher Body is a *vertical* industry; that is, it manufactures its own lumber, hardware, fittings, plate glass, etc. 3rd, Fisher Body's certainty of market—for its market is *all* General Motors cars. (This enables Fisher to hold down transportation expense through locating its plants close to the plants of the car divisions of General Motors.) Other factors might be mentioned; indeed volumes could be devoted to description of the manufacturing economies of Fisher Body. The important thing for every prospective motor car buyer to bear in mind, however, is the fact that these Fisher Body savings are passed on to the public and are a large part of the greater value built into every Fisher Body car. Select your next car, therefore, from the cars in the Fisher Body group, listed below.

BODY FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

CADILLAC • LA SALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • MARQUETTE
OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER

Continued from Page 19

There was a short silence, and then Stephanie laughed. Then, the law of self-preservation acting with its usual exactitude, Bowers smiled also, and left the room.

Yet, delighted as Stephanie was with Oswald's conduct, there was this sting—that the more admirable he appeared, the more she sank in her own estimation. She was both ashamed and unhappy—a painful combination. She remembered his words about the ability to judge a man as a man and not as a member of a class. How contemptible she had been; and even worse, how stupid. If only, before he went, she could find a moment to explain, to apologize. She began to imagine possible meetings

Miss Eden's voice broke in: "I think, my dear, you should send your father a line, telling him how well the arrival has gone."

But she was in no state of mind to write a letter, and so Miss Eden wrote it instead. There was perhaps a hint of triumph in her note, and, as always in her relations to the prince, of covert reproof. The girl had behaved with admirable dignity and poise in receiving older men of position and title, who were—though of course they ought not to be—such a new experience in her lonely life.

At dinnertime when the two women entered the little library which was serving until the drawing-room was in order, the first person they saw was Oswald Petres. He was wearing evening clothes that would not have seemed strange to a Daritzian gentleman, but which felt a little odd to him. They consisted of the earl's trousers, Druce-Grant's white waistcoat, and his own short green coat with the silver buttons. Stephanie, who was already nervous at entering her first dinner party, became suddenly mute and weak in the wrists. He was there; she would have her chance. How terrifying! How delightful!

Bowers came forward, all geniality, and introduced the Earl of Malvers, the Count of Perrain Latour, Mr. Druce-Grant, and he added, laying his hand on Oswald's shoulder, and reaching up a little to do it: "Mr. Petres, the son of a very old and dear friend of mine at home." For so, under the necessity of placating Oswald, he had magnified a casual meeting with the elder Petres in a bank conference many years before. But having once invented the intimacy, Bowers was loyal to it; in fact, he believed it by this time, and would have made as many sacrifices for Oswald as if he were in truth the son of an old friend.

Oswald bowed, looking calmly at Stephanie, as if he saw her for the first time. She found herself crimsoning to the edge of the sea-green dress. Only the Frenchman noticed her distress and came to the rescue. He was a large blond man with prominent, rather glassy, blue eyes—more like the current idea of an Englishman. He was a Norman by descent. He began to talk to her at once about herself, her dress, and how she had evidently chosen it to bring out the red gold in her hair. He spoke as if they shared a secret knowledge of a mystic art—the art of dress. She confessed, with a voice not entirely steady, that she had not chosen it; her father had been so kind as to send it to her from Paris. The count laughed and said that the world knew that Prince Conrad was an expert—"knew himself," was the exact translation—in feminine attire.

All the men except Oswald began to flatter her and make much of her. Even Malvers, who sat on her other side at dinner, though he did not exert himself conversationally, discovering to his intense astonishment that she had never tasted a nectarine, promised to send to his head gardener for a box of them. After all, he reflected, Bowers would pay the expressage. Druce-Grant, a gaunt, reddish Scotchman, complimented her on her reputation as a mountain climber. But it was the Frenchman who seemed to her the most friendly and kind. She liked him the best. She could not see Oswald, who sat on Malvers' other side and did not speak to her at all.

After dinner, Bowers stood on the hearth-rug controlling the conversation and telling many anecdotes, not uninteresting in themselves, but interesting to Bowers because they showed either his prowess as a sportsman or his intimacy with great people. Druce-Grant went to sleep right under his host's nose, but in a quiet, unostentatious way, so that Bowers did not notice.

In the meantime a slight struggle was going on between the remaining three. Miss Eden wished to talk to the earl, the earl wished to talk to Oswald, and Oswald, apparently, wished to talk to no one. Miss Eden was interested in extracting some details about the earl's son, Lord Trippington, a student at Oxford—at Christ Church to be exact—who, his father admitted, might run down and join them later and, as he said, "have a go at the chammy." But Malvers, whose cupidity had been roused by the enormous rent Conrad XXI had obtained for his old pile of masonry, wanted to discover, free of charge, from Oswald, whether there would be any technical difficulties in heating Malvers Priory, and what would be the cost.

Under the cover of all these various conversational commitments, Perrain Latour drew his chair closer to Stephanie and began to murmur that all his life he had been absolutely enslaved by any woman "*blonde comme les blés.*" Nor can it be denied that Stephanie was enjoying herself, until suddenly she caught a glance that flashed across her from under dark eyebrows, and seemed to say, "Oh, so that's the way you really like men to talk to you, is it?"

When she and Miss Eden rose to go, she had not had a single word with Petres, and though she had directed one or two appealing glances at him, he had not seemed to see them.

As the two ladies said good night, Bowers invited them to accompany his party on their first day's shooting; to come at least as far as luncheon with them in one of the upper lodges. This time Stephanie accepted before the words were out of his mouth.

Bowers turned to Oswald. "I hope you'll come, too, Petres," he said.

Petres was very easy and pleasant, but said that the next day he had work to do.

Bowers waved it aside. "Oh, no hurry; all work and no play, you know. We'll find a gun to fit you." But Oswald remained firm. He had come, he said, not to shoot but to get the heating system working.

Stephanie took heart and said directly to him, "And does that mean it would be wrong to have any other interest?"

"It would be undesirable, I think," said Oswald, with his head in the air.

Tears rose in Stephanie's eyes, but, fortunately, nobody saw them.

She cried a great part of the night, because she was so silly and he was so unkind, and woke with a hope that he might relent and form one of the party after all.

But when they left the castle he was not in the party. They motored as far as a narrow, grassy road would allow, and then walked up a steep, good trail to the lodge—a nice little wooden chalet some four thousand feet up in the air. Here a cook and materials for luncheon had been sent earlier in the day, and here they lunched very magnificently, with pâtés and salads and beer. Then they started on the serious work of the day, each man starting for his designated position or area with a jager and a dog, and sometimes a second man, a trager, to carry home the game.

It is a form of sport in which an even greater degree of silence is necessary than in the butts in Scotland; a footstep must make no sound, and you sink into the underbrush waiting for the small red head of the roebuck to appear in answer to your call; there can be no conversation.

Stephanie had been accustomed to going out with her father since she could walk, although she had never fired a gun herself. All three men recognized that she would be a help and not a hindrance, and they all invited her to accompany them. Immediately a restrained but bitter dispute broke out between Bowers and Perrain Latour as to which one should have her society. Bowers pointed out that he as host had the privilege of making all arrangements. The count, without denying this principle, made it clear that it was a host's duty to make arrangements that were the pleasantest possible for his guests, and he did not conceal that he believed that the pleasantest arrangement for Stephanie would be to go with him. To be honest, Stephanie thought so too. But Miss Eden would not permit it. She saw that Bowers was getting very sulky, and the count more and more irritating, saying little things in rapid French which Bowers could not quite understand, and at which all the others could not help laughing. She announced firmly that she and the princess were going home at once.

Under cover of the argument, Druce-Grant, who, like many dead-beats, had a sort of nobility when anything not financial was concerned, murmured to her: "If I were you, Your Highness, I should not find myself on a lonely mountainside with the Frenchman after dark."

"No?" said Stephanie, surprised and displeased, for she liked Perrain Latour and felt that in him she had made a friend.

"And," Druce-Grant went on, apparently quite indifferent to the fact that he was well within earshot of all those of whom he was speaking, "I wouldn't trust old Malvers much farther than I could see him, except that he is so old and enfeebled by vices that you could always shove him off the nearest cliff. Our host, now, although as vulgar a little bounder as I ever saw, means well."

Stephanie was shocked. "But he is your host," she said.

"Ah, my dear young lady," said Druce-Grant, without shame, "if I waited until men of reputation and breeding asked me to shoot with them, I should get very little in the course of the year. I suppose you know he's fallen in love with you."

"Mr. Bowers? Oh, I hope not!" she cried, with an emotion of repugnance. Yet even as she spoke she was aware that all the possessions of which Bowers had been boasting the evening before at dinner might now be hers—the trips to Java and Rhodes, the yacht at Cowes. He had not been able to be toploftical like Malvers or flattering like the Frenchman—all he could do was to make her feel that he was very, very rich, and he had done it thoroughly.

"I don't pretend," Druce-Grant was continuing, "to understand a Frenchman's feelings about women, but I know those two are working each other up to something. And so, you see, if you are not very careful there will be a row."

Miss Eden had felt something threatening, too, for she called to the girl, and Stephanie rose quickly to her feet. She had no wish to linger. Who could tell but what, down at the castle, there might be a chance for an explanation with a hard-hearted heating expert.

But there never was. Hang about as she might, she never met him face to face. It was always Perrain Latour who rose unexpectedly in her path, and seemed, she sometimes thought, to imagine that it was for him she was looking. He was always suggesting that she might show him some of the mysteries of the castle or give him a cup of tea by the schoolroom stove. There was no denying that she liked his society: not only because he flattered her, but because he interested her in herself, attributing to her unsuspected powers for controlling men and events, and subtleties of perception and emotion which she was quite sure she did not possess.

He quoted French poetry to her—one verse, with great meaning:

"Seul le rêve intéresse.
La vie, sans rêve, qu'est-ce?
Moi, j'aime la princesse."

She thought it a pretty trifle, and wished that he would quote it to Oswald.

Then one day a letter from her father arrived. This was always an unusual event, for the prince was not a good correspondent, although he insisted that others should write regularly to him; but more unusual still, the letter was addressed not to Stephanie but to Miss Eden.

"Well, what does he say?" asked Stephanie, who could never get over the utterly unfounded hope that there would be something gay and promising in her father's letters.

Miss Eden did not answer, but first her eyelids, and then the tip of her nose, grew pink; and then she gave Stephanie the letter with one hand and blew her nose with the other. For the first time in all her professional career she had received a rebuke. The prince wrote:

> I am astonished and displeased that you should have allowed the Princess Stephanie to accept any invitation from this man Bowers, who has apparently surrounded himself with all the greatest blacklegs in Europe. Malvers, as you ought to know, would have been ruled off every race track in England if it had not been for his family connections. And as for Perrain Latour, I was, I am proud to say, instrumental in having him blackballed at my own club, after his dastardly conduct toward that unfortunate Madame E. V., a scandal which you must remember. It was your duty to shield my child in every way, instead of exposing her. . .

The princess looked up. "Don't cry, Edie dear," she said. "What possible harm has come to me from meeting these men? I don't need to be protected." A slight smile curved her lips. What would Prince Conrad XXI say if he knew of those clandestine meetings with the plumber? Yes, there had been a shade of danger there.

"I was to blame," said Miss Eden. "I see it now. I was greedy."

"Greedy, Edie? For what?"

"To give you a little pleasure, a few social contacts with your equals, or at least ——"

Stephanie hugged the little figure in gray. "What a funny definition of greed—a desire to give someone else pleasure."

But she had been brought up to take her father's displeasure seriously, and she made no protest at Miss Eden's decision that all communication with Mr. Bowers and his guests must cease. It was not really with him or his guests that she was concerned.

They, however, were very much concerned with her. Each one felt personally aggrieved at her inaccessibility. Malvers, because he had been brought up to think himself superior to anyone but an English duke, and even to some of them; Druce-Grant because he knew he was cleverer and more human than any of the others; Bowers because she dazzled him, and he felt that somehow, in renting the castle, he had rented a sort of seignorial right to her society; Perrain Latour because he knew himself to be irresistibly attractive to any woman worthy of the name. So they all talked about her, and teased one another about their emotions, and laid little plots to see her. It became an emulous game for their leisure moments, a sport; but a sport that had in it some of the venom of war.

Stephanie, although sorry to lose the fun of picnics and new faces, was really concerned only with her apology to Petres. Her self-respect, she said to herself, was involved in not letting him get away before she had explained. Every day she attempted to find out from Herr Potzi how much time was left.

"I suppose," she would say casually, "that Mr. Petres will soon be going back to Turin?"

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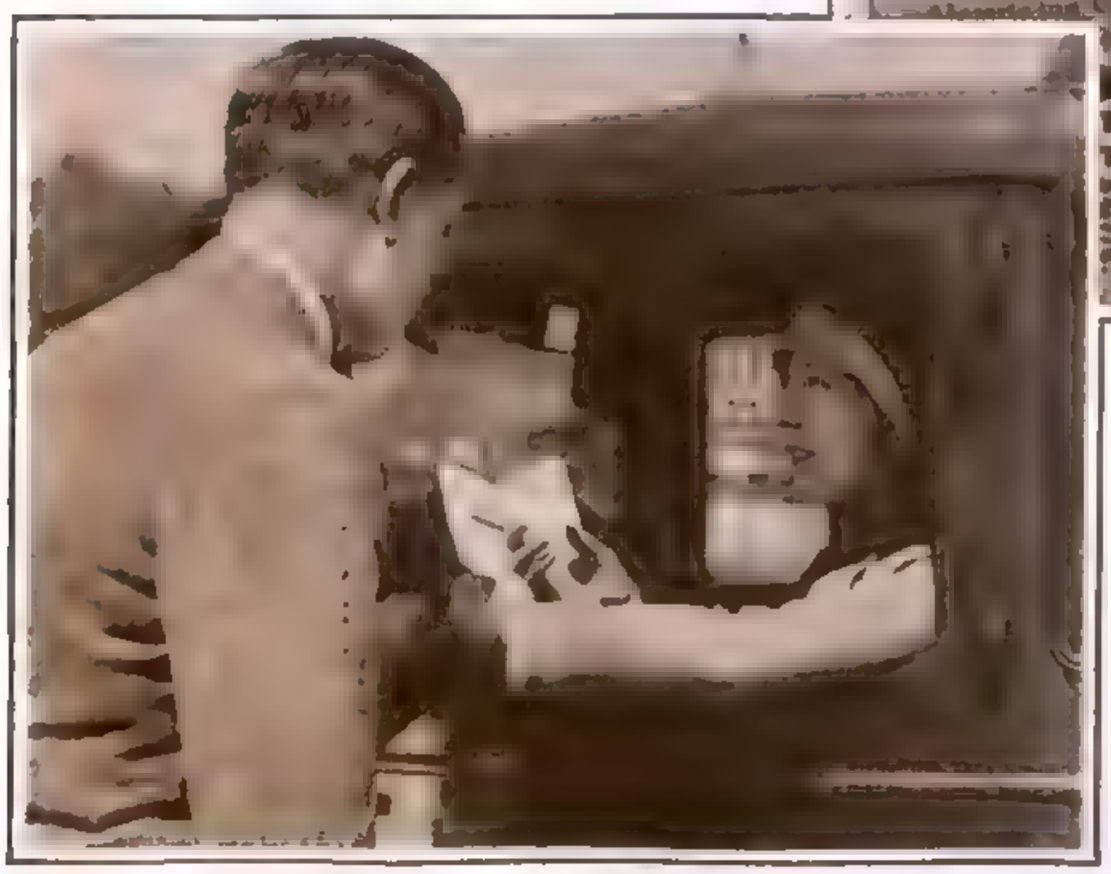
Another Strictly "Man's Job" Goes to Women—By Marie Cooper

Because They Know That They Can Save 80% of All Automobile Repair Bills By the Use of Proper Lubrication, Women Have Taken Into Their Own Hands the Important Problem of Car Upkeep

This Protective Sign is Now Found at Genuine Alemite Stations Everywhere



This Little Book Carries Your Car's "Pedigree"

ACCORDING to recent estimates nearly 15 million women in all parts of America have taken the important problem of automobile upkeep out of their husbands' hands and are looking after it themselves. They have done this because costly repair bills have been playing havoc with the family budget.

For women have learned that 80% of all automobile repair bills can be traced to the lack of proper lubrication as can squawks, squeaks and similar annoyances.

Thus the family car is now as much woman's work as daily menus, laundry lists and family wardrobes. And it is being just as systematically handled.

Repair Bills Reduced By Systematic Alemite-ing

Women's interest in assuming the responsibility of taking care of the family car began several years ago with their discovery of the Alemite Systems of High Pressure Lubrication which have become the standard installation on 95% of all cars manufactured. They learned that these systems, if systematically lubricated at genuine Alemite-ing Stations with specially developed Alemite Lubricants, largely eliminate 80% of repair bills, bring remarkable improvement in car performance and life, and increase resale value of cars about 10%.

The striking economy and efficiency of complete Alemite Service naturally attracted women. They saw in Alemite Service notable savings that meant a new source of income. They began by checking up with the men in the family to find out whether they were taking advantage of these savings. Gradually, they came to the place where they took the whole problem of car upkeep into their own hands.

New Gowns Instead of Repair Bills

Now, instead of paying repair bills for improperly lubricated, worn-out automobile parts, women buy hats, gowns, dresses, whatever they want . . . with the savings. And in addition they enjoy cars that are virtually free from rumbles, noises and possibilities of breakdowns.

The perfection of Alemite High Pressure Lubrication banishes from women's minds all worries about possible breakdowns from unrelieved friction. All that they have to do is to drive their cars to an Alemite Station at 500-mile intervals for lubrication with specially developed Alemite Lubricants. Nothing more. From then on the vital chassis bearings will be lubricated without further attention from the driver. Women quickly learned to identify the conveniently located, 100% Alemite Stations, in every town throughout the country, by the big blue, yellow and red Alemite sign they display.

Costly Repair Bills are Now a Thing of the Past

75% of Family Cars Now Cared for By Women

A noted automotive authority estimates that 75% of all family cars in America are now being cared for by women and adds that the lubrication problem is largely responsible for the great shift of car maintenance from the budget of the husband to that of the wife.

Service station operators and car dealers bear this out further with their report that more than half of the cars brought to them for lubrication are driven by women. Alemite Service Stations with 100% Alemite Service can be found in virtually every town and city in the country.

Greater Resale Value

And women who give their cars this simple systematic care increase their resale value about 10 per cent. For those who take Alemite equipped cars regularly to stations where Alemite Lubricants and service are given have each visit recorded in a booklet. This is known as "Recorded Alemite Service." It provides the car with a pedigree. Women appreciate what it means to show a prospective buyer just what care they have given the car they offer for resale.

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"Yes, he seems in a great hurry to be off," answered Herr Potzi. "I wish he could stay; he understands perfectly how to manage Mr. Bowers. He is going out tomorrow for one day's sport before he leaves us."

"I hope they give him a good place," said Stephanie.

No, as a matter of fact, Herr Potzi was sorry to say that the earl had jockeyed Petres out of one of the best positions. Petres was to be given the slope of the Weissberg.

Waking at short intervals during the night, Stephanie asked herself whether or not it would be undignified to be found walking, late that afternoon, in the valley through which any sportsman who had been shooting over the Weissberg must descend—descend at last to the ravine—which seemed to her an omen. In any event, the question was an academic one; for of course she meant to be there.

Miss Eden had been keeping closer track of her charge since the prince's letter, but Stephanie slipped out without explanation. Just before sunset she ascended the ravine and came out on a high, sloping meadow at the foot of the Weissberg.

The wind was blowing cold from the mountains, and as one of the smaller hunting lodges was within easy reach, Stephanie sought refuge there. She sat at the window and kept her eye on the mountainside. She had thought out very carefully what she was going to say—that she was inexperienced; that she had been taught the aristocratic principle as a sort of creed, a forlorn hope to which she must be loyal; she had been startled, and anyone, when very much surprised, does things ——

A figure appeared on the bare rock above her. She sprang up and went to the door; it emerged into the meadow. She waved her hand; she was recognized in spite of the growing darkness. The figure turned and came hurriedly toward her. Her heart beat fast. She looked again. It was Perrain Latour.

Stephanie was embarrassed. She did not want him to think she had been waving to him, and yet she wished even less to explain that she had mistaken him for Petres. In the silence he stepped quietly into the hut, and taking her in his arms, he murmured amorously, in his beautiful, resonant, French voice, "Ah, my angel, what a divine imprudence."

He spoke, not in the tone of wild passion, but in the calm assurance of a man whom nothing could astonish except, perhaps, the discovery of virtue in the female sex.

Stephanie gave a little cry, stifled against the tweeds of the count's perfect shooting jacket, and then she attempted a stalwart shove, which did no good, and then she said, "It was not to you—it was not to you I was waving. I thought—I thought ——"

A step outside, a voice: "Is there anyone there?"

The count grasped the situation in an instant. He released her at once. "I see—I see," he murmured still in his velvet voice. "I see you are the daughter of your father—practical even in affairs of the heart." He moved out of the hut and bowed politely to Bowers, who was approaching. "I yield my place to my host," he said, and taking off his hat, he went on his way down the hillside.

To Bowers the situation was not immediately clear. "Who is there?" he asked. "Not you, princess?"

"Yes," said Stephanie, coming out of the hut. The light was failing, but her golden hair caught whatever light was left. She was shaking with disgust, and perhaps also with disappointment, for she had hoped she had been rescued by Petres.

"Was that Frenchman annoying you?" said Bowers. "The swine—all these foreigners are swine. . . . I beg your pardon, princess. I was thinking for an instant that you were just a clean, wholesome American girl—I mean ——" There really did not seem to be any safe way out of this sentence, and Stephanie came to his assistance. She wished he were Oswald; but still, solid, unimaginative Mr. Bowers was a sort of comfort.

"It doesn't matter," she said; "only he is disgusting with his idea that every woman adores him at first sight."

"I know—I know," said Bowers. "And just the merest luck I happened to be here. I had arranged for that young American, Petres, to shoot this side of the mountain, and then at the last moment I decided he ought to have a better area, his one day—such a fine young man that, princess—just an honest, clean, able young American." He was good-naturedly talking until she recovered her calm, but he had been fortunate enough to hit upon a subject that held her attention.

"America must be a wonderful country," she said, "in which even plumbers appear so—so ——"

It was characteristic of Mr. Bowers that everything to which he had once given his indorsement became at once superfine. His friends were no exception.

"Oh, but young Petres is not a plumber, my dear princess. Oh, no, you must not make that mistake. You do not understand democracy—and how should you, with your almost royal bringing up—but the fact is, in America our very best young men—our young princes, as you might say—are expected to begin at the bottom. Even I," said Bowers in a burst of confidence, "as a boy—I remember very well—I waited on table—yes, actually, princess—with a napkin under my arm."

He hoped he had not shocked her, but he felt a sudden decrease in her attention. For a moment there he had had the impression that he was interesting her deeply.

They began to descend the ravine. There was so little light now that only Stephanie's perfect knowledge of the path enabled them to proceed. Fortunately, Bowers had sent his gun home with the game and the dogs.

"I suppose," said Stephanie, over her shoulder, "that Mr. Petres will be returning to Turin in a day or two. . . . Do keep close to the cliff, Mr. Bowers, for I am not sure that all this wooden structure is as secure ——"

She was interrupted by the sound of breaking boards, an exclamation and a crash. Mr. Bowers had fallen through.

Climbing down to him with some difficulty, she found he was not seriously injured. He had dropped only a few feet to a rocky ledge. He was shaken and bruised, and there was no doubt that he had given his ankle a bad twist. His cheerful voice died with the agony of trying to put any weight on it.

But he was naturally a brave man—especially when the eyes of beauty were on him—and he behaved admirably. He got himself up with Stephanie's help, and managed to struggle slowly down what was left of the ravine path. But even when they emerged from this, they were still many miles from the castle, and on a road hardly more than a path, which at this hour of night was entirely deserted. Stephanie, however, knew and was known at every cottage in the country, and she remembered a lonely farm not more than a mile away, and went off to get help there. The man had a pair of oxen, she said, and an ox cart, though a slow means of transportation, would not be uncomfortable.

It was a late day for everyone. Dinner was not served until after half-past nine, and by eight Miss Eden was in a turmoil over Stephanie's absence. She sought out first Herr Potzi, forgetting that this was the one day in the month when he went home to his native town, thirty miles away, to attend to his own affairs. Next she inquired for Mr. Bowers, and learned that he had not yet returned from shooting, but this was not unusual. Next she went and knocked on Malvers' door, but his servant told her that His Lordship was in the tub; where, as a matter of fact, he had fallen into a pleasant doze. Druce-Grant could not be seen either, though he sent her a message, begging her not to alarm herself.

But Perrain Latour came out at once, dressed in a long silk dressing gown of crimson and dark blue. He came out laughing.

"*Soyez calme, mademoiselle*," he said, and then falling into his correct but oddly accented English, he went on: "Her Serene Highness is either quite safe, or else, it may be, rather better than safe."

Miss Eden, who got no definite impression whatever from this sentence, answered: "If you have any idea where she went or even the direction she went in, I could send out to search for her."

He held up his hand. "That would be unkind," he said.

"Don't you understand that I am afraid that she is lost—lost?" said Miss Eden.

"Lost?" he repeated. "Perhaps so. You must tell me just what that means in English."

Really, Miss Eden thought, it was very hard to deal with these foreigners. She began all over again, speaking slowly and with perfect enunciation: "Her Serene Highness went out about five and has not returned. I am, naturally, very anxious, and want to know if you can give me any clew."

"None, none," said the count, beaming down upon her; "and now, as I am catching the night train to Paris, I hope you will permit me to retire."

He had always had his own reasons for hating Conrad XXI, and now he also hated Stephanie. He was the sort of man who found any woman who rejected his addresses, Bœotian, repugnant and worthy of retributive justice. But now his vanity was somewhat soothed by the conviction that she had been after bigger game. Of course, she could not follow her natural inclinations if she was engaged in the great financial enterprise of marrying his host. Only, he wanted the other fellows who had watched his advances to know the reason of his failure.

As soon as he got in, he had told the story of his afternoon. The waving of Stephanie's hand became as portentous as the waving of Isolde's scarf. The earl had snubbed him, partly because such stories, told with so much gusto, were contrary to his code of manners, but partly because he did not want, if he could help himself, to think ill of so generous a host as Bowers.

Druce-Grant, on the other hand, was delighted. From his point of view, the girl was showing spirit and ability in getting herself out of the dump in which fate and her father had left her. He hoped she got herself a good slice of Bowers' fortune—blackmail or marriage, she could count on him to give her any assistance in his power. He would not lift his finger to help Miss Eden's search; it would have seemed to him a treachery to the princess.

Miss Eden was standing, baffled, in the corridor when another door opened and Petres came out whistling. His heart, it is true, was more or less broken by the discovery that the girl he loved was a pitiful snob, but it is hard to be merely heartbroken when you have had a good day's sport in intoxicating air, when you have shot better than you thought you could, when you have had a hot bath, and are looking forward to an excellent dinner.

Miss Eden had not much noticed the young American the night she dined in his company, but since then she had heard Herr Potzi speak well of him, and she now unhesitatingly flung her anxieties upon him.

"Oh, Mr. Petres," she said, "the princess hasn't come home. I don't know what to make of it. The count and Mr. Druce-Grant seem to think it quite normal, but it isn't; she's never been out like this before."

She had at last found a sympathetic hearer. Within five minutes Oswald was telephoning the head forester, had got hold of the head jäger, and was himself starting off to search the countryside.

It was perhaps just as well that he was not at the dinner table. The three remaining guests sat down without their host, but then, Perrain Latour must leave for his train in an hour. They intended to be discreet, but the count's servant, who was waiting on table, was a man preternaturally clever about innuendos of this sort. He got the idea that the princess and Bowers had been caught in one of the hunting lodges, and in the polyglot collection of valets and footmen below stairs the news spread like wildfire.

The count had taken his train, the earl had gone to bed, Druce-Grant was dozing by the fire, and Petres was still out searching the mountainside, when the wanderers limped in, unconscious—as those who have received a mortal injury often are—that anything serious had happened to them.

Hearing voices, Druce-Grant woke up and descended to the courtyard. He was kind and interested. A sprained ankle, had he? No wonder they were a little late.

"Where is everyone?" said Bowers, accepting his guest's arm.

"Malvers has gone to bed and the Frenchman has been called suddenly to Paris."

Bowers gave a grunt. "I thought he might be," he said.

"And Mr. Petres," said Miss Eden, shepherding Stephanie off to their own wing, "is out searching for you, without a bite of dinner. Poor young man! I really don't know what I shall say to your father. I do think you might consider me before you do these wild things. I'll never say a word against Americans again; none of these other men would even listen to me, but he was so kind, so concerned, he started immediately."

They were now in the schoolroom, and looking up, Miss Eden saw, with alarm, that the princess was crying. She stopped. "What is the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm so tired," said Stephanie, "and I'm afraid I love him."

"Love who?" cried Miss Eden, with natural disregard of grammar.

"The American," said Stephanie, "the plumber."

"Love him, my child? You're mad. You've never spoken to him."

"Yes, I have, Edie," said Stephanie, and dried her eyes and swallowed hard, and told her story; told of the meeting in the ravine and the afternoon on the mountain, and then, of her unforgivable conduct when she saw him in his overalls.

At this, Miss Eden looked grave. "That was not like you," she said. "That was not good manners. Even if he were a workingman ——"

"Oh, Edie, I know—I know. That is what I am trying to atone for. I want to explain, but he won't let me. He's hard, Edie; he won't give me a chance."

Miss Eden said everything that there was to be said. She pointed out that they knew absolutely nothing of the young man. He might be married and have a family, for all they knew; and Americans—good heavens, how could you tell anything about their people. His mother might be bending over the washtub at that moment, for all they knew. Besides, did not Stephanie feel she owed a loyalty to her own class, to say nothing of the love and obedience due to her father—and what the prince would think of such an episode ——

"But you said yourself he was wonderful, Edie; you said he was the only one ——"

"No," said Miss Eden firmly, "I did not use the adjective 'wonderful.' I said he was resourceful and energetic. I might say the same thing of one of the jägers."

But after she had put Stephanie to bed, she admitted to her most secret self that she understood the girl's feeling. The young man was attractive, he inspired dependence. If Stephanie had not been a princess—but, then, she was. There was no use in thinking along those lines.

After this there was no chance for unexpected meetings. Everywhere Stephanie went, Miss Eden followed. A few uneventful days passed. Bowers' ankle mended rapidly under a series of hot embrocations by the local doctor. Druce-Grant and Malvers had the shooting to themselves, and took all the best areas and did prodigies of execution. And then the storm broke, the bomb exploded—the prince's letter arrived.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A VICTIM OF THE WAR

Continued from Page 9

when I got through, it was on my bill. What kind of place is this that makes you pay for a little plug of butter on your plate?"

"Did you kick?"

"Certainly I kicked."

"What did they say?"

"I don't know. It was in French. They just got to shouting and I walked out."

"Well," I said, "you ain't got to have butter. You can give it up like you gave up coffee."

"I'll be starving if that kind of thing keeps up," he said. "I ain't got used to paying for my drinking water yet. Any place in the United States they'll give you a glass of water free and welcome. Water don't cost anything."

We were walking down the Boulevard St.-Germain at the time. Edgar was gesturing very eloquently, when suddenly he stopped, hands uplifted, and then, without a word, he scuttled across the street like a scared rabbit and ducked into a *bistro*, from where I could see him peering excitedly out of the window. I looked around, and coming toward me was a tall fellow in a wide black sombrero and a cape.

Apparently he never saw Edgar, and the sight of me was no treat, so he passed on by, just like anybody else. When he'd got about a half block down the boulevard, Edgar came out of the *bistro* and, after signaling a few times, he joined up again at the next corner.

"What's all this?" I said.

"It's kind of hard to explain," he said, "but the situation is getting a little delicate. Fact is, the Sur-Vortex group has had a kind of split-up. Differences of opinion, you know. We hadn't any more than got several problems straightened out and decided to get out a magazine ——"

"A magazine?" I said. "That certainly sounds like business, a magazine does. What you going to call it?"

"Doodles."

"What?"

"Doodles. That's what we're going to call the magazine Doodles."

"Why Doodles?"

"It's a joke," he said—"just a kind of joke, you know."

"I don't get the point," I said. "What kind of joke is Doodles?"

"It ain't the kind of joke you tell—with a point to it," he tried to explain. "We just thought it would be kind of funny to call it that. Don't you think it's funny?"

"Sure it's funny," I said, "but I don't know why."

"It was this way," he said, a little embarrassed: "We thought, well, there'll probably be a lot of Babbitts that will start laughing at us, because Babbitts are always laughing at anything they don't understand, especially if it's over their heads, and we thought, well, we'll just name the magazine Doodles to get even with the Babbitts."

"I must be thicker than I thought," I said, "because I still don't get it."

"Well," he said, "we thought it would be sort of like—well, sort of like saying: Oh, Doodles to you! You see? We just thought, if they started laughing, because our writing looked peculiar to them, it would be like saying back to them: Oh, Doodles to you, or what do we care, or something like that. You see?"

"Yes, I see now," I said; "and with a start like that you ought to be able to turn out something quite different from the usual sort of literature."

"I don't know now," he said. "What I set out to say, the situation is kind of delicate at the moment. We had a little split-up. It seems we got some radicals in with us, and the way they want to do it, it's all wrong. They're liable to ruin the whole thing."

"How's that?"

"You saw that fellow that passed? Well, that's a fellow named Basil Ginsburg, and he's the leader of the radicals. These radicals, they got the idea we should not only begin sentences with little letters and use capital letters, but also we got to make all the sentences fit up against the right side of the paper, and no commas!"

"No commas?"

"No, no commas. They're all crazy, that bunch is, and the way they want to work it, they'll just make a laughingstock of the Sur-Vortex group. For instance, here's the kind of thing they want to do."

Crane fumbled in his inside pocket again and found another piece of soiled paper. He opened it up and handed it to me.

"Here's what the radicals were doing," he said.

It read:

tHE TORTURED RIVER
cHOKES
cHOKES
cHOKES DUSKY dIANE
tHE BLOOD AT TWILIGHT
cHOKES
tHE TORTURED RIVER
sO

"What do you do with this?" I said. "Hold it up in front of a mirror?"

"If you want to," Crane said.

"I just asked," I said. "Go on."

We'd got to the Place St.-Germain des Prés—he continued—and we stopped at the Deux Magots and got us a table on the side facing the church. Edgar ordered a *fine à l'eau* and I got a blond beer. Then he looked around nervously.

"I oughtn't to be here," he said. "This is where the Neo-Sur-Realist group comes, and I don't want to be taken for one of them."

"No?"

"Those Neo-Sur-Realists," he said, "they're nothing but a lot of Babbitts." He got up suddenly. "Excuse me a minute," he said.

He edged out between the tables and went to the corner and started talking with the old woman in the newspaper stand.

"She hasn't got one either," he said when he sat back down. "I never saw such a place."

"Fort Gaines is probably leading," I said.

"They got a good team," he said, "but a little weak around second base."

"About this split, though," I said, "how is Mam'selle Thurston siding? Is she going Bolshevik with Monseer Ginsburg or is she going to stick with the old reliable standpat crowd?"

"Maxine ——"

He stopped, and I looked up and saw coming toward us a girl who seemed to be putting up an awful struggle against looking beautiful. She was pretty and yellow-haired, and she wore one of these big black left-bank hats and a long rough cape like Monseer Ginsburg's, and flat-heel shoes and woolen stockings. Edgar got up again.

"Crane," he said when she come up, "I want you to meet Miss Maxine Thurston."

"I want a vermuth *cassis*," she said, and then to me, "What do you do, Crane?"

"Knit socks," I said.

"Yourself?"

"No," I explained, "that's just my line. A factory makes them and I sell them. It's very interesting."

"I doubt it," she said, and turned to Edgar. "Why weren't you at the Dome last night?" she said. "We've got a lot of work to get done and you weren't there. What's the excuse?"

"Look," Edgar said. "I can't see eye to eye with Ginsburg on this matter. Nobody's more liberal than me, but this idea of making all the lines even with the right side of the paper—that's going too far. We got a new school of literature all started nicely, and along comes Ginsburg, and Ginsburg's a trouble maker, and he's got to introduce a lot of crazy ideas into our school of literature. Ginsburg ——"

"You forget," she said, "that Ginsburg was one of the little group that made such a success with the Baba group."

"What's the Baba group?" I said.

"I wasn't talking to you," Miss Thurston said.

"I just asked," I said.

"Are you telling me you sympathize with these crazy notions Ginsburg's got?" Edgar asked her. "Why, Maxine, that man is nothing but a sensationalist. I don't want to be mid-Victorian, but he's entirely too radical—and another thing, he always wants to fight. He's quarreling all the time, and it makes me nervous."

"Nothing is won without a fight," she said.

"I was afraid of that," Edgar said. "But the way I feel, we got a nice school of literature ——"

"If you don't mind," I said, "I think I'll be getting along. I got an engagement."

"We don't mind," Miss Thurston said. "The trouble with you, Edgar, your mind isn't flexible, receptive to new ideas, or anything."

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by, Crane," Edgar said.

"I already said good-by to you," Miss Thurston said.

At that minute we were interrupted by the young man himself. Heaving a deep sigh, he had straightened up from the rail and come up to us. Crane looked up.

"Excuse me," the young man said, "but you know what I think I'll do, Crane?"

"No," Crane said. "What?"

"I think I'll send her a radio," he said. "What do you think?"

"Not a bad idea."

"That's what I'll do," he said firmly. "I'll send her a radio."

Then he walked off.

I am happy to say—Crane resumed—that I never saw Mam'selle Thurston but once again—the time Edgar and I went to the Dome together to see if we couldn't straighten out the matter of commas and lines even with the right side of the paper. Every now and then I got word of her from Edgar, but I wasn't even seeing much of him. He developed a kind of nervous practice of popping in and out, only saying something occasionally. I thought it was right funny.

One evening when I was home and he wasn't, there was a knock at the door, and when I opened it, there was a stocky fellow standing there with a stocky dame, both of them wearing those wide-brimmed black sombreros.

"Edgar in?" the man said.

"No," I said. "You want to leave any message?"

"This must be the one that knits socks," the girl said to the fellow, and he nodded.

"When he comes in," the fellow said, "tell him we'd like to see him."

"Tell him who'd like to see him?" I said.

"He'll know," the fellow said darkly, and they left.

When I told Edgar about this visit from the phantom of the opera and his squaw, he seemed very much upset. He poured himself out a shot of cognac and quaffed it in one gulp. But he explained nothing.

"You know what they done to me last night?" he said.

"Who?"

"These Frenchmen."

"No. What?"

"They locked me up in the subway. They locked me up in the subway and then they nearly arrested me. That's the kind of country this is. They lock people up in the subway and then they try to arrest them."

"Arrest you for what?"

"Arrest me for unlawful entry—that's what!"

"How you get unlawful entry to the subway?" I said.

"Listen," he said. "In the United States the subways stay open all night. You don't care what time it is in New York you can get in the subway, and, what I mean, get out too. Last night I'm waiting for a train in this dinky little subway, and it was so long I went to sleep on a bench, and when I woke up the whole thing was closed. They had big iron gates up everywhere and everybody was gone home."

"How'd you get out?" I said.

"Get out! What I'm telling you, I didn't get out! All night I had to stay there, and it's a wonder I ain't got pneumonia, it was so cold. But that ain't enough! Oh, no, that ain't enough! When they come and opened up the subway again this morning at five o'clock, they wanted to know what was I doing there! I couldn't get out all night and they want to know how come I'm in the subway at five A.M.! I nearly bust!"

"Didn't you explain?"

"Explain! What French I knew I couldn't think of the words to explain how I'm in the subway all night; and then an *agent* come up, and the old woman that sold the tickets in the station, she said she thought I was *fou*, and the *agent* said he was sure I was *fou*, and it was just a break I got when I got them to take me to the police station and not to the observation ward. That's France for you!"

"You better give up subways," I said, "like you gave up coffee and butter and water."

"The first thing you know," he said, "I'm going to give up France."

"How'd you get out?"

"Out of the subway?"

"Out of the police station."

"They got an interpreter," he said, "and he fixed it."

"How?"

"He just explained to them I was a little *fou* after all," he said bitterly, "and they let me go, because being a little *fou* don't make you different from the rest of the people in this country."

"Oh, well," I said.

"And when I got home," he continued, "the elevator wouldn't work up. Now it won't work up and it won't work down. They could use it for a coat closet and be better off than the way it is now."

I don't have to tell you, I suppose, that it was pretty clear that the boy was beginning to get the needles over the situation. But I wasn't his nurse or anything. I wasn't slated to take care of him, and he was more than twenty-one—though not much. What I mean, I kept out of it except when he said something first; the way he did one morning about two weeks later, when we were eating breakfast together.

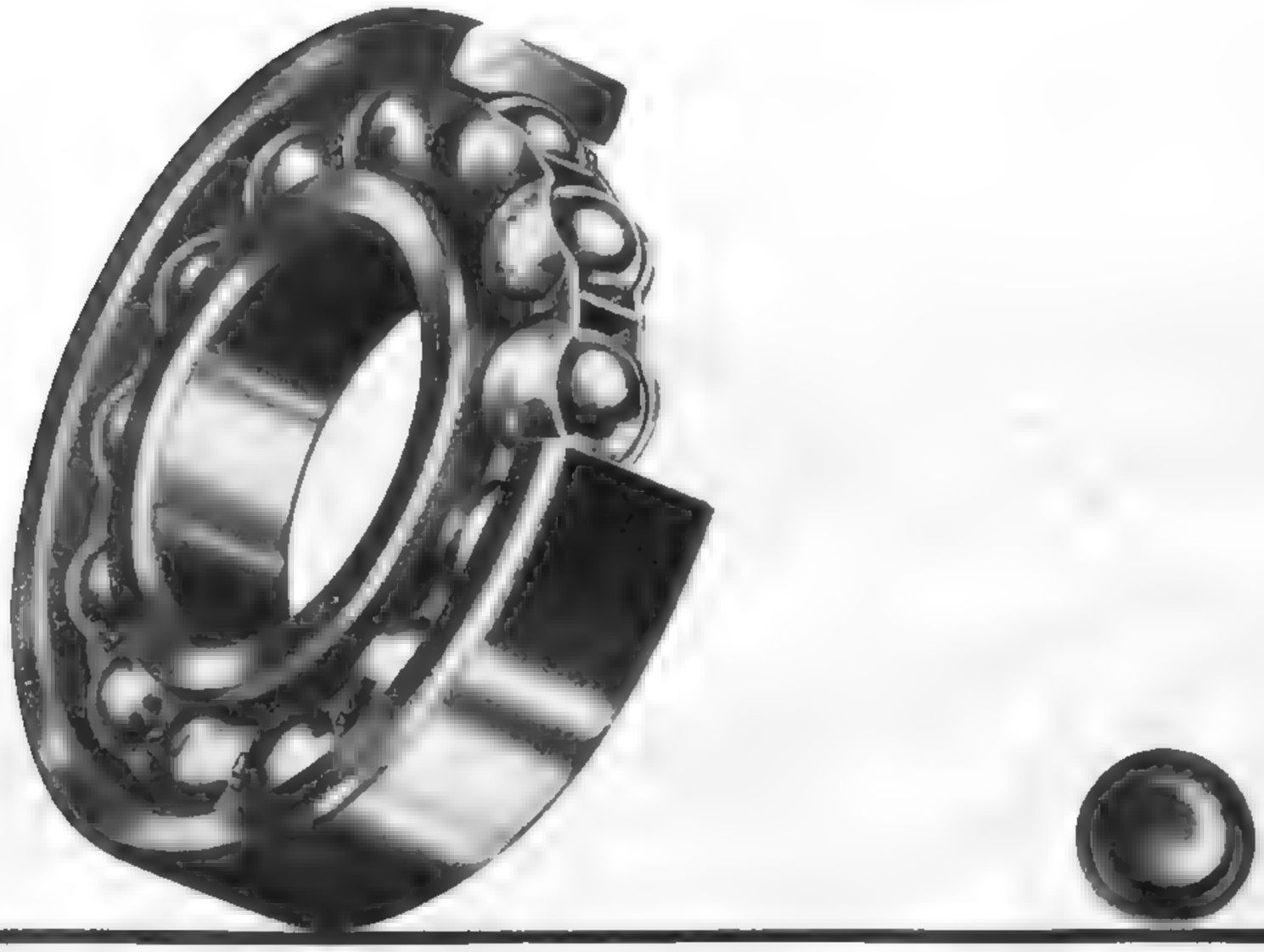
"You know," he said, "I ain't used to the way they go at literature over here. In New York, or even Fort Gaines, or at state university, if I said, 'Well, I don't like Sinclair Lewis, or Theodore Dreiser, or Ford Maddox Ford,' they'd say 'Don't you?' and I'd say 'No,' and then they'd say 'Well, I do.' If I said, 'Well, I like Sinclair Lewis, or Dreiser, or Ford,' they'd say 'I don't care for him,' and that would be all there was to it. If you liked him, all right; if you didn't like him, all right. Nobody got sore.

"But here," he said gloomily, "if I say, 'Well, I don't care a great deal for Marcel Proust,' five of them leap up and double up their fists, and they want to clip you one on the jaw, just because you don't like Marcel Proust. I always thought literature was peaceful, but the way they got it around the Dome, it is just like you had gone in for bullfighting or being a subway guard or something. It's no wonder my nervous system is breaking down."

"How you getting along with La Thurston?" I said.

He looked at me sadly.

Continued on Page 36



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NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

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(Continued from Page 34)

Crane stopped. The young man had returned and was beaming happily.

"I sent her a radio," he said.

"Good!"

"I told her to answer to this boat right away."

"That's the ticket," Crane said.

The young man moved off.

Anyway—Crane went on—I was able to keep out of the big literary war on the *rive gauche* until a week ago, and it was my last night in Paris. My time was up and I had to be getting back to New York. I was full of good food and the bottled laughter of the peasant girls of France, and I didn't have a care in the world.

We had dinner together, Edgar and I, that night. He said he thought he'd keep the room in spite of the elevator, because he'd ventured into some other little places on the left bank and all the elevators was just about the same. They'd work up sometimes, but they wouldn't work down ever.

"Look!" he said, when we were topping off the meal with some brandy. "I wish you'd walk over to the Dome with me for a little while. Some of the group have got a little business, and when we get that done we'll go up on the hill and celebrate your last night."

"I don't know about that," I hesitated. "I ain't much of a mixer except with the little knit-socks group, and they don't meet at the Dome."

"I wish you would," he said.

"Going to be long?"

"Ten minutes," he said. "A half hour anyway."

We decided to walk. It was a nice night, cool, and bright with stars, and all the cafés were crowded. All of a sudden I hated to leave. If only I was in some other racket, like literature ——

The Dome was like the Times Square subway station during rush hour. Everybody from the Sorbonne was there, and all the Americans in Europe, and it was just as nice and comfy and quiet as the Bronx Park Zoo. Edgar and I walked up and down looking for his people, and finally he spotted them, half a dozen hugging two tables, among them Mam'selle Thurston and Monseer Ginsburg

"Hello," Edgar said, leading me up. "This is Mr. Crane, a friend of mine."

"The one that knits socks," Mam'selle explained to Monseer Ginsburg.

"Sit down, Edgar," Monseer Ginsburg said. "We got a few questions we want settled once and for all."

"If you don't mind, Edgar," I said, "I'll just stroll around to the Dingo and come back and pick you up when you're through."

I gave him fifteen minutes. I went around to the Dingo and got to talking with a girl and we had a couple of beers. When I came back they were all in a hot argument and nobody saw me. I heard Monseer Ginsburg saying:

"The time is ripe for a revolution in style! The world is weary of the thread-worn, hackneyed, moth-eaten style."

"But, Ginsburg," Edgar interrupted, "I agree with you—only there is a limit to it. The way I want our manifesto to the world to read is only ——"

I went back to the Dingo and bought the girl another beer. Then we walked around to the Select and she ran into some friends, and I bought all her friends beer. Then we all moved on to the Rotonde and her friends found some friends on their own account, and I bought her friends' friends some beer. Then I ducked.

The Sur-Vortex master minds were still at it

"I don't want to accuse you of anything," Ginsburg was saying, "but there are indications that you are not a true revolutionist in style."

"I resent that, Ginsburg," Edgar said. "I am as much a revolutionary ——"

I went down to the Jungle and got to talking with another girl, also thirsty. I bought her two bocks and then a *demi*, and then she wanted to bet she could drink a *distingué*—which is a two-handed mug—and I bet, and she drank it. Then she said she could drink a *formidable*—which is about half a barrel—and I bet again, and she won again. I never saw such a beer drinker in my life.

This time, when I got back to the Dome, matters had evidently come to a pretty critical pass. They were all leaning over the table, heads together, and Edgar and Ginsburg were eye to eye, getting right down to bed rock. I sat down at the next table and smoked.

Ten minutes passed and I was just about to tap Edgar on the shoulder and tell him I couldn't wait any longer, when suddenly Ginsburg's voice cut through the hubbub like a knife through butter.

"Edgar," he said, "if you want it straight from the shoulder, you're going to get it. In one word, Edgar, you're a Babbitt!"

If somebody had exploded a firecracker you couldn't have got quicker results. Chairs scraped back over the pavement, and Edgar's tumbled over as he stood up facing Ginsburg's grim-set face. All around us people turned, shoved their chairs, suddenly tense, and a low hum over all as the word ran through the crowd:

"He called him a Babbitt!"

The more cautious began edging away, taking their saucers with them, and then it was all perfectly quiet, as Edgar and Ginsburg stood alone, face to face, leaning over the table.

"Yes," Ginsburg said deliberately, "a Babbitt!"

Edgar's face was a dead white.

"Nobody ever called me that," he said hoarsely, "and did not regret ——"

The slap he gave Ginsburg rang like the crack of a whip, and Ginsburg's face turned white and then red, and then hell broke loose. Ginsburg lunged across the table and Edgar stumbled backward. I caught him in time to keep him from falling, and then all was confusion.

The Rotonde across the street emptied, and then the Select, and couriers must have dashed to every café and bar within half a mile, for suddenly hundreds were milling in the boulevard, shouting "What was the trouble?" and the answer coming back, "Somebody called somebody a Babbitt," and angry growls, and I caught a "3 fr." saucer aside my head.

Edgar, it seemed, just never had a chance. Ginsburg was bigger and stronger than him, and every time the boy got up, Ginsburg popped him on the jaw or the ear, and every now and then some innocent bystander, taking advantage of the situation, popped one or the other of the combatants on the sly, and I tried to do something, but what with all the wrestling and pushing and everything, all I could do was get Edgar by the arm and try to drag him out before he got killed, and then, thank God, two *agents* came through the crowd, as calm and amused and unruffled as ever, and one took Ginsburg in his arms and the other took Edgar, and one just clucked his tongue and said, *"Tiens! Tiens!"* and the other, soothing Edgar, just said, *"Alors! Alors! Alors, mon brave!"*

They nodded to each other, these two *agents*, and the one that had Edgar turned him gently around and propelled him through the crowd, out to the edge of it, me following as quick as I could, and then gave him a little shove.

"Fiche-moi la paix!" he said.

I took him by the arm. He was in terrible shape. His hat was gone and his tie pulled out and his shirt torn. His face was cut and dirty, and there were tears in his eyes. He started back, but the *agent* and I held him, and we turned him around again. He never even saw who it was, I don't think, because he was really crying now.

"Maxine!" he called. "Maxine!"

They were all looking our way, watching us silently, and we could see La Thurston still at the table with Ginsburg.

"Maxine!" Edgar called. "Come on!"

"Beat it," she replied crisply, "you Babbitt!"

That was about all the boy could stand. He turned around and I led him down the boulevard without any trouble at all. We walked for blocks without saying anything, just getting the air and seeing if he couldn't get straightened out. Finally we got to a little *rendezvous des chauffeurs* where nobody was sitting, and we sat down.

"Look!" I said. "Have something to drink and maybe you'll feel better."

"I don't want anything to drink," he said. "I don't feel like it."

"You ought to have something," I said.

"That dirty dog!" he said. "Calling me a Babbitt!"

"Forget it," I said. "You give him a crack that will go down in history. You could have heard it in Barbizon. Have something to drink," I said, "and you'll feel better."

"No," he said. "I don't feel good, Crane. I feel like hell. This ain't anything like I counted on. It seems to me everything's gone wrong. My stomach's upset, too, and there ain't a cup of coffee in France that I'd let a dog drink."

"Wait!" I said. "Wait just a second! Coffee's just what you ought to have—a good hot cup of good American coffee—and I know where we can get it! Come on."

"What do you mean, a cup of good coffee?"

"I met a fellow at the Bal Tabarin last night—a fellow I used to be in the Army with—and he told me where he's been getting the best coffee in the world—really American coffee—and he give me the address. Come on!"

"You mean," he insisted, following me out to a cab, "he says it's the real goods? Real American coffee?"

"The fellow told me you couldn't get better coffee in New Orleans," I said, "and he's a fellow that knows coffee."

I gave the chauffeur the address, and while we were in the cab Edgar got to straightening out his clothes and smoothing down his hair, so by the time we got there he was fairly presentable, except that he didn't have any hat. We went into the place and got us a table in one corner.

"Vous avez le vrai café Americain, n'est-ce pas?" I said to the *garçon* in my flawless French.

"Mais oui, m'sieur!"

"Good," I said. "Bring us some."

"Oui, m'sieur."

"This is going to put you on your feet," I said.

"I certainly feel like American coffee," he said. "I'm low—mighty low. I'm so low it don't look like I'll ever get high again. Things haven't broke right."

"Ten minutes from now," I said, "you'll be another man."

The *garçon* came then and set down in front of us a plate of *brioches* and *croissants* and two cups of coffee, smoking hot.

"Lay a lip over that," I said.

And he did.

He blowed it until it was cool, and then he took a big mouthful, started to swallow, looked at me with big eyes, and then he did something very indelicate: He leaned over and spewed the coffee right back in the cup.

"Get the check!" he said.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Ain't it American coffee?"

"American coffee!" He laughed bitterly. "Get the check. I'm going."

I called the *garçon*.

"Wait a minute," I said. "What's the hurry? We ain't going anywhere. Hold on a minute."

"I'm going somewhere," he said. "I'm going back to the hotel and pack. I'm going back to New York with you tomorrow. To hell with a country that calls that American coffee!"

Crane stopped.

"So here we are," he said, "on our way back."

We sat for a while, then, just digesting this account, and then, just as I was on the point of going down to dress for dinner, Edgar came back, strolling jauntily down the deck, his face beaming.

"She answered!" he said to Crane.

"Yeh?"

"Fort Gaines won!" he said. "They come in two games ahead after one of the closest finishes the Four-O League ever had!"

"How on earth did she know that?" Crane demanded.

"Who?"

"Mam'selle Thurston."

"I never radioed her," he said. "I radioed mamma, in Fort Gaines. That's who I radioed. She answered Fort Gaines won."

Two days later, after a lot of hustle and bustle, we walked down the gangplank. Following the customs man, I was making my way toward my luggage, when I bumped into Edgar. He was surrounded by a lot of people easily identified as family and friends of the family.

"And how was Paris?" I heard a lady ask.

"Paris! *La belle Paris!*" Edgar kissed his finger tips and waved them in the air. "That's a civilized city! What atmosphere! What zest! What encouragement for an artist! Some day I'm going back there and live! It's the only place."

I went on after the customs man.

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

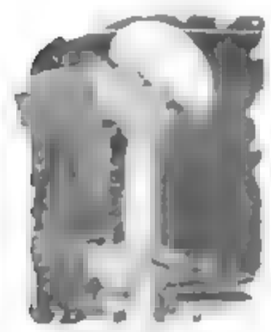
Kathryn Crawford

The powerful force of love sweeps aside all obstacles, levels ranks, erases the memory and effect of past errors and sweetens characters.

You will realize the full significance of all this when you see the charming KATHRYN CRAWFORD with JAMES MURRAY in "The College Racketeer." The story is clever.

Briefly—Morley Wallace is a famous stroke-oar at Crane University. He spends his vacation hi-jacking rum-running cars in Canada. He is caught, but escapes and returns to college where he falls in love with a girl and poses as an inspiration to others. When his criminal tendencies are revealed, the girl is disillusioned. Then love steps in and works a revolution. The author is Lambert Hillyer—the director, Reginald Barker.

Be on the qui vive for "Hell's Heroes," that great story by Peter B. Kyne and laid in the West wherein three tough characters discover an abandoned baby in the Arizona desert and undertake to care for it. The influence that baby has on the lives of the three drifters will give you an unusual thrill. The four principal characters are taken by CHARLES BICKFORD, RAYMOND HATTON, FRED KOHLER and FRITZI RIDGEWAY.



James Murray in "The College Racketeer"

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THE SHAGGY LEGION

(Continued from Page 24)

depression, concealed from the view of any who might cruise the surrounding plains.

Coleman did not so much as alter his course, but held steadily on to skirt the edge of the pocket. There were two wagons, six men and forty-odd head of horses and mules in the camp. Coleman nodded and lifted a hand in a casual salute as he passed.

The distance was slightly too great to permit of his recognizing any of the occupants. It was certain that there were entirely too many mules and horses to give the place the appearance of a two-wagon wolfing outfit, although half a hundred wolf hides were in evidence. Coleman's misgivings were not lessened when two men rode from the pocket on an oblique course to intercept him. The foremost of the two riders was Flack, the other Bronson. Enders, then, would be among those in camp, Coleman thought.

He shifted the new sixteen-shot rifle across his knee, his thumb on the hammer, as the two approached. Flack, upon recognizing him, became affable and friendly; an unusual manner for him to adopt.

"Whar you headed, Coleman?" the man inquired amiably, riding alongside.

Bronson, as if by accident, had veered round to the opposite side and now rode abreast of Coleman. He showed his teeth in a wide smile that seemed to Coleman to verge upon wolfishness. Caught between two fires, Coleman decided, weighing his chances. Four good mules, worth a thousand dollars or more, were distinctly a liability to him now. He had no doubt as to the occupation of these men. His mind slid swiftly back to that time when he had found the bodies of old Ike Williams and his four companions, left for the wolves, and their outfit appropriated. Apparently Flack was still engaged in the same line of business, merely having transferred his activities to the war-road country.

"I've got two more miles yet to go," Coleman answered casually. "Rest o' my outfit's figuring to camp on the head o' Goose Neck Branch. That is, unless they decide not to stop there but to keep a-coming on this way."

"Why should they be coming this way?" Flack queried interestedly.

"We been wolfing thirty mile or more beyond Goose Neck Branch—six four-mule outfits of us throwed in together," Coleman explained. "We've pretty well poisoned the thick of 'em off over thataway and figured to work south toward the railroad, stopping hereabouts for a week or more, then working south another hitch. Of course, when we planned our route, we'd no notion that you-all had pulled in here to start wolfing. I'll tell the boys and we'll move on thirty mile or more west before starting to work south. No use in our wolfing the same country."

The two riders seemed rather at a loss.

"You just on the way back from town?" Flack asked.

"No. I took a swing round to put out a few baits and was just circling back to meet the boys about the time they would be making camp on Goose Neck," Coleman lied glibly. "That was me you heard shooting. I killed a bull and pumped him full of strychnine not two mile from your camp."

Flack and Bronson seemed to ponder this information, their eyes meeting across the backs of the wheel team of mules. This put a different light on matters. There would be six men, at least—more, in all probability—with a six-wagon wolfing outfit. If Flack were to shoot Coleman and add his mules to his herd, the other wolfers would miss him and might visit Flack's camp at once. If, as Coleman had declared probable, the wolfers decided to pull on south of Goose Neck before making camp, they might appear at any moment. It would be only two hours or less until sundown.

Knowing that Dick Conley was at least forty miles away and that in all probability no help was available closer, Coleman's prevarications sounded hollow and unconvincing in his own ears. There was not the least doubt in his mind as to the intentions of these men. Flack and Bronson meant to kill him and take his mules. Doubly would they desire his life since he had chanced across their camp and viewed the forty-odd head of horses and mules with a two-wagon wolfing outfit. He had small hope that his ruse would avail him for long. Flack and Bronson would not be misled by it. But every minute was precious now. His chief hope was that he could lure the two men a half mile or more from the camp. He definitely planned then to attempt to shoot both of them down before they could do the same to him. A half mile between himself and the camp would afford time, provided he came off victor, to step aboard Fleabit, desert his mules and make a run for it before those in camp could mount and reach the spot. He glanced over his shoulder. Two hundred yards in his rear, the four remaining members of Flack's crew had emerged from the concealed pocket and were standing on the prairie, each man with a rifle. He couldn't make his final play until he had put more distance between himself and the watching quartet.

"You'd better ride on over to camp and meet the boys," Coleman invited.

Anything to play for time and put another few hundred yards between himself and that camp. Again Flack and Bronson exchanged glances. There was no use taking unnecessary chances, Flack signaled with a swift shake of his head. Best to draw off and hold a conference, he decided. Then he could ride over and spy out the camp and its state of preparedness after nightfall—unless Coleman suspected their purpose and was lying. In which case, there'd be no camp. But he'd find out, Flack assured himself.

"No," he declined Coleman's invitation, "we can't go 'long with you now. Just rode out to pass the time o' day. Got some work ahead of us between now and sundown. Our stock drifted off last night and we never located 'em and run 'em back to camp until an hour ago. Found 'em mixed in with twenty-odd head o' loose horses and mules. We got to cut out them strays and haze 'em off across the country so they won't bother us no more."

This last, Coleman knew, was a clumsy effort to explain away the surplus animals in Flack's camp. But its mere utterance gave Coleman the first assurance that Flack placed the least credence in his tale of the near-by wolfers' camp. Flack would not have troubled to explain if he intended to shoot Coleman down at once. Flack and Bronson bade him good-by and rode back toward the camp. Coleman, still apprehensive of a bullet in the back, turned in his seat, ready for action, and watched them go.

Then he heaved a sigh of relief. "My hair is only just now beginning to settle back on my scalp," he informed the mules. "That was one tight pinch. But I ain't out of the woods yet by a wide margin. They'll follow me, sure, to try and locate that phantom camp I painted for them. After my seeing the amount of stock they had in that camp o' theirs, they'll want my scalp to keep me quiet. But I'm in the clear for the present, and if I see them riding on behind me, I'll throw a few surprises into them."

He drove steadily on, crossed Goose Neck Branch before sundown and turned down its course. Half an hour after nightfall, he turned off at right angles and held that course for several miles, then executed another right-angle shift.

"It'll hustle them some to work out my trail at night, in case they do follow me," he mused.

He kept the tired mules moving steadily until near dawn, then watered them at a prairie creek and drove on until sunrise. Then he halted in an open stretch of prairie and picketed his animals. After a rest of some four hours he moved out again. Before nightfall he joined Dick Conley in camp.

XI

CONLEY had about fifty wolf pelts on hand. The animals had been poisoned almost to the vanishing point in that particular vicinity, so Coleman moved camp some thirty miles to the east.

He had traveled forty miles in a northeasterly direction after leaving Flack's camp before meeting Conley. Now he had placed another thirty miles between them. It was unlikely that Flack would track him any such distance off the regular north-and-south route of Flack's crew just in order to obtain his mules, Coleman thought. But it was possible. He advised Conley to keep a sharp lookout during his own absence.

Leaving Conley with the wagons, Coleman set forth on Fleabit, leading a bed horse, to put out a loop of poisoned barcasses east of camp. It was well after nightfall on the third day when he returned. Conley reported that not a single human had put in an appearance during Coleman's absence. In the early morning the two started on with the wagons to make the rounds of the baits. Nine dead wolves and coyotes rewarded them in the vicinity of the first poisoned buffalo carcass. The morning being warm and the victims not frozen, they lingered to skin the catch on the spot. They covered the second bait in similar fashion and were preparing to drive on to the next when Coleman sighted a lone horseman riding along a distant prairie crest. Was the rider one of Flack's men, sent out to locate Coleman's camp?

"H'm, Injun," Coleman announced, peering at the distant horseman. "Whatever is a lone Injun doing round these parts this time o' year? Pawnee scout, likely. Ten to one he ain't a hostile."

"It's a yaller hide, sure enough," Conley agreed. "Strange how a man that knows the plains can tell an Injun from a white rider far off as he can see one on the sky line. Why do you reckon it is?"

"First off, an Injun swings his quirt or rope end every jump his horse makes," Coleman said. "Next, an Injun has got a peculiar style of setting a pony. Best horseman in the world, but he sets a saddle like a half-filled sack o' flour, way a white man looks at it. He draws his knees up ahead, sets on the small of his back, then pokes his head forward like a turtle. 'Twould break a white man's back to ride a hundred yards thataway. A hunter or stockman can tell whether it's cows, horses or buffalo he's looking at as far as he can see 'em. He can't tell you how he knows, but he does know. It's the same, likely, in knowing an Injun rider from a white man. There's a different look about them."

The lone horseman turned and came toward the wagons. When he approached, it proved to be Rapaho Gil, not an Indian.

"Both of us dead wrong." Conley grinned.

"Not so far off," Coleman said. "Rapaho was captive among the Missouri Injuns as an infant before he come West with the fur brigades when he's a youngster. He learned to set a pony amongst the reds. When it comes to riding, Rapaho's pure Injun."

Rapaho Gil rode beside the wagons as they moved on. "Whyn't you skin out some bufflers and haul the hides in, Breck?" he asked of Coleman. "It'll beat wolfing."

"What would I do with buffalo hides after I'd hauled them in?" Coleman countered.

"Sell 'em. Big market for 'em sprung up, just in the last few days. Tell you how it was."

Some party had conceived the idea of skinning a few buffaloes and sending the hides to St. Joseph. At about the same

Continued on Page 40

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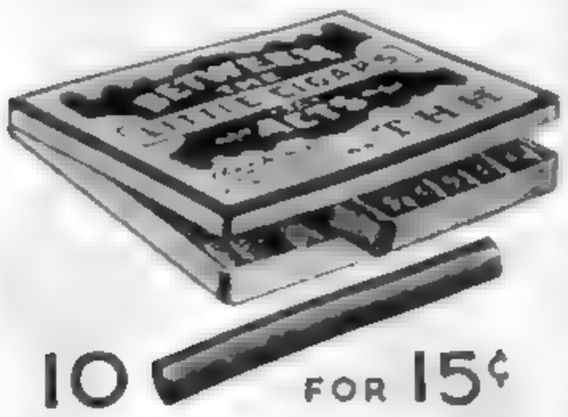

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(Continued from Page 38)

time, another man had made a similar shipment to St. Louis. Both consignments had been snapped up at good prices and queries had come from St. Joseph and St. Louis hide concerns offering to buy all shipments. Several houses, in fact, had sent buyers along the line of the Kansas Pacific. Just within the past few days these men had been offering two dollars apiece for the hides of buffalo cows and three dollars apiece for bull hides in any quantity, delivered at any railroad shipping point.

"I wonder how many they could use," Coleman said. "Not any great number, likely."

"Thar's an agent turned up in Hays three days ago offerin' that price for anything up to a hundred thousand hides for one St. Joe concern," Rapaho informed.

Coleman pondered this news. He had made good money in the robe trade at times. By working hard at it, he had netted round five hundred dollars a month at meat hunting in recent years. During the wolfing season, he sometimes netted twice that much a month. But if Rapaho's information was correct, then robe trading, meat hunting for the settlements and wolfing all constituted mere dabbling compared to the possibilities opened up by this new traffic.

"Strange that there should be such a big demand for raw buffalo hides spring up overnight," Coleman said, unable quite to credit the truth of it. "There never has been any value set on them before."

"That's the way I looked at it, fust glance," Rapaho Gil agreed. "That's what I remarked to that buyer in Hays. But he says they'd 'a' been wuth that figger most any time before now, only there'd 'a' been no money in freightin' them long distances by wagon train to the markets. It's the steam cars that done it. See? He says it was the railroad company, with an eye for business, that had them two parties ship the hides, and that railroad men's been taking it up with all the St. Louis and St. Joe hide houses to work up business. I can't say as to that. Anyway, they're a-bidding that price for hides. That much I do know for a fact."

Coleman thought the matter over at some length. This was going to be a big thing. There was practically no limit to it if the market for hides would hold up. But it might be done to large extent under contract, so that independent hunters would find it difficult to share in it. No doubt far-sighted men were contracting to supply certain hide houses with any given quantity of skins that such concerns could use. If the business were to be conducted in that way, it behooved a man to be among the first on the ground, so that he could contract for a share of the business. If it were to be conducted as an open market for all the hides any hunter could supply, then it would be of advantage to a man to be among the first to start hunting and skinning before the markets became glutted. In any event, he must investigate the thing at once.

"Wonder if you could make out to trail one wagon behind the other and cover the baits alone for the next few days," he said to Conley.

"Sure. You dangle on into Hays and find out about this thing," Conley returned. "If they want hides, we'll supply 'em as long as their money lasts."

"I'll trail along with Conley and lend a hand for a day or two," Rapaho Gil volunteered. "I'm headed for the Platte, but thar ain't no rush about me gettin' to them parts."

"You'll know about where to look for the baits," Coleman said. "They'll average about five miles apart clear round the loop, and every one laying in the middle of an open piece of prairie."

Riding Fleabit and leading a bed horse, he turned south toward the railroad.

Upon his arrival in Hays City he found conditions as Rapaho Gil had reported them. Two additional buyers for hide concerns had arrived. Others, Coleman heard, had gone on to Sheridan and Wallace. He consulted the buyers as to contracts and learned that they were making no definite arrangements with any parties to purchase from them to the exclusion of hides brought in by others. Instead, they simply were assuring all who made inquiry that they would purchase all hides that were delivered at railroad shipping points.

"Suppose, now, that I was to organize a sizable crew of hunters and in a few months from now was able to dump ten thousand hides on your hands?" Coleman demanded of a buyer. "I could do that, you know."

"I doubt it," the buyer declared. "But I hope you do—and ten others like you. My instructions are to buy anything up to a hundred thousand hides as soon as I can get 'em. You fetch in ten thousand pelt and you can get your money the day you lay 'em down here. But you won't. A lot of this talk about how many hides each hunter thinks he can bring in is wasted breath. I won't get half ten thousand in a year from all of you combined."

"Mister," Coleman said, "you'll get hides a-plenty. Don't fool yourself. Every plainsman and wolfer in the buffalo country will be setting out to fill your orders. Inside six months there'll be more hides hauled in to the railroad than the railroad can haul off. I'm telling you."

"Now, since you've told me," the buyer suggested, "I hope you'll show me. I'm buying hides, not conversation."

"There's sense in that," Coleman conceded. "I'll make good on my conversation. I only hope you'll make good on yours."

He walked about, turning matters over in his mind. The buyers would get hides, and thousands of them—tens of thousands. No doubt of that. This was one big thing. The whole gun-toting fraternity of the plains would be out after a slice of that money.

While still pondering the matter he met Buffalo Bill, just returned from Wallace. Cody reported that every railroad point was similarly infested with buyers.

"Already there's some big outfits starting out," he said. "Twenty or thirty miles this side of Wallace I happened to ride up on Red Flack, Enders and Bronson. They were driving round forty head of mules and horses, crossing the stage road and heading south, when I rode up on them half an hour after dark. They'd bought the stock up on the Platte somewhere and were driving it down to the Arkansas to look for a market. When I told them about the new offers for buffalo hides they said they might use the stock for a hide-hunting crew, instead of selling out."

"When was it you met up with that trio?" Coleman asked.

"Four nights back," Cody informed. "It was when I was headed for Wallace on the way out."

Coleman made swift mental calculations. In order to have reached the Smoky Hill road four nights before, Flack and his crew would have left their camp near Goose Neck Branch four days or more prior to the time Coleman had left Conley and Rapaho Gil. They must have left that camp in the pocket, in fact, immediately after he had seen them. His suspicion that the trio would follow him apparently had been unfounded. Coleman began to formulate definite plans. The new repeating rifles, carrying sixteen .44 caliber cartridges, were deadly weapons in an Indian scrimmage and in hunting at close quarters. They were a bit light, though, for buffalo. Unless hit exactly right and at close range, a buffalo required considerable killing with a .44. The big Sharp with its heavy ball was the gun for that. Coleman carried a .44 himself, but when meat hunting from a stand—"standing buffalo" the hunters termed it—he still resorted to the heavy Sharp. He repaired to a store in Hays City and purchased the last four Sharps left in stock; then bought several thousand rounds of cartridges.

A Missouri outfit, returning from the Colorado mining camps, pulled into Hays City from the westward in two wagons, each drawn by four mules. The animals were sound, but now somewhat toil-worn from the long, steady days on the trail. They would bring a price 20 per cent under that which prevailed in the grading camps. Coleman made an offer for the eight mules and the two wagons. They accepted it, electing to complete the journey by train.

Coleman had a sizable credit with the post trader at Fort Hays and another with a storekeeper in Hays City, left there with the instructions that it be used for the purchase of land script whenever any was available. He found that the two men had purchased round four hundred acres of script. He drew upon his remaining credit to buy out the Missourians; then arranged with a farmer near Hays to keep the mules and feed them until needed. It would require but a few weeks at most, with rest and good forage, to put the animals back in first-class shape. All this business he effected in the two days following his arrival. Then he started back to rejoin Conley.

When he arrived at the nearest bait on the loop—at about the point which Conley should have reached by now—he found that it had not been visited. Numerous dead wolves, coyotes and other smaller meat eaters were scattered about the adjacent landscape.

Coleman set off toward the next bait to discover that that point, too, had not been visited. Could Conley have missed finding these two carcasses? Poisoned wolves were scattered for half a mile around. Sighting any one of the dead wolves would have apprised Conley of the fact that he was in the vicinity of a poison bait. He might have missed one, but surely not two such conspicuous locations. Yet he should have reached this point with ease.

Coleman rode on again, following round the loop in the reverse direction from that which Conley would be traveling. Night overtook him and he made camp beside a spring run, starting forth again at sunup. When he found that the third bait and the fourth had not been visited, he experienced the first premonition of disaster. He was not far from the point where he had left Conley. The man, apparently, had not moved from the camp made that first night.

Conley was sick or had been hurt during a session with some refractory mule, probably. But he could not be far away now. The knowledge that Flack, Enders and Bronson, all three, had crossed the Smoky Hill road far to the southwest before the time that he himself had left Conley and Rapaho Gil had quieted Coleman's suspicions concerning the immediate intentions of that trio. Hence he anticipated only sickness or accidental injury. Not that it lessened his apprehensions, however, for either sickness or injury was apt to prove fatal when one was alone on the plains.

XII

COLEMAN, therefore, was prepared to discover that disaster had preceded him—but not in the exact form in which presently it stared at him.

The bodies of Conley and Rapaho Gil had been stripped, scalped, shot full of bullets and arrows and otherwise disfigured. Coleman's heart turned heavy with grief for the loss of his friends, then swelled with black rage. At first glance Coleman himself believed that it was the work of savages, even though his intuitive knowledge of Indian ways informed him that no war party would stray so many hundreds of miles from the villages in the dead of winter. Also, he was aware of the fact that a favorite ruse of white marauders was to leave the scene of their crimes in such shape that the atrocities, if discovered, would be attributed to savages. He made a careful investigation. There was no evidence to indicate that the thing had been done by white men—until it dawned upon Coleman that there was not a single wolf pelt round the scene. So many hides could not have been burned to the point where no sign of them remained. Even the charred floors of the wagons were more or less intact in

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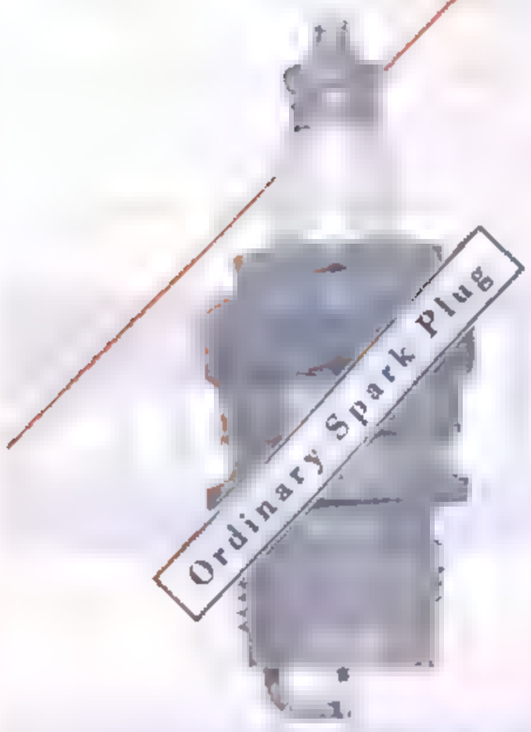

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Robt. Burns

Panatela

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spots. And Indians never would have bothered to carry off the wolf pelts. Then again, there should have been numerous pony tracks around the spot, but Coleman could discover none save those where the two mounts of the murdered men had been picketed for the night. There were only such negative indications, not one shred of positive evidence that Coleman could unearth until he found the big tracks of two American horses, shod all round, at the edge of a plum thicket two hundred yards from the spot. White men! Scarcely a doubt of that. There might be big shod horses—of course, stolen ones—among a party of Indians, but there would be pony tracks, too, in abundance. The men had tied their mounts here and crept upon Conley and Rapaho Gil as they slept, murdering them in their beds.

It had been the work of some of the organized bands of horse thieves operating in the war-road country. Coleman's thoughts reverted to Flack. But Conley and Gil had made camp within a few hours after parting from Coleman. The deed had been committed that first night. And several days prior to that, Flack, Enders and Bronson had crossed the Smoky Hill road far to the southwest, heading south with their stolen stock. Impossible to suspect them of the deed.

Then suddenly the whole picture cleared in Coleman's mind. The three strangers in Flack's camp, and probably others, operating under the guise of wolfers, stole stock to the north along the Platte and brought the animals down into the country north of Wallace, holding them there for delivery to Flack and his two partners, who took them on south and marketed them on the Arkansas along the Santa Fé Trail. No doubt another group of men similarly accomplished the actual stealing of horses and mules on the Arkansas, held them somewhere in the uninhabited country north of that stream, to be turned over to Flack and his two associates for the northward journey, to be marketed along the valley of the Platte.

Flack, Enders and Bronson, therefore, seldom would be in the immediate vicinity when such raids were accomplished. If apprehended while marketing stolen stock, they could prove that they had been elsewhere at the time the animals had been stolen. And always, of course, they would be supported by bills of sale. That unsavory trio handled the marketing end of the business, others the actual thieving operations.

Unquestionably, Flack had given orders to some of the men who had remained in that camp to follow Coleman and, if possible, to kill him and his associates. Ordinarily, thieves would not have followed him so far off the main route for the purpose of obtaining eight mules, when larger numbers of animals were obtainable in the Platte valley for less trouble. But Flack had wished to silence Coleman's tongue because of his having stumbled across that camp and for what he must have suspected. Also, no doubt, he had desired Coleman's end because of what knowledge the latter might have of that former affair pertaining to the death of old Ike Williams and his fellow wolfers.

Coleman's display of Williams' earring and the three chewed sticks had apprised Flack of the fact that Coleman suspected his part in that atrocity.

"I overplayed my hand that time, by showing him those trinkets," Coleman told himself. "Yes, I'd 'a' done better to sit tight."

Flack's men, no doubt, had not located the camp until after Coleman had left it to put out the loop of baits. They had watched the camp, awaiting his return in order to get both occupants at once. He had returned after nightfall and in all probability they had not known of his presence there until he and Conley had broken camp on the morning to cover the loop. Flack's men, then, had planned the raid for the next night's halt. Coleman had left Conley and Rapaho Gil near nightfall. The slayers, likely, had not known of any such switch in personnel, but had believed the two sleeping men to be Coleman and Conley. Unless some one of them knew Coleman by sight, they still thought, perhaps, that they had accomplished their purpose. In which case, Coleman reflected, they would have taken his mules to their camp in that hidden pocket or to some other appointed rendezvous, to be held with other stolen animals until such time as Flack and his two partners called for them.

He acted on this assumption after burying Conley and Rapaho Gil. But after circling widely in that direction he was unable to cut the trail left by the thieves. He veered round in a wide circle and picked up the trail leading in a southeasterly direction.

"They'll swing back to the west before long," he prophesied.

But that prophecy proved incorrect. Though assuming that the murderers would head west into the region of their customary haunts, he did not rely on the assumption. Instead, he clung to the trail. It had been crossed by innumerable buffaloes and other game. Still, though difficult to work out, the shod horses and mules had left sufficient signs to render the trail decipherable to an expert tracker.

When nightfall overtook Coleman, he was still on the trail and it still pointed in a southeasterly direction. His first belief as to the ultimate destination of his stolen stock had been revised somewhat.

Coleman had sold meat on many occasions in every camp on the Smoky Hill route and along the Kansas Pacific from Fort Hays westward. Similarly, he had sold meat repeatedly from the great bend of the Arkansas and Fort Larned westward in every camp along the Santa Fé Trail, in addition to having marketed wolf hides in many of those places. Perhaps Flack had feared that someone would recognize Coleman's mules if they were offered for sale anywhere in the latter's customary haunts, and so had instructed his men to take them to some point well east of Coleman's accustomed range before attempting to market them.

At daybreak he set forth again. The trail turned almost due east and held that course for miles. Then it angled to the south again. It was not until noon of the following day that Coleman worked it out to the point where it entered the settled districts just north of the stage road and the Kansas Pacific at a point halfway between Fort Hays and Abilene. There he lost it among the farm roads. Once on the main trail, he made inquiry of various settlers whose cabins were near the road. Most of them could not recall the passing of two men leading eight mules and two extra horses. There was so much travel headed both ways along the trail—almost a continuous procession. One man scratched his head and said he guessed he had seen such a layout, now he came to think of it. Headed east, they was; two men leading several head of mules and horses. Yes, he recalled that some of the mules had been packed with wolf hides.

It was late at night when Coleman reached the outskirts of Abilene and made camp a half mile from town. In the morning he left his bed upon the ground, picketed his pack horse and rode toward Abilene. Half a hundred outfits of various sorts were camped in the vicinity of the stockyards—settlers' families with mule or ox drawn vehicles, freighting outfits and those who had horses, mules or oxen for sale. The yards themselves were jammed with Texas longhorns. An engine shunted cattle cars to the loading chute, where cow hands prodded the unwilling brutes into them, the horns of many of the steers so long that they could get through the wide doors only with difficulty.

Coleman's eyes, however, were all for a cluster of mules and horses, tied to a picket rope and munching hay spread on the ground before them. Two men—hard-faced and hard-eyed citizens—sat cross-legged on the ground near by. The eight mules were Coleman's. Of the four horses, one had belonged to Dick Conley, another to Rapaho Gil

Coleman had no proof against these men that would hold in any court; a citizens' committee, yes—but Abilene now was a law-and-order camp. The men could swear that they had bought the mules from strangers somewhere along the trail, show bills of sale and appear as innocent purchasers. Coleman could, of course, prove ownership of the mules and recover them. That is, it was probable. But he recalled his two murdered friends, buried in lonesome graves on the prairie, and before them old Ike Williams. He'd find out a few things on his own account before proceeding further. The matter would require delicate handling.

He rode among the camped outfits and stopped first at a point where a dozen or more mules and horses were in the charge of an old man with a flowing white beard.

"These mules for sale?" Coleman inquired

"They air," the old man assented.

Coleman dismounted and inspected the animals, asking prices, looking inside the mouths and examining the legs of various mules.

"Well, I'll let you know," he said after a quarter of an hour.

The two men in charge of his own mules were not far away. Coleman had turned squarely toward them several times. If these men knew him by sight and were aware of the fact that he was one of the two men who were supposed to have been left dead on the prairie, they would go into swift and deadly action the second that he accosted them. But they accorded him only a few casual glances, apparently without interest or recognition. He mounted and rode across to them.

Both men rose to their feet, their hard eyes regarding him narrowly.

"For sale?" he inquired, jerking a thumb toward the tethered mules.

"Might be," one of the men replied

"I'm figuring to buy me some mules and start hide-hunting," Coleman informed. "You say they're for sale?"

"I said they might be," the man corrected. "They ain't ourn. We're just looking after 'em temporary for the man who owns 'em. He might sell. What's wrong with them mules you was lookin' at over thar?"

"Nothing wrong with the mules. It's the price that's wrong. Too high. Whereabouts is the party that owns these here?"

"In town," the man informed shortly.

Coleman turned his attention to the mules, regarding them for several minutes.

"I'll ride in and see him," he announced at last. "Who'll I ask for?"

"Al Bronson," one of the men told him.

Both men had watched his face narrowly since the instant of his arrival. Perhaps there was some flickering change in his expression at the mention of Bronson. Coleman himself was unaware of altering by so much as the twitch of a muscle or a flicker of his eyes. But members of the predatory brotherhood necessarily were ever alert and suspicious to an uncanny degree. Subsequent events indicated that something in Coleman's manner had roused their suspicions to a considerable pitch.

He only remarked casually, "Bronson. I'll ride in and look him up."

He headed Fleabit toward the single main street of Abilene. So Bronson had not accompanied Flack and Enders on south to the Arkansas with their stolen stock, but had come by train from some point near Wallace to Abilene, to be on hand to market Coleman's mules in the event that the men detailed for the job by Flack should succeed in their mission and meet Bronson here. Coleman decided to visit the two hide-buying concerns of Abilene and inquire whether the two hard-visaged citizens at the stockyards had marketed any wolf pelts. Also, if possible, to learn their names.

Many recognized Coleman as he rode into town on Fleabit in his plainsman's garb. A group of a dozen or more men stood before a saloon near the end of the main street. One of them had just raised his voice in greeting to Coleman when every eye in the group saw the plainsman rein his mount to a dead halt. His gaze seemed suddenly to have riveted on some object just beyond them. Necks were turned to determine the cause of this fixed regard.

Al Bronson had just stepped from the door of the next saloon. The men saw him start with swift surprise, staring as if confronted by a ghost. But it required only a brace of seconds for Bronson to realize that the two men had bungled their job. They had reported Coleman dead. Swiftly, Bronson's hand moved toward his gun. Even as it cleared the holster, Coleman's gun roared in the quiet street. Bronson's knees sagged as the heavy .45 slug tore through his body. His head drooped forward, but his will to kill still lived on, and even as he toppled forward he was striving to pull the trigger with his slack forefinger. The weapon exploded as he toppled forward and Coleman's gun barked again. Bronson pitched down on his face and sprawled there on the wooden sidewalk.

For a space of ten seconds Coleman sat there in the saddle regarding the fallen man. The spectators made no move. Then he turned Fleabit and headed back for the stockyards. It was only upon his arrival there that he received the first intimation that any action of his had excited the suspicion of the two men who had been in charge of the mules. Or perhaps it had been merely because his plainsman's garb had caused the two men to suspect that he might have chanced across the scene of the killing and trailed them thither. In any event, they were conspicuously absent.

"They done stepped aboard their hosses and rid off inside a minute after you'd left here," the white-whiskered patriarch informed Coleman.

"Just as well for them," Coleman stated grimly.

He dismounted, released the mules and the two stolen horses from the picket rope, necked the mules together in fours, the horses in a couplet, mounted and led the lot of them to his camp. There he secured them to picket pins left there by some former camper. He sat down to wait.

Wild Bill Hickok, marshal of Abilene, after being abroad throughout the major portion of the night, had retired somewhere near dawn and still was sleeping peacefully in a room in the Drover's Hotel at the moment of the shooting. It was not until some fifteen minutes later that a zealous citizen routed him from bed to report the affair. The marshal dressed hurriedly and gained the street, making brief inquiry of the bystanders. Then he mounted a borrowed saddle horse, headed for the stockyards and from there for Coleman's camp.

Coleman, awaiting his inevitable arrival, had but just finished picketing out the mules. He held up his left hand, palm out, as a sign of peace, deposited his rifle, pistol and hunting knife on the sod, then walked a dozen yards from them. Hickok rode forward at his signal. Those brilliant, hard eyes of the marshal surveyed Coleman steadily.

"Whatever possessed you to shoot a man down on the streets of Abilene?" he demanded. "That's my bailiwick, Coleman, and you must have known I'd take a hand."

"It was him or me," Coleman said. "I reckon the bystanders informed you that Bronson went for his gun first."

"That's what I gathered," Hickok conceded. "Then why didn't you stay right there? A jury would have cleared you."

"But I couldn't wait for any jury to set on my case, Bill," Coleman explained. "I had a real pressing engagement with two parties that had charge of eight mules at the stockyards—and they was my mules. You'd have had a triple shooting on your hands, Bill, sure as you're a foot high, except that that brace of horse thieves had high tailed it without leaving any tracks

(Continued on Page 46

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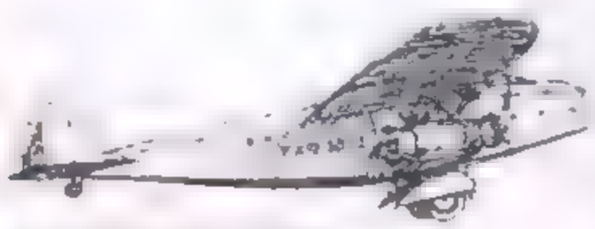

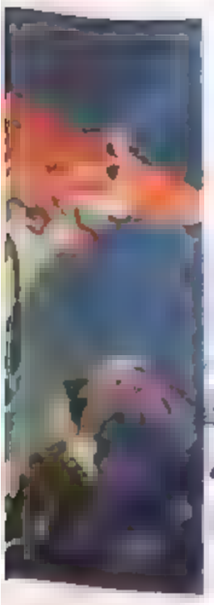

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(Continued from Page 43

before I got back there. It appeared like a good play to recover my mules right there, so I brought 'em here."

"Likely they've split the breeze for parts unknown and won't show up hereabouts again if they know you can prove that they stole your mules," Wild Bill prophesied.

"But the main point was that I couldn't prove they did steal them," Coleman stated. "I could prove that they are my mules and that those miscreants had them, but I couldn't make it stick in court that they hadn't become innocent purchasers by buying those mules off the actual thieves. In my own mind there ain't a doubt. So I acted according. To tell you the living truth, Bill, it warn't only to recover the mules that was heaviest on my mind. I was out for hair to play even for Dick Conley and old Rapaho Gil."

Briefly he sketched events from the time of the discovery of the bodies of old Ike Williams and his fellow wolfers. "I knew too much. It was my scalp Flack was after chiefly, on that account. They got Rapaho Gil instead. The man Flack sent to get Conley and me didn't know me by sight, likely, never having set eyes on me except riding past Flack's camp in a wagon at some little distance. They didn't know I'd pulled out for Hays and that old Rapaho had rode on with Conley. They found two men in camp that night, murdered them in their beds, come on here with my mules and the boys' two horses, reporting to Bronson that I'm stretched out defunct on the prairie. When Bronson first looked up to see me setting there on Fleabit and looking him over mighty hostile, he acted for a pair of seconds as if he was gazing at a spook. Then he savvied and moved for his gun," Coleman concluded.

"Looks like you're dead right in your surmise," the marshal said reflectively. "You don't misread your signs any more than I do. I can follow your reasoning step by step right down to date. The very fact that Bronson, without any previous quarrel with you, went for his gun so prompt because you looked him over—which bystanders agree he did—is proof that you was right in his case. But a jury wouldn't convict on any such evidence as a chawed stick here, a horse track there, a claybank mule five hundred miles away, and other bits of sign scattered over half the West. Looks like you made the best play you could."

"I was only half convinced that Flack had been into that deal of killing off old Ike Williams," Coleman said. "Now I'm convinced for sure—and that him and Enders was back of what happened to Conley and old Rapaho Gil, which latter was somewhat my fault, since they was chiefly out for me. That gives me a responsibility in the matter that I don't figure to lay down. I've whetted up my tomahawk and socked it into the war post deep, where that pair is concerned. From now on I'm out to lift their hair. They're murderin' dogs that shoot from behind. Flack'll fight any man on earth with fists and feet or kill a man in his bed. But he won't face a man with knife or gun. It'll be hard to make him draw. If he won't I'll shoot him down in his tracks anyhow. So if by any chance it happens in Abilene, don't you come a-shooting. I'll give up my gun and we'll talk it out."

"Luck to you," the marshal said. "Well, Coleman, I'll be dangling back to town. Only one angle to this that I regret—which is only temporary and will pan out for the best in the end. Little Sue Carrolton will shed some tears at the news of Bronson's finish."

Coleman faced him rigidly.

"Sue Carrolton? Is Sue anywheres round Abilene? And just what difference will the end of a murdering rat like Bronson make to her?"

"Her family's been living here two year or so," Hickok informed. "Bronson has been holding out at her wikiup of evenings for quite a spell, whenever he was round Abilene. It's been talked around that there was to be a wedding some day soon. Do you know Sue?"

"Yes, I know her," Coleman said slowly. "Fact is, I'd hoped it would be me she'd take up with. But I lost track of her up Montana way. Trailed their wagon clean across the Crow nation, scairt stiff every living second that I'd come up on some place where the savages had jumped 'em. But they got through. I was a couple of months behind them. Never could locate her again."

He seemed to be speaking to himself, unconscious of his companion's presence.

"Well, you weren't alone in that hope," Hickok told him. "Plenty of other male humans who entertained those selfsame ambitions about Sue Carrolton."

"Yes. They would have," Coleman agreed. "Where does she live at?"

Wild Bill told him and rode on into Abilene to report that Coleman's case was one of justifiable homicide in self-defense. The town was satisfied with his interpretation of the law without further formality in this instance, as it had been doubly satisfied with his enforcement of the law in others. As far as Abilene was concerned, the case was closed.

Coleman sat cross-legged for an hour after the marshal's departure. After all this time he had discovered Sue Carrolton, only to learn that she had been about to wed another. Well, he could not be surprised at that. But now he had shot down the man to whom she had turned. She'd never overlook that or forgive it. A woman wouldn't. Anyway, he must see her and explain. So he mounted Fleabit.

Sue Carrolton, nervous almost to the point of desperation, had dispatched her unwilling brother, Buck, to Abilene for the purpose of inquiring into the final outcome of the marshal's start from town on the trail of Breck Coleman. Linda had driven away in the buckboard to visit a neighbor. Sue twisted her fingers in a nervous frenzy, scarcely hearing the voices of the younger children. She heard hoofbeats in the farmyard and rushed to the door, scarce daring to hope that Buck could have returned so soon.

Then, wide-eyed with surprise, she found herself face to face, not with her brother but with Coleman. She turned faint with relief. The old longing for him swept over her again with all its former poignancy. Every impulse seemed to urge her toward Coleman with extended arms. But the weakness of her knees restrained her. The tension of the past few hours had snapped, leaving her limp and helpless. So she stood there in the doorway while tears streamed down her cheeks.

Coleman, of course, could only attribute the tears to grief. Someone, evidently, had ridden hastily to the Carrolton farm with news of Bronson's finish. He knew that she would hold him responsible. Unaccustomed to women's tears, he became even more reserved instead of more effusive. He maintained, in fact, a dead silence for the space of twenty seconds, not knowing where to begin.

"Anyway, he was a murdering rat," he said at last. "Better you'd never marry than to have been hooked up with him."

It was by no means the explanation that he had intended to utter. Vaguely he felt that it did not sound as he had intended.

"You'll find a sight better man than he was," he said with intent to comfort.

The girl, in turn, misread his diffidence. He seemed to stand there in cold aloofness. So she'd find a better man, would she? She only half grasped his meaning. But it was evident that he was not returning with the same almost-breathless ardor which had swept over her at the sight of him. Pride came to her rescue. Pain and resentment stiffened her knees.

She tossed her head, demanding angrily, "What made you come here anyway?"

"Well ——" he began, and could think of no further reasons to add.

"You stayed away this long," she said, "why come at all?"

He found his voice then: "I went back to Virginia City and you'd gone. It scared me, you setting off thataway through hostile country. I tracked your wagon every foot of the way across the Crow nation, and up until you reached the trail. I was a couple of months or thereabouts behind you and I never did know where you'd gone to until an hour ago. I wrote a letter to you in Pike County. It came back."

With her quicker feminine perceptions in matters of love, she was first to grasp the true significance of their situation. Coleman had tracked her every foot of the way across hostile country after finding that the Carroltons had left the mining towns. He had hunted for her. It hadn't been neglect, then. Suddenly she knew that he cared desperately, that his inability to express himself now was occasioned by too much feeling, not by the lack of it. Blessed relief flooded her, but with the knowledge came resentment over the long wait and the present misunderstanding. With true feminine perversity, she decided to place the entire burden for all past heartaches upon Coleman.

"So you think that you can stay away years and years and that I'll be waiting to take you back whenever you say the word?" she flared. "That's the man of it! Well, you needn't think so. I'd not care if you never came back. Why should I?"

Coleman seemed unable to inform her of any good reason why she should care. He simply stood there in silence, twisting his hat in his hands.

"Then, when you hear that some other man is nice to me, you think you have the right to shoot him!" she continued.

"It wasn't about you," Coleman said, endeavoring to justify himself. "I didn't know he'd ever seen you until after I had downed him."

She had feared that Coleman had shot Bronson for no other reason than the latter's attentions to herself. Believing Coleman in danger at the hands of the marshal, she had heaped blame upon herself. Now she was illogically angry because her fears had proved ungrounded, and was ready to heap the blame upon Coleman's shoulders. But the stress of conflicting emotions claimed her again, and she turned and buried her face in her folded arms against the door jamb.

"You don't need to come around me!" she stormed through her tears. "I never want to set eyes on you again! Do you hear me?"

Coleman could cope with any situation among men. He knew less than nothing of the ways of women. Sue's attitude seemed logical to him, not having learned that no normal woman is ever logical.

This situation was growing worse. Evidently his presence was torture to the girl, since he had killed the man she was to marry. Natural enough. Well, he'd clear out. As if in answer to his decision, her voice came to him from her buried face, declaring that she never wanted to see him again.

She waited for an answer. None came. Coleman's moccasins made no sound as he moved to his horse. The girl looked up presently and was startled to see him settling himself into the saddle a dozen yards away.

"I won't be bothering you any more, Sue," he said, not as if in threat but more as if he were making a reassuring promise.

Before she could answer, he had headed Fleabit swiftly out across the prairie. There had been a certain ring of finality in his words. In growing panic, she recalled that sense of definite finality about all his acts and decisions. Surprise and alarm rendered her speechless for a space of seconds. Pride and anger crumbled. He could not go this way. But he was going, and swiftly too. She ran out and called to him, but her voice was weak. There seemed something final even about the look of his back. Fleabit was running now. The girl screamed frantically. The stiff prairie wind blew the sound back upon her. If Coleman heard at all, no doubt he believed the sound to be that same prairie wind whistling in his ears as Fleabit carried him into the teeth of it at a run. He did not so much as turn his head. And the girl stood there wringing her hands and crying with frantic impotence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BARNACLE

(Continued from Page 7)

even seem to know that we're like enough headed for trouble with Spain!"

We were peering through the glass door of the fire house, admiring the new hook and ladder. "I made 'em get it," chuckled the Barnacle. "I'm chief of the volunteer force this year, and I made 'em get it. You know it makes quite a difference in the insurance rates."

"You seem to have a finger in everything," I said.

The Barnacle laughed. "It's just because there aren't any other young men around to take hold of things." We swung off into a twilight flutter of snow, and he added: "We'll stop at Nancy Carroll's for a cup of tea. Nance always has a cup of tea for me in winter. I close the shop early, and we read aloud to each other or something."

"What do you read?"

"Oh, Emerson, and Dickens, and Walter Pater, and some of those Russian novelists. It's a lot of fun."

I thought: "It's rather pathetic too." Aloud I said: "Pete Armstrong'll be home soon to marry Nancy and take her to Paris."

"Yes. His family expect him home for Easter, and he's written Nance that he's coming. Pete's always been crazily in love with her. I don't blame him either." I couldn't see the Barnacle's face in the twilight, but the tone of his voice had changed. Obviously, he was in love with Nancy, too, and again I felt sorry for him. "You know," he said, as we turned up Maple Street, "Nancy couldn't talk about anything but Pete for years. She had his picture in her locket and she always was writing him letters. I don't think they were engaged, but they must have had some sort of an understanding. Well, since Pete went to France she's been sort of different. One time I heard her say that she didn't see why anybody left home to go and live in Paris. You know, Joe, I don't think she likes the idea at all. A man can't leave a girl for ten years and expect her to be just the same when he comes back. It isn't natural."

"Nonsense," I laughed. "She'll marry Pete, all right, like a shot out of the box. What girl wants to live in a town like Mayweather if she can escape from it with someone as rich and brilliant as Pete?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Barnacle. "Nance is fond of her people; she's the village librarian and vice president of the school board; she's interested in the church and her father's lumber business; and she doubled the money her grandmother left her when she sold five acres of shore front to a New York man. Now she's after her father and me to help her put up a first-class office building on Main Street. I was talking to them at the bank about it yesterday, and they think it's almost time. So you see Nancy's life is pretty full, and I wouldn't

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(Continued from Page 46)

blame her if she didn't want to chuck all those interests overboard."

I thought: "Of course you wouldn't blame her—you'd marry her! But if she turns Pete down on account of the things you mention, the blow to his pride'll kill him." Aloud I said: "Pete's worked hard and done well, and it was mostly for her sake."

"Yes," agreed the Barnacle. "If she decides not to marry him, it'll break Pete all up. His mother talks to Mrs. Carroll just as though they were engaged already. Pete's the sort who'd hate to have everybody know about it too. He might fly off the handle." We groped up the narrow path toward the orange windows of the Carroll house, and the Barnacle added, "I'll feel sort of lonesome if Nancy goes away."

And I understood why he'd feel lonesome as I drank cups of hot tea in Nancy's snug, book-lined parlor. She was tall, dark, slender even for those tight-waisted days, with full red lips, brown eyes, thin wrists, and a way of smiling up through her lashes at the Barnacle when he made some enthusiastic statement about Mayweather. She didn't seem to mind his nondescript clothes or the way he put his feet on the extra chair. And yet, somehow, despite her plain brown dress and her Mayweather furniture, I felt that she would make an excellent wife for a diplomat; Nancy had a poise and charm that were wholly thrown away on the Barnacle.

"George, did you show Joe the site for the gas company's building?"

The Barnacle laughed. "Can you beat that, Nance? There was so much else I forgot all about it!"

"Father and George are promoting a gas company," Nancy explained. "We wanted Luther Miller to come out from New York and run it, but he said that he couldn't afford to sacrifice the years of experience he's had with the Eagle Company. He's in the billing department, and when he gets his next raise he's going to be married."

The Barnacle asked, "Why don't you settle down here and start a paper, Joe? There's room for a good weekly."

And Nancy added with one of her vivid smiles, "Oh, that would be splendid!"

I thought, "They've both caught the same bug." And I felt like shouting: "You poor fools! Why would a man bury himself alive at the age of twenty-eight?" But if I'd said that to them they both would have thought I was mad. Mayweather was enough for them; it satisfied them to the point of complacency, and all at once I felt rather out of it. Walking homeward alone, I thought: "If Pete knew how provincial Nancy's become, I'm not sure he'd want to marry her."

It was years before I saw those two again. Early the next morning I was recalled by the Star, and I went straight to Florida to pick up what I could on the maneuvers of the North Atlantic Fleet. From there I went to Hampton Roads and did a story on Admiral Schley's squadron. The declaration of war found me in Washington, and mother's letter reached me before I left for Cuba. She wrote:

Dear Joe: Luther Miller was home last week with his fiancée, and he was so sorry to have missed you. He's such a steady, reliable young man that I'm sure he'll be successful. He wanted to know all about your job and your prospects, and he said he'd heard a rumor that Fred Basset was lumbering in Minnesota. Luther seems very quiet and middle-aged.

But the big news is about Peter Armstrong. When he came home from Paris he had four trunks with him, and a valet. Can you imagine? No one knows how much money he's made, but he doesn't mind telling people that some day he's going to be ambassador to England. In anyone else it would be conceit, but Peter always seems to get what he goes after. Except Nancy Carroll. Joe, she turned him down! Peter was furious, they say. And he's threatened to give up everything and enlist in the Rough Riders if Nancy won't have him. That's the trouble with those brilliant temperaments. . . .

The last episode of the Nancy-Peter affair took place in Cuba, between Siboney and Daiquiri. The troops commanded by Major General Wheeler hadn't yet attacked at Las Guasimas, and I was roaming around checking up on the fever cases, without much hope of getting a story. It was slopping rain, and the hospital tents steamed in the heat. An orderly touched my arm.

"There's a fellow in here who says he knows you. One of the first to come down with fever. Maybe he's raving."

He wasn't raving. It was Peter Armstrong. His clawed hands held the blanket under his chin, his sleek head tilted toward me as I passed under the tent flap, and I saw at once that the fever had a grip on him. His black eyes flashed ironically out of their deep sockets.

"Hello, Joe. You haven't changed a hair. Take a letter to the folks for me, will you?"

"Nonsense," I said. "You'll be sent home in a few days, and you can take it yourself."

Pete's mouth twisted down bitterly at the corners. "I doubt it. I only just got here. Wasn't I a bright boy to let myself in for this? Lord, what a fool!" He squirmed restlessly under the blanket and asked for water. There was a pail near the cot, but it was empty. When I came back with a full dipper, Pete had begun to rave: "Joe, I was a crazy fool. Do you hear? Letting a woman throw me off my feed! Joe, I—I should have laughed at her!" He started to get up, and I put all my weight on his shoulders. Pete sobbed: "A small-town wench, that's all. I'll show her! She can have the Barnacle. Good riddance. I'll show 'em all—crazy fool—I was a crazy fool!"

"All right, Pete," I said. "You'll show 'em. It's all right, Pete! It's all right!"

Pete quieted down for a minute, and panted: "I—I should have stayed home, Joe. She'd have married me." Then he started to rave again, and I stayed there for hours, talking to him and soothing him. It got dark, and an orderly brought a lantern. The drumming of the rain on the tent must have made me dizzy, because the next thing I remember I was outside talking to one of the doctors.

"He won't last twenty-four hours," the doctor said.

I heard my own voice: "I'll come back in the morning."

The doctor's slicker gleamed off through the rain, and I slopped back to Daiquiri. In the morning Pete was dead. I took the letter that he'd spoken about and delivered it to his mother when I was called home in July.

The day before I reached Mayweather, Nancy and the Barnacle were married. They spent their honeymoon on Nancy's grandmother's old farm, and they didn't get home until after I'd left for Washington.

That was my last trip to Mayweather until 1911. When Aunt Hattie died in 1901, mother closed the house and went to live with relatives on Staten Island. That left me a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, and, for the sake of my work, I was glad of it. Also, it meant that I could see mother, without the tedious ride to Mayweather, every time I happened to be in New York.

But those times were rarer than I like to admit. During my thirties I celebrated every birthday in a different country. I traveled in China, Arabia, Russia, India and the Balkans. I had an exclusive interview with the Kaiser, and I was held for ransom by brigands in Tibet. In one of my trunks there are autographed photos of King George, Teddy Roosevelt, William Dean Howells and Sarah Bernhardt. I campaigned with Taft. I worked for seven different papers and three magazines. The work didn't pay enough for me to save much money, but I felt that I was storing up a gold mine of rich experience. And I laughed out loud when the Barnacle sent me, in the summer of 1908, a copy of the Mayweather Chronicle, the weekly that he'd wanted me to edit. Naturally, he was the editor himself, and Mrs. George W. Fireston was the business manager.

There were editorials in praise of Mayweather. There were advertisements of the Fireston Shipyards, the Second National Bank, the Mayweather Orpheum—G. W. Fireston, Proprietor—and of shops and stores that were new to me. There was a picture of Mayweather's Public Library, and a floor plan of Mayweather's new high school. Eight extra trains a day had been put on the summer schedule. The new street lamps would be lit for the first time Saturday night. Members of the Women's Club had been calling on Mrs. George W. Fireston at the new Mayweather Hospital, where she was doing nicely after the birth of her third son. There was an article proposing a Mayweather Yacht Club. There were book reviews—good ones. There were all sorts of suggestions for street improvement, sewer improvement, architectural improvement, and so forth. And in every item, in every paragraph, I saw the enthusiastic hand of the Barnacle. He was the spirit of the town, but it wasn't the town that I had known as a boy.

The rise in the local tax figures amazed me. The names in the Personal Column were mostly new—Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So have opened their Mayweather home, Cherry Vale, after wintering in Florida—all that sort of thing! And it was hard to imagine automobiles chugging up and down the sleepy Mayweather streets. No, it wasn't the dead little town that I had known, and I couldn't help thinking: "The Barnacle must be comfortably off now. I wish the four of us that are left could get together and talk over our experiences."

But as I was located in Chicago at the time, writing signed stuff for the Gazette, there was no chance at all of our getting together. Indeed, I almost dropped from surprise when Fred Basset walked into the city room one day and called for me in a voice that was even louder than the one that I remembered.

I couldn't have mistaken him. He was beefier, redder, louder, and his jowls bulged when he glared happily down at me, but otherwise he was the same vital, aggressive, domineering boy. Right away I noticed that his tweed suit was rumpled and worn at the elbows.

"Joe! By the old Harry! I knew it must be you! I saw an article of yours in the Gazette, and I ran right over to say howdy. Let's eat lunch, old son." And over a sirloin steak at the Blackstone: "I haven't struck pay dirt yet, Joe. Might as well admit it. But I've come close, and I've had a roaring time!" Looking at him more carefully, I saw that his blue eyes were harassed with wrinkles and that there were intervals when his jovial exuberance was only skin deep. "I almost made a killing in lumber, but the big Canadian interests froze me out. I promoted a railroad to go through my own lands in Oregon, and at the last minute someone in New York got wise. I've drilled wells in every American oil field except Pennsylvania, but I haven't had any luck. My motto is shoot for the big killing, get all you can as quick as you can, and retire. Some day I'll hit it too."

"I'm sure you will, Fred."

"I couldn't play the Barnacle's piker game. So he married Nancy, eh? Poor old Armstrong!"

"How about you?" I asked. "Still single?"

Fred lit a black cigar and rolled it between his thick lips. His guffaw made people turn and stare at us. "I got married in 1903," he boomed. "A neat little jane from San Francisco. Too neat for me, Joe! She vamoosed one night in St. Louis with a cheap river gambler and four thousand dollars in cash. I never divorced her, because as long as I'm married I can't get hooked again. Women—the sort of women a man ought to marry—don't fit into my life at all."

"It sounds like a great life," I said.

All at once his shoulders drooped a little, and a sigh rumbled out of his paunch. "It's all right except when you get tired, Joe. When you get tired you wish there was some place to rest up in."

"I've knocked around in hotels myself," I said. "I know what you mean."

Fred's hearty laugh roared up in him again. "But I wouldn't swap with the Barnacle for a cool million."

"Neither would I. Why, good Lord, I don't believe he's been fifty miles away from home all his life!"

After I'd paid the luncheon check we stopped in at a saloon for reminiscences and a beer. I asked, "What are you doing now, Fred?"

He looped one thumb in his heavy gold watch chain and flicked his cigar under my nose. "Joe, I've got the sweetest little proposition in the West. A mine—a silver mine—out in Nevada near the old Comstock lode. If you've got any spare cash lying around, you better give it to me and I'll make you dizzy rich."

"I wish I had." I laughed.

"All I need is fifty thousand," Fred went on. "That's what I'm here for—to raise money. I'll get it too. They can't refuse me when they see my figures and the specimen ore I've got. Take it from me, Joe, the old ship's come in at last!"

"Congratulations, Fred."

"Of course it's tough sledding right now, because every cent I own is in the mine. But it'll multiply by fifty while it's in there. And if I can just put my hands on a few hundred to last me until I get back to Nevada ——" Suddenly he looked at me, startled. "See here, Joe. It just occurred to me. You couldn't lend me five hundred for a month or two, could you? I don't actually need it, but it'd save me no end of trouble."

"Yes," I said, "I can let you have five hundred."

"Good old son! You'll have it back in three months if I have to rob a bank to get it!"

But apparently Fred was squeamish when it came to robbing banks. I waited three years for my five hundred dollars. The letter was forwarded here and there, and finally reached me at Staten Island, where I was staying with mother during her last illness. The mine, Fred announced, was coming along in great shape. After a prolonged struggle he had financed his company and begun operations. Soon he'd be rich enough to quit work for good. And I thought: "I knew he wouldn't let me down. I'm glad he's struck the right thing at last. He deserves it."

Mother had asked to be buried in Mayweather, and that's why I was out there in September, 1911. I wouldn't have known the town. The few blocks around the station were solid with stone office buildings and shops. Many of the neighboring farms had been transformed magically into private estates and subdivisions. A number of sailing yachts lay at anchor in the harbor where the old oyster fleet had once been moored. Main Street was brick, with incredible trolley tracks down the middle, and most of the people I saw were dressed like New Yorkers. Even the cemetery was larger, prettier, with a black iron fence around it, and a caretaker's lodge. I turned away from mother's grave with an indescribable sadness and a longing to escape; I didn't even want to visit the old house that was mine now, and that I hadn't entered for years.

A car was parked near the cemetery gate. I recognized the Barnacle at the wheel, and while I was still some distance off I saw that he had Luther Miller with him.

The Barnacle wore a rumpled gray suit and a loose-knotted blue tie. His face was unwrinkled, placidly kind under its tousled silvery hair.

"You didn't tell me you were coming, Joe," he said with mild reproach. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thanks, Barney. I'm going right back to town."

"I saw it in the paper," said Luther. "I came on out here and told the Barnacle, and we wondered if we could help. If you're going back to town, I'll go with you." Even with his derby on, I could see that Luther

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THE NEW SUPER-AUTOMATIC KELVINATOR

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was bald except for two sprouts of gray hair over his ears. He had aged more than any of us. His clothes were drab in a clerical sort of way. His eyes looked out worriedly through tortoise-shell glasses; he was clutching an umbrella between his plump knees, and he looked like an earnest, stubborn little man whom life had badgered into humility. The day was clear, but he wore rubbers. "I made the office give me an afternoon off, Joe. I made 'em do it!" He spoke as though an afternoon off were an ambition to be achieved once in a lifetime.

"Much obliged, Luther. I'm more grateful than I can tell you."

The Barnacle said: "Hop in, Joe. We'll run over to the house for a drink and a sandwich. Then if you insist, I'll drive you to the station. Nancy never'd forgive me if I didn't show you how we've fixed the old place up since father died." And over his shoulder, as he slipped the car in gear: "We have five kids. All boys. Can you beat that? The latest is named after you, Joe; he's four months old. We also have a Luther and a Fred and a Pete, besides George Junior. They're some handful!"

"I wish we had some kids," said Luther. "But in town kids mean a bigger apartment, and we haven't felt that we could afford it. I like kids. But a man can't have everything. I want you to meet my wife, Joe; she's a wonderful woman."

The Barnacle drove through streets that were strange and yet vaguely familiar. I believe he was chronically unable to keep from pointing things out and praising them, and his chatter was welcome enough, because it took my thoughts from the cemetery. "There's the Yacht Club, Joe. I organized it to bring more business to the shipyard; I have seven men working for me down there now. And say, Joe! Remember how I told you to buy Mayweather lots? Well, I've netted over a hundred thousand in local real estate. Fact! And I'm going in for the bigger stuff now. There's the new church; Nancy gave it to the town. Wasn't that fine of her? I guess these fire plugs are new since you were here. And that's the Chronicle building—the little one with the rose bushes."

Every place I looked, the tides of change had seeped in and obliterated old landmarks. The Colonial farmhouse in which the Barnacle had lived with his father was now a rambling white house, with green shutters and green lawns, overlooking the harbor. Three strenuous youngsters were playing with the swing and climbing the old apple tree.

"They're our three oldest," chuckled the Barnacle. "I have to seed the lawn every spring on account of them."

Luther said, "This is my idea of a home, Barney."

"It can't be compared with some of the new places, though," replied the Barnacle. "Had you heard that one of the Rockefellers is thinking of building a house outside of Mayweather?"

Nancy met me in the living-room door and took both my hands. "Oh, Joe! I'd have gone with them to the cemetery except that I didn't want to intrude." Her figure was still young, supple, slender, and the maturity of her face only added to its charm. She wore her happiness as lightly as her jade earrings, and her full-lipped smile was the brightest thing I'd seen all day; it elated me like a good wine. "Did George tell you that he's the mayor of Mayweather now? Oh, it's so wonderful to have you and Luther with us! I'll have the nurse bring the baby down."

It was a comfortable, friendly hour that we spent with them.

Before driving us to the station, the Barnacle showed us his library, his vegetable garden, his Llewellyn setters, and the runabout that he'd given Nancy on her last birthday.

"We have everything we want," he said, "and plenty of leisure to enjoy it. If you fellows ever want to settle down, don't forget there are lots of opportunities left in Mayweather."

On the train for New York, Luther and I were both rather silent. Then Luther said, "The Barnacle must have done very well by himself."

"He has a finger in everything," I agreed. "But it doesn't cost much to make a big splash in a town like Mayweather."

"Give me New York every time," said Luther. "Rose and I like to be in the thick of things. The gas company promoted me again last December; I'm getting four thousand a year now. They carry life insurance on me too. It's a great feeling to know I have a big company like that in back of me."

"It must be."

"Look here, Joe; you come up for dinner tomorrow and meet Rose. I'd ask you tonight, only I ought to let her know ahead of time."

"Delighted," I said. "Where do you live?"

"We have a cozy little apartment on Riverside Drive. You can see the river from our bathroom window."

"Well," I said, "I'll be delighted to come to dinner."

Luther clutched his umbrella with pleasurable excitement. "That's great, Joe! That's great! You see, we don't know many people in New York, and Rose'll be tickled to death having somebody for dinner. Afterwards we'll go to the movies. Rose and I go to the movies four or five times a week. Of course it's an extravagance, but a man needs a little recreation if he's going to do his best work. It'll be fun having someone to go with for a change. You're a movie fan, aren't you, Joe?" He looked up worriedly through his spectacles, and I replied:

"Absolutely!"

"So am I," said Luther. "Of course I really like a ball game more. But Rose doesn't understand baseball, so I haven't anybody to go with. I tell you, Joe, the movies are a big thing in our lives. If it weren't for the movies, Rose and I would just have to sit home and read the paper." Luther chuckled. "The poor old Barnacle! The only films he gets at his theater out there are always a month old! That's the trouble with living in a hick town."

"Yes," I murmured. "I don't see how he stands it."

We parted in the Long Island Station. I watched Luther scuttle like a worried rabbit toward the Subway. And I must confess that I never visited his cozy little apartment with a bathroom window overlooking the Hudson. I know it was mean of me to disappoint him. Nevertheless, I trumped up an alibi and escaped the movie party. Somehow I felt that it would have been too intolerably stuffy.

The Barnacle, of course, did not invent the automobile. Neither was he responsible for concrete roads and the astonishing phenomenon of metropolitan expansion. Therefore it's hard to estimate just how much of his success was due to his own vision and intelligence, and how much was the result of luck. But before underestimating his lifework, I always remind myself that the rest of us lived during the same era of growth, and that the Barnacle's opportunities were also ours. And the fact remains that he had achieved wealth, a little fame, a good home, and a steadily expanding circle of close friends.

At fifty a man values those things. My years as a war correspondent and propagandist burned me out physically and spiritually. All at once I was tired of knocking about the world, and I did the thing that had always lurked in the back of my head: I opened our old Mayweather house, bought a cheap car, hired a maid of all work, and settled down to magazine articles and stories in the spring of 1919. With the small income that mother left me, plus what I made from my writing, I felt that I was better off than most men of fifty-one. Also, I was very happy.

That was because the Barnacle shared his life with me in an older-brother sort of way. I had the freedom of his home and the benefit of all his local prestige and knowledge. We went gunning together, we sailed his little sloop together, we dined together at the Yacht Club, of which he was commodore, we borrowed books from each other; and gradually his friends and associates became a part of my life too. But I never really got over a feeling that I was a privileged guest in the Barnacle's town. Everything was his. I could merely experience vicariously the creative impulse that was the substance of his life. In fact, the only Mayweather institution for which I was pridefully responsible was the small crop of emaciated radishes that I planted and reaped in my own back yard.

Meanwhile the Barnacle had fathered eight or ten small but profitable businesses. Dividends rolled into his bank from all possible directions. He never seemed to work very hard—there were usually a few friends chatting with him in his office across from the station—and yet he was continually organizing things, directing a real-estate development or the construction of a new dock, advising, chiding, exhorting, correcting. Naturally, among so many enterprises, there were failures, but I never saw him worried. And in one way or another he was responsible for such diverse things as the color of the street signs, the lilacs in the high-school grounds, the traffic regulations around the station, the widening of Main Street, the hospital operating room, the preservation of the old Mayweather elms, and the fire department. He knew so much more than anyone else about the town that he was never endangered by the young-blood competition that increased steadily after the war. He was a sort of local patriarch, respected, loved, admired, and sometimes envied. I never saw him looking unhappy except on those occasions when Nancy dressed him up in a tuxedo to dine with one or another of the wealthy, social families who came to Mayweather for the summer. All in all, my conclusions about him were: "He's the happiest man I've seen. He loves this town. That's the whole secret—he loves Mayweather and always has loved Mayweather. It explains him."

He gave me a glimpse into the future one autumn afternoon in '23. After a ramble along the shore, he suddenly stopped on a hill overlooking Crab Point. It was a flat, marshy region, no good for anything.

"I own that, Joe," said the Barnacle. "Got it for almost nothing."

I said: "Well, that's more than it's worth."

The Barnacle laughed. "I'm willing it to the kids. Aviation's coming along fine, Joe. One of these days Mayweather'll be ready for a landing field and perhaps an aeroplane factory. It'll be a great thing for the youngsters to build up, and this is the only place for it."

"You don't miss any bets, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know, Joe. I merely hang around and wait for things to happen. I've been luckier than most. There's old Luther Miller, for example. Did you know the gas company's laid him off? Fact! Now I call that sort of a tough break."

"You mean they've fired him?"

"Fired him! After thirty-seven years! They told him he was getting too old and that they had to make way for a younger man. Luther's well on in his fifties, and it's no joke for a man to start over again at that age."

"But, good Lord, Barney! What'll he do?"

"Well, he came to me about it yesterday, and luckily I can fix him up. Our local gas company is doing pretty well, and we can use an office manager. I offered Luther the job and he decided to take it. Of course it'll be a comedown for him—having to live out of New York."

"If you ask me," I said, "I think he's tumbled into gravy."

"It sort of hurts a man's pride, though, to be turned loose like that. I'm glad we could find a place where he'll be useful."

I thought: "You amiable liar! You've created that job of office manager out of your own brain and pocketbook! If it weren't for you, Luther'd be done for!" And this impression was strengthened when I called on the Millers, a few weeks later, in the narrow frame house behind the police station; in every room were articles of furniture that I'd seen at one time or another in the Barnacle's house.

And Luther said at once: "The Barnacle is certainly a wonderful fellow, Joe. I was in a hole, all right!" He had turned into a plump, fussy little man. The abrupt collapse of the safety and security to which he had devoted all those years had left him with a hurt, rather bewildered expression. But I noted with surprise that his old worried look had vanished; it was as though he had spent all his life in fear of the men above him who controlled his job, and as though, now that they had done their worst, he could at last forget them. His wife was a heavy, square-built, sallow woman, with dull, peering eyes and a thoroughly uninteresting mind. No wildest flight of the imagination could endow her with a vestige of charm. But the two of them loved each other, and they had shared that bathroom window overlooking the Hudson, and no doubt she was the perfect wife for Luther.

The three of us sat on their porch and surveyed the trash barrel back of the police station.

"I don't think Rose and I will mind living in the country," Luther said. "Naturally it's a bit dull after New York. But the city sets quite a pace—quite a pace! I've been tired for so long I can't remember. The country's different; it sort of rests a man. When were we in the country last, Rose?"

"We spent a Sunday at Coney last spring."

"That's right. We had a good time too. But we couldn't afford that sort of thing very much. Joe, it's hard for me to realize that if I'd accepted the Barnacle's offer and come home to run the gas company twenty-five years ago, I'd be twenty times as rich as I am now." There was no bitterness in his voice, no envy, no regret; he merely stated the fact. But I liked the way he owned up to his mistake. "Of course we had our life in New York. But, Joe, honestly, I've done a lot of thinking during the past few weeks, and I don't believe New York has so darned much to offer a man like me. I'm not kicking, you understand, and I'm not prescribing for other people, but when you come right down to it, I'm not sure I wouldn't have been better off right here in Mayweather. Working for a large company, you sort of lose your individuality."

The thought almost popped out of me: "I could have told you that twelve years ago, Luther." But I merely said: "That was how Fred Basset looked at it. Remember? I suppose he'd have the laugh on you if he were here."

"Ha!" Luther slapped my knee. "Fred Basset! I almost forgot to tell you! Rose's people live out in Nevada, and every once in a while they send us a paper." He turned to his wife. "Darling, where's that paper with Fred Basset's picture?"

"I used it to start the fire, Luther."

"That's too bad. Well, anyhow, Fred's in a mess. It seems he owned a mine out there, and for a long time it was a pretty good thing. Then the lode ran out on him—no more silver—but Fred went right ahead mining it. Finally he went broke. Then, instead of quitting, he sold more stock. Then he sold some more. And all the time he kept paying dividends out of the capital. Plain crooked. He'll see the inside of a penitentiary, all right."

"Isn't there anything we can do to help him?"

"Nothing except pay his debts. If someone paid up all his obligations he'd probably get off easy. At least that's what the Barnacle says. I told him about it, and he wired Fred to come home and talk it over. Barney doesn't think that Fred's really criminal; he thinks Fred had confidence in

(Continued on Page 53)

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* * *

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY * * DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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his mine and thought he was going to make everybody rich. Barney was always kind-hearted. It all sounds darn shady to me. Incidentally, Barney wired him ten thousand dollars' bail. Fred ought to be home one of these days."

Unfortunately for the completeness of this narrative, I didn't see Fred while he was home. A bad cold kept me in the house, and Fred left again without coming to see me. But Luther and the Barnacle saw him. Luther dropped in that evening and told me about it.

"I ran into him at the station with the Barnacle," Luther said. "He tried to dodge around a corner, so I guess he was sort of ashamed. He was in a hurry to get out of town before people recognized him. I've never seen a man so red and beefy and bloated looking. I don't think I'd like him for a neighbor. But he's not a crook, Joe. He's only a loud-mouthed sport who wanted to get rich quick. I suppose it was the rough-and-tumble life he's led that coarsened him. Anyway, I don't see where he's done such an awful lot better than I have."

The Barnacle's account was a trifle different. He and Nancy stopped in just after Luther had gone. Nancy's hair was as silvery as the Barnacle's, and yet she gave me an impression of youth and vitality.

The Barnacle said: "Fred's a decent fellow at heart, Joe. I don't blame him too much; he's had a tough life and I'm glad I could help him out. He's going back to Nevada and face the music, and after it's over we'll hear a lot of good things about him yet."

For once the Barnacle was overly optimistic. We heard no more of Fred Basset, neither good nor bad. He served a short term in Leavenworth and then dropped completely over the edge of our horizon. No doubt he is still blustering along the turgid rim of civilization, hunting with an almost childlike perseverance for his fabulous and elusive gold mine. I'm sure he hasn't found it. I'm sure that if Fred had ever struck it rich, he'd have come home to parade his spoils in Mayweather. He was that sort of man.

But the town got along very well without him. You can drive out there yourself, if you like, and see what a vital, livable little community it is. The Barnacle did most of it. And yet, he wasn't proud. One afternoon I was driving up Larch Hill, and I saw him standing alone in a field. I stopped and joined him. The wind was blowing torn clouds across the sky, and their swift shadows passed continually over the roofs of the town. The Barnacle's hair and clothes were fluttering. He smiled rather awkwardly.

"Hello, Joe. I come up here sometimes just to look the whole place over. It makes me feel how lucky I was to be born in a town like Mayweather."

"Bosh," I said. "You made the place."

"Oh, no, Joe! Nothing like that. I merely drifted along with the tide."

"Bosh," I repeated. "You built up the good things and kept out the bad things."

"Well," said the Barnacle, "I've always liked Mayweather. Naturally I tried to make it the best town possible." A smile lit up his simple brown face. "At any rate, I've had a grand time, Joe—a wonderful time!"

I couldn't give him a ride. I left him there in the field with the wind blowing his clothes and his silvery tousle of hair. And that's the way I like to think of him—alone, happy, rumpled, with the grass brushing his long legs as he gazed down at the roofs of Mayweather and remembered the rich, full years of his life. Because the end came last February. I was spending the month in Havana, and Luther's cable was a brutal shock.

BARNACLE DIED PNEUMONIA YESTERDAY FUNERAL THURSDAY

Of course I couldn't get home in time. But I cabled Nancy at once and took the next steamer. And all the way up to New York I tried without success to realize that I'd find no Barnacle waiting for me in Mayweather. Even as I entered the door of his house and saw two or three of his sons in the twilit living room, I expected to hear his friendly voice calling me from the library. But Nancy's voice called me instead. She wasn't wearing black. She didn't look grief-stricken or sad. She was merely a quiet, silver-haired woman with a friendly, melancholy smile.

"Well, Joe; he's gone."

My various emotions were suddenly out of place. I sat down and said, "Tell me about it, Nance."

"Some promoters were trying to buy five acres of town property on the harbor. They wanted to run a ferry from the Bronx to Mayweather. It would have spoiled the town. A meeting was called and George went to it, although he had a bad cough. He defeated the ferry company, but thirty-six hours later he was dead. He was just fifty-eight."

"He loved Mayweather too much," I said.

"George wouldn't have agreed with that, Joe. I remember how tickled he was when he came home and said he'd licked the ferry company."

"He ought to have thought of you—of all of us. We'll miss him so terribly!"

Nancy whispered "Yes!" Then she arose, smiling, and said, "I'm thankful for having had him so long. And I'll never wholly miss him. Every stick and stone and blade of grass in Mayweather is his, Joe; and as long as Mayweather lasts I'll feel that I still have him." She went abruptly into the hall. I sensed that she wanted me to go before her emotions broke through the wall of her reserve.

Without looking at her, I said, "If there's anything I can do to help, please call on me."

Nancy didn't reply. I knew that she was crying. I went out softly and closed the door.

A cold drizzle blew into my face as I walked up through the town that the Barnacle had loved. The street lamps were flashing on, people were coming home from work, windows glowed orange in all the houses, cars squawked their horns, a train whistled. I thought: "I wish he were here with me now, enjoying it." And on an impulse I slushed up Perry Street to the gates of the cemetery.

In the rainy dark I wouldn't have found his grave except that there was a short, plump figure standing beside it. Luther Miller clutched his folded umbrella, and his rubbers squilched when he shifted his feet on the soggy ground.

"Hello, Joe. I've missed you during the past few days." And he added: "I just stopped off on my way from the gas company. I sort of felt like it. That's a nice stone they got for him—nice and simple."

I said, "I wish I'd been here."

"I was the only one of our old crowd at the funeral, Joe. But you'd have been here if you could. That's more than I can say for Fred Basset—the skunk!" There was bitterness in Luther's mild voice when he went on: "I'm one of Barney's executors, Joe. I've found out a few things too! This town'll never know the thousands of things the Barnacle did for it. And it won't know that he loaned Basset a hundred and fifty thousand to settle his debts. He never heard from Basset again, Joe, after he mailed him the check—not even a letter of thanks!"

"Well, it gave him pleasure, Luther. Doing things for the town gave him pleasure too. And the town did a lot for him."

But Luther felt a dim need to champion the man that he had learned to worship. "What of it?" Luther cried. "He deserves all the credit, whether he was repaid or not. And maybe you don't know it, but I'm getting a bigger salary now than I've ever had in my life, and I'm not earning half of it. That's the sort of man the Barnacle was. And for years the rest of us laughed at him and called him no good. By heaven, he had a better life than any of us! By heaven, I wish I'd been one-third as happy as he was!" Luther's voice rose on a surge of inarticulate emotion. "Joe! By heaven, Joe, he was the best man of us all."

Luther was blubbering out loud. Suddenly he scuttled away with his head down and his umbrella clutched against his chest. I stood there for a minute or two alone. Then I walked off slowly into the rainy dark.

And now the spring has blown over the hill again from the south, and the lilacs are in bloom around my yard. The harbor is filling with newly painted yachts that the Barnacle's oldest son is taking from his father's shipyard. Another son greets me when I enter the Second National Bank. Another stops by on his way from the Barnacle's old office to say that Nancy wants me for dinner. The two youngest are at Princeton.

And somehow I can't compare the Barnacle's life with my own. I see the things he loved, the things he had, and yet I've had my share of happiness too. But if I must make a clean-cut decision, I won't hesitate to say that his life was the richer. Luther's right—the Barnacle was a more successful man than any of us.

Two days ago Nancy called me up. "Joe, the Chronicle is without an editor."

"I'm too old, Nancy."

"Ridiculous! You're in your prime! And George always wanted you to have it. For my sake, Joe!"

"All right," I said, "I'll do it."

And afterward I sat thinking: "Sixty. And Nance is fifty-seven. In my prime? Well, no."

But, nevertheless, I think I'll walk over to the Barnacle's house some evening to find out if Nancy Fireston is still determined to remain a widow.

WITHIN THE GOLDEN CITY

(Continued from Page 17)

cameras, she continually moved her body and head so they could not take her picture. After the audience was over, she asked me if I thought they had succeeded in photographing her. When I assured her that the hall was too dark and that it was impossible to take a good picture in such a poor light, she felt much relieved.

At the first audience I ever attended, there was quite a bit of confusion caused by the difference in the etiquette of the court and that of foreign countries. According to Chinese etiquette, the person or persons receiving guests should first bid them welcome, but in this particular instance one of the foreign ministers started to inquire after the health of Her Majesty and the Emperor before I had a chance to say anything, whereat the Empress Dowager was much surprised, and instructed me to proceed regardless of what was being said by the minister, which I did. This struck me as being very funny, and I could not keep from laughing. Being very young at that time, I was forgiven my levity, although it somewhat injured the dignity of the minister in question. The Empress Dowager, among her many moods and peculiarities, had a great sense of humor, and saw the funny side of this incident, which saved the day for us all.

After the speeches of welcome and greeting were over, the visitors were conducted to the banquet hall, where a sumptuous repast was served.

After the visitors had left, the Empress Dowager always asked many questions. She wanted to know why the Westerners dressed in such queer fashion. Why the men were dressed all in black and wore such funny collars. They should feel very uncomfortable. And how could they sit down, wearing such tight trousers? And why did they have such huge stomachs? She said:

"I hate to shake hands with them, as their hands are covered with hair just like a beast. They are certainly different from us."

On one occasion when members of the legations were being received, the Empress Dowager observed the Austrian Minister offering his arm to assist a lady down the steps leading from the audience hall, and asked me:

"Why does that man offer his arm to the lady? Is she his wife?" When I replied that it was foreign etiquette to do so, and that the lady was not the minister's wife, she replied:

"The morals of these foreign people must be very bad for them to allow such familiarity; besides, the eunuchs are here to perform such services. I have been told that in Western homes there is a hat stand in the hallway of each home. If the husband comes home and finds a man's hat or umbrella or cane in the hallway, it is to signify that his wife has a caller and that she is not to be disturbed. Truly the Chinese people must be very moral as compared with these people from the West."

In 1903, a photograph of the Czar and Czarina of Russia, together with a photograph of a Russian state banquet, was presented to the Empress Dowager by the Russian Minister at Peking. When the Empress Dowager saw the photograph of the banquet, she was much surprised to see that the men and ladies were seated alternately at the table. She was also very much surprised at the apparel worn by the ladies. After looking at this photograph for some time, she turned to me and said:

"Why are the men and women seated at the same table, and why are they seated beside each other? We have no such custom in China. I should think the women would be ashamed of themselves; they do not seem to have any clothes on. I agree with Confucius, that after a boy or girl has reached the age of seven, they should not be allowed to sit at the same table together for fear their morals may be corrupted. The world may call us a barbarian nation, but our civilization permits of no such familiarity between men and women. If I had not stopped the crazy reforms the Emperor tried to put into force in 1898, there is no telling but what our women might be wearing such indecent clothes as are shown in this photograph from Russia."

When the word came to the court that the famous American admiral, Robley Evans, had arrived in Peking, it caused great excitement. The Chief Eunuch, Li Lien Ying, told the Empress Dowager that he had heard that the American admiral and many soldiers were riding around the streets of Peking, and wondered what they were doing. The Empress Dowager replied:

"Oh, that is nothing. The American Minister has requested an audience for the admiral and his staff, and Prince Ching, the Grand Councilor, has just brought the word."

Her Majesty was always very suspicious when requests for audience were made by the foreign diplomats, as she had the idea that the real reason for such requests was to pry into her private affairs and to try to find out how the Emperor, Kwang Hsu, was being treated by her. It was a known fact among Western people that she had held the Emperor a virtual prisoner since the coup d'état of 1898. She also thought that the foreign nations were only waiting a chance or an excuse to take the Emperor away from her and place him on the throne, thus destroying her power forever. This suspicion never left her mind, and she carried it to her grave. She was even suspicious of the American Minister's request

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for an audience for Admiral Evans, until she ascertained that he had come on a friendly visit to the capital, and had brought friendly greetings from his Government.

When the Empress Dowager discussed this audience with me, she said:

"You know that I have replied to the American Minister that I will be glad to receive Admiral Evans in audience. I intend to entertain his party lavishly, and have decided to have a two days' reception. The admiral and his staff will be received on the first day, and on the second day I shall give a garden party for the ladies. The Americans seem to be different from other Western people. They are more friendly. It was reported to me that the American soldiers were the best disciplined of any during the terrible siege of Peking in 1900, and I know America is not an aggressive nation, nor has it any intention of seizing our land as some of the other nations have done. It was America that saved China from being partitioned among the foreign nations, and so far as it is possible for me to feel kindly toward any Western nation, I feel kindly and friendly toward America. This audience and garden party that I shall give for the admiral and his people, I want to arrange very carefully, and have it a bright, gala affair, so that they will see how friendly we really are. After the formalities are over, I shall invite the ladies to visit the various buildings, including my bedroom. My reason for inviting them particularly to visit my bedroom is that I have been told that Western people think we sleep on the floor and have very uncomfortable furniture. Of course, I shall change the bedroom completely, and remove my priceless treasures, as I do not wish to have them gazed upon by profane eyes."

Her Majesty's Dressing Table

She had her little peculiarities, the same as any other human. For instance, she would not want it to be known that her dressing table, designed by herself, was shaped like a half-moon, so she could rest her elbows on its ends while her specially trained eunuch dressed her hair. This table had three mirrors, which, when folded up, looked like an oblong box.

Below these mirrors was a little drawer in which she secretly kept her cosmetics, for even an empress in the far-off Chinese Empire liked to rouge her lips and powder her nose, and she took much pride in doing it artistically.

As a widow who used cosmetics would be looked upon as immoral, in China, the secret of this little drawer in her specially designed dressing table was carefully guarded from prying eyes.

Not only did Her Majesty use cosmetics and powder but hair dye as well. One day I saw her putting some black liquid on her hair. She remarked to me:

"It is a pity that youth lasts but a few years. Mine has flown, and I am using this terrible hair dye to cover up my gray hair." This dye gave her hair an unnatural color and somewhat spoiled her appearance, so I recommended a Parisian hair dye that I knew of. Her Majesty tried this dye, and the result was wonderful. She was so pleased about it that she gave me leave of absence from the court to visit my parents, a pleasure that I had been looking forward to for a long time.

On the occasion of Mrs. Evans' visit to Her Majesty's bedchamber, this dressing table was removed to another part of the palace, for fear that, as she remarked, "these strangers might notice its peculiar shape and want to know what was inside of it."

I might explain that such minute curiosity on the part of guests was considered perfectly proper in China, so she quite naturally thought Westerners might have the same curiosity.

The curtains on the windows of her bedchamber were of a delicate rose-colored silk. These she had removed, and they were replaced by ones of a conventional blue, which she hated.

Her bed was very fascinating and odd, viewed from the Western standpoint. It was about ten feet long, built against one wall of the room, and was seven feet wide and about three feet high. Over the bed was a canopy of richly carved sandalwood, supported by posts of the same wood. Three heavily padded silk quilts formed the mattress. Her bed sheets were of heavy, rose-colored silk, to match the curtains, over which were placed several silk comforters stuffed with fine-spun silk. As you will see, this bed was enormous, and when Her Majesty retired for the night, she looked like a tiny speck in a billowy sea.

Uneasy Lies the Head —

Along the wall side of her bed were many cabinets in which she placed the jewels she had been wearing for the day. On top of the center cabinet was placed a small green jade Goddess of Mercy, which watched over her when she slept. The walls were covered with heavy yellow satin, embroidered with a dragon and a phœnix, symbols of royalty of the Chinese Empire, and the yellow satin spread upon her bed matched the walls.

She had many pillows on her bed, and one of them was of a very peculiar pattern, which she used almost exclusively in her later years. This pillow was about twelve inches long, in the middle of which was a hole about three inches square. The pillow was stuffed with dried rose, jasmine and honeysuckle petals. It stood about two inches high and was very stiff. The reason for this hole was that when she lay on it she could place her ear in the hole and the slightest sound would awaken her. I was told, when at court, that she had this little pillow made after her return from exile in 1900, as, from that time on, she lived in fear of being assassinated.

Being the only court lady who understood foreign customs and manners, the duty of preparing for these two audiences devolved upon me. She gave me orders to prepare carefully the banquets that were to be given, and to select such food as I thought would be most pleasing to the Western palate. She also said:

"Instruct the eunuchs that two of them shall attend each lady to assist them up and down the steps, and to lift the long trains on their dresses so that they will not get dirty."

According to Chinese etiquette, a host and visitor always exchanged presents, and I was ordered to prepare presents to be given to the expected guests. The Empress Dowager knew that it was not the Western custom to do this, but it made no difference to her, and preparations went on in the usual way.

The night before this important event was to take place, an order was given to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to escort the admiral from the city to the Summer Palace, a distance of some ten miles. The party was met at the gates of the American Legation, and each guest was provided with a richly ornamented sedan chair, carried by four chair bearers. A special sedan chair, gorgeously decorated in green trappings and carried by eight men, to denote his high rank, was provided for Admiral Evans. Escorting these sedan chairs were outriders and soldiers, and the cavalcade was a sight to behold as it wended its way through the streets of Peking.

When final preparations for the audience had been discussed, Her Majesty said to me:

"You need not be present at the audience tomorrow to assist me in talking to my guests, as there will be only men present. I do not think it is right or proper for you to be subjected to the gaze of men—especially Western men."

I knew I could not afford to show how disappointed I was at not being permitted to meet the admiral and his officers; but at the same time I wanted to smile. If the dear old lady had had the slightest inkling of the good time I had had when I was in Paris, dancing and going out with the young Frenchmen, I am sure she would have been both horrified and very angry So, in order to relieve the situation, I suggested that Dr. Wu Ting Fang, who had just returned from his tour of duty as minister in Washington, take my place, and assured Her Majesty that Minister Wu spoke excellent English. Her Majesty was pleased with this suggestion and ordered Minister Wu to present himself. Then she thought a moment, and said:

"You and the other court ladies may be present, but you must stay behind the screen at the back of my throne, so you will not be seen."

The morning of the audience, Her Majesty hurried through the routine audience with her Grand Councilors and disposed of affairs of state rapidly, in order to prepare her person carefully to receive her Western guests. This day she was most particular about her appearance—although she was always neatness itself—as she wished to appear at her best.

It took her a long time to select her gown and the jewels to match, but this was finally done, and she seemed both happy and satisfied. She said to me that she intended to wear her famous pearls, and when I suggested that she wear a diamond crown—the most magnificent piece of jewelry I have ever seen—that had been presented to her by Li Hung-chang, her favorite statesman, she replied:

"I wouldn't wear an ornament made of glass, and it certainly would not be a compliment to our distinguished guest for me to do so."

At the time this event took place, nothing was known about diamonds in China, and when this priceless gift was presented to the Empress Dowager, she thought the crown was really made of glass. As a matter of fact, it was worth about one million taels—$700,000 in American money.

The Audience for Admiral Evans

When Her Majesty was finally ready for the audience, she was dressed in a beautiful green gown, embroidered with pearls and precious stones. She really looked lovely, and very serene and dignified.

When all was ready, Her Majesty proceeded to the audience hall, followed by all her court ladies. As soon as she arrived, she ascended the dais and seated herself upon the throne. We arranged her gown in proper order and handed her the written speech of welcome which she was to deliver to her guests.

The guests finally arrived, and the fact was announced to Her Majesty by the master of ceremonies. As the party approached the audience hall, Her Majesty could see them coming, and remarked:

"What a lot of people. Are they the admiral's servants?" I told her the people following the admiral and the American Minister were officers of the United States Navy, not servants. When a Chinese admiral travels, he takes all his servants with him, even his cook, so one can understand that this was a very natural question for Her Majesty to ask. Nothing further was said at this time, as the admiral was ascending the steps, and she motioned me to get behind the screen, which I did.

Although we court ladies were compelled to hide behind the screen, we did not miss what was going on entirely, as the carved work of the panels was open and we could peep through. This screen was at the back of the throne, near the wall, with just room enough for us all to get behind, and there was much pushing and giggling, as there was not room enough for all the court ladies to peep through at the same time.

I had a good position for peeping, and saw Admiral Evans and the American Minister, Mr. Conger, enter, followed by Mr. E. T. Williams, Secretary of the Legation. The staff officers filed slowly in behind their chief and ranged themselves in a straight line at each side, facing the throne.

The officers were a handsome lot and gave us court ladies a great thrill. After

(Continued on Page 56)

They may *look* alike_ *but* . . .

SKILL and experience are necessary to prevent mistakes in choosing grapefruit. Two specimens that look alike may be vastly different in quality. There may also be a vast difference in the quality of lamps that look alike, but neither skill nor experience is needed in making a wise choice.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 54)

Her Majesty had received the formal bow of Admiral Evans, she made her speech of welcome, which was translated by Dr. Wu Ting Fang, who stood at the steps of the dais. The admiral then made his speech, saying that he brought friendly greeting from the President of the United States, and so on, which Doctor Wu translated, kneeling on the floor and facing Her Majesty.

Poor Dr. Wu Ting Fang had a hard time that day, as, every time Her Majesty spoke to him, he had to kneel on the floor to receive her word; likewise he had to kneel when translating to her what the admiral had said. Here I might explain that it was the rigid custom of the court that anybody, no matter who it was or how high his official rank might be, had to kneel on the floor before Her Majesty when addressing her or receiving her orders, and this occasion was no exception.

After the formal speeches had been disposed of, the party ascended the dais and shook hands with Her Majesty, and she gave each a warm, welcoming smile.

When the handshaking was over, the party was conducted to the banquet hall, and Prince Ching acted as host for the occasion.

He later took them through the palace grounds, after which they departed.

After the audience was over, we court ladies came from behind the screen, and I went at once to Her Majesty's side. She said to me:

"I am much pleased with my visitors. The admiral has a nice, kind face and was extremely polite. I did not mind shaking hands with him and his nice-looking officers a bit."

She wanted to know what those boards on the admiral's and officers' shoulders were for. I answered that they were epaulets. She wanted to know whether they were placed on their shoulders in order to be able to carry heavy loads, as the coolies in China did; and thought it would be a good idea to have some made for her chair bearers, so their shoulders would not become sore. She considered that the American admiral had given her a good idea.

The garden party for Mrs. Evans was a memorable affair. The day was beautiful. Her Majesty was in high spirits and received her guests most graciously. After the formal audience was over, she stepped down from the dais and shook hands with the ladies. She told Mrs. Evans, through me, that she had enjoyed meeting the admiral and wished him success for the future. She then retired, and the Imperial Princess acted as hostess at the banquet, which was then served. This banquet consisted of twenty-four courses—bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, bamboo shoots, a wonderful pudding composed of lotus seeds, watermelon seeds, pine-tree seeds and rice, and many other delicacies too numerous to mention.

To grace the occasion properly, yellow porcelain and a marvelous gold service were brought from the imperial treasury, where they were always stored for safekeeping, and the table was a most beautiful sight, decorated profusely with yellow chrysanthemums, the imperial color of China. This was the most brilliant function that had ever been held in the Imperial Palace when entertaining people from the Western world.

As a final touch to this never-to-be-forgotten day, the guests were invited to Her Majesty's private gardens, or grounds, called the Great Within, and there given an opportunity to view her transformed bedchamber and various rest rooms, where she, for a time at least, was able to forget her affairs of state. During my sojourn at the court, this was the only time she ever received visitors within this sacred building. As she bade her guests adieu she presented each with a gold ring set with pearls, and four rolls of brocaded silk. Everybody was pleased, and so was Her Majesty. Thus ended a perfect day.

Her Majesty, Tzu Hsi, the Empress Dowager of China, has passed away. The glamour of the court is no more. But the memory of this great woman, who held the destiny of her 400,000,000 subjects in the hollow of her hand for forty-eight long years, still lingers among the ruined splendors, the tragic beauties within the Golden City.

THE NEW WAGON

(Continued from Page 21)

8. Name all the people you know well who do not offer drink. On a separate sheet provided for the purpose, put down the names of all your friends who buy more liquor than they can afford.

9. As honestly as you can, in your condition, tell the difference between taking a cocktail or two before dinner when you are alone, and serving and drinking fifteen or twenty cocktails before dinner when you have guests. Give your own philosophical explanation of the ratio between the number of people present and the number of cocktails served.

10. Tell, with a minimum of honesty, why you drink. Each of these questions counts ten, and the victim who gets over seventy for correct answers and still thinks he is free of compulsion in drinking will consult his physician.

I do not suggest that drinking is universal, less or more frequent than it was before the amendment was inscribed on the books, and not even that it is laudable. My single point in this connection is that in drinking circles, drinking has a tendency to rise from a custom to a habit, from a matter of choice to a matter of duty, from the drink taken for taste and for the glow it spreads over other functions, to the drink taken solely for its effect—and that this effect is the triumphant annihilation of all other activities. In other words, that drinking rises from a supplementary and secondary place to a place of unchallenged supremacy, and that at this level it creates its own dissenters, unbelievers and rebels.

Choosing One's Pleasures

In the days of free drinking, it was supposed, perhaps erroneously, that an *apéritif* sharpened the appetite and refined the taste, that wine and meat each helped us to savor the finer qualities of the other, and that dancing, flirtation and talk were all the better if the bottle passed at intervals. The new theory is that food and conversation and all other human activities are proper pretexts for drinking. The old believers may have had the wrong horse, but they put it between the shafts, and the wagon it drew was not the water wagon; the new fanatics of the religion of drinking have a horse of another color and put it behind the cart. It is not remarkable that they occasionally get dumped.

To make the home like the roadhouse is an odd ambition for those who can afford both homes and roadhouse prices, but where it has become a grave discourtesy to go less than drunk to the dinner table, the approximation has been made. With it has come the complete breakdown of all tradition respecting the way in which gentlemen carry liquor and, in place of this tradition, there has risen the principle that the drunkard is sacred and can do no wrong. It is against the boredom of this new society, against the diminishing pleasure of all activities other than drinking, that the new rebel asserts himself by the simple process of not drinking.

The cynics who assert that all morals issue from those who are incapable of enjoying vice will assume that the new abstainer, like the old reformed drunkard, is sick, and, like the Devil, "a monk would be." But cynics, like sentimentalists, dislike realities. For the new abstainer was never a drunkard and is neither sick nor reformed. He has only lost interest.

The abstainer, 1929 model, is not a propagandist. As I have suggested, his great defect in the eyes of the Anti-Saloon League is that he encourages his friends in the darkness of their drinking ways; he buys you a drink, he gives cocktail parties, his liquor is as good and as plentiful as he can make it; he even sympathizes with the hilarity and the bad manners he has helped to create. But he does not drink. And what offends his drinking friends is his complete happiness, his apparently undiminished zest for life, his widened range of activity, his capacity to stay up as late as any party can be amusing, and his extraordinary power of will, to leave when it becomes tiresome.

Like all other religions, the cult of drinking cannot admit the existence of any god but its own, and the nondrinker, although he is not an evangelist, quietly asserts the existence of half a dozen other divinities. He implies that, in addition to being a drinking animal, man is also a business animal, an athlete, and a stamp collector; or an actor, reader of magazines, and a father; or a train catcher in the suburbs, a worshiper of the theater, and a helpless attendant at auction sales. He lets it be known that these other activities possess attractions for him against which liquor must remain in competition. The inference is that so long as liquor contributed to his pleasure in the other fields, he was able to enjoy it also, but when the obligation to drink became the obligation to do nothing else, drinking itself became a corrupted pleasure.

And corruption suggests that the new nondrinker is the only wet who has made a significant protest against the quality of procurable drinks in America. The worshipers of Bacchus, the æsthetes and zealots of drink, the people who insist that taste demands wine with food—they have all gulped raw and foul-tasting and sickening mixtures with only a murmur of regret, and have left it for the man who has stopped drinking to say that to drink without tasting and enjoying is an offense.

His first compensation is a new freedom. He does not have to brace himself up at four in the afternoon for the prospect of getting tight at 6:30, nor does he have to foresee the quarrels on cold pavements which mark the end of a successful all-night party. He no longer has to spoil one satisfaction by remembering that it will make it impossible for him to enjoy another the next day. Announcing himself as a nondrinker, he is relieved of the urgings and promptings to drink which enliven parties at night clubs just when one wants to dance or listen to the new song by Schnozzle Durante. He has reacquired the fundamental human right to choose his enjoyments and the fundamental animal property of being mobile—he can come and go when he likes. Compared to these, the possession of a clear head and a not too reluctant organism is an important but secondary satisfaction.

The abstainer is merely asserting that six is more than two, that life is more agreeable than any single way of spending it. He is simultaneously agreeing with the well-balanced ancients who believed that blending a great many satisfactions was preferable to ruining all for the sake of one, and with the modern psychologists who refuse to parcel out separate activities and say this one or that one is alone desirable, but declare that the whole pattern of a man's life is what counts—the way in which his various activities support one another, instead of tearing his nerves by their conflict—and who hold that the happiest man is the one who suffers the least internal struggle between his various appetites.

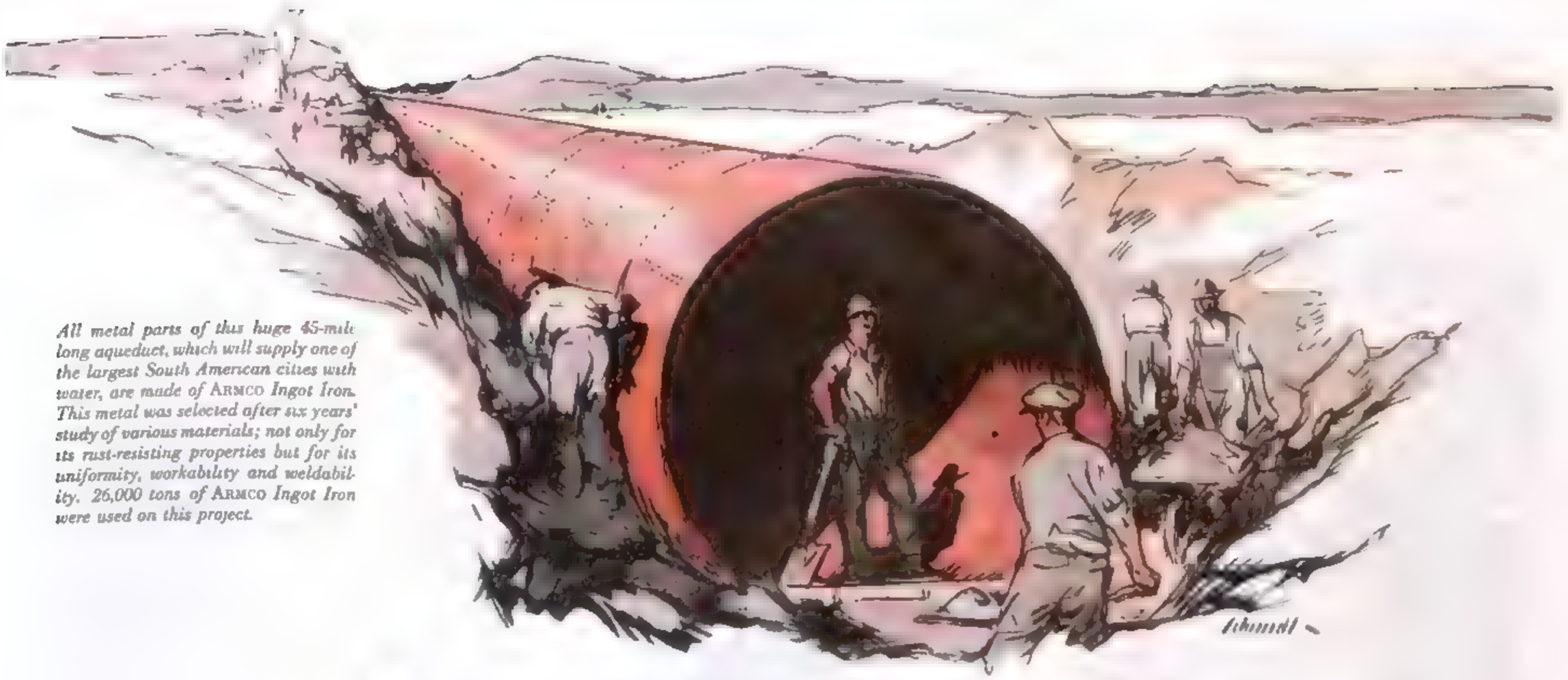
The Tyranny of the Lawless

It will give small comfort to either wet or dry to know that, essentially, this new man would prefer a vermuth before dinner and a bottle of Chablis or Hospice de Beaune with it. He has given up the attempt to get them, not only because they are expensive and often impure but because the new standards of drinking have left him only the choice between excess and abstention. He has been told so often that he must rebel against the tyranny of the law, that he has grown weary and chosen to rebel against the tyranny of the lawless. He remains in the American tradition of rebellion against undue pressure, and if he finds himself a little lonely at the start, he has solace in the rediscovery of a variety of interests and amusements which have been flooded over for years. They come out with all the effect of novelty—the sound of music, the harmony of a well-proportioned and tidily decorated room, the animal pleasure of walking in the night air—all of them intensified by the feeling that one of his deadliest obligations has been removed from him. He has never been a slave to drink, but a slave to the drinkers. And has never guessed that all he had to do was go away.

The immorality of the nondrinker is what makes him displeasing to the moralists of both camps. He has stopped drinking without any of those great, passionate convictions which the dry likes to call forth, and he has not accepted the morality of the drinking crowd which, in their literary moments, they call paganism and the ecstasy of Dionysus and living for the present or, as Walter Pater might have put it, burning always with a slow ginlike flame. That no pagan would ever spend the better part of his day in a cellar, drinking impurities, does not occur to them, nor that living for the present is only tolerable when the present is agreeable. They can understand the passion of the convinced dry, but the lack of passion of the wet who has gone dry startles them. And in a serious way the drinker feels that he is betrayed, because the tradition is that if a man lacks moral conviction he must be on the side of the opponents of the established morality.

The nondrinker has, in fact, taken a short cut through all theories about prohibition and reasserted the old position that drinking is a personal matter and must be solved personally. This is opposed to the present theory of the government of our country and to the present practice of the heavier drinkers. The nondrinker has not only asserted his individuality but added the implication that, as an individual, he no longer desires to play the game of spurious sympathy which makes up a great part of the drinking bout. He has found so many things of interest to himself that he does not need to break down every two or three days and deplore the bleakness of his life, and so many ways of functioning that he is not impelled to forgather with those upon whom he can, under liquor, impress his personality.

The drinker, in the present state of affairs, is suggesting that life in America is intolerably dull and that one must drink to escape; or that life is so complex that no one can master it, and therefore all must drink to keep up with the procession; or that it is tragic or pointless or full of suppressions and cruelty. He is suggesting that the man of sensitive feelings, acute perceptions, and the capacity to enjoy life at the full, requires drink either to shield him from life or to multiply the pleasures of life. In experience, he is not always a peculiarly sensitive person or an exceptionally powerful one; and the nondrinker, showing that it is possible to get along in and with America, and to master its noise and traffic and excitements, and to enjoy all these things, is a flaw in the mirror wherein the drinker likes to see himself. The nondrinker is technically not good company. He is, perhaps, a throwback to an earlier American individualist—the man who was not utterly terrified of being alone a few minutes a day, and in the absence of companions was able to be good company for himself.



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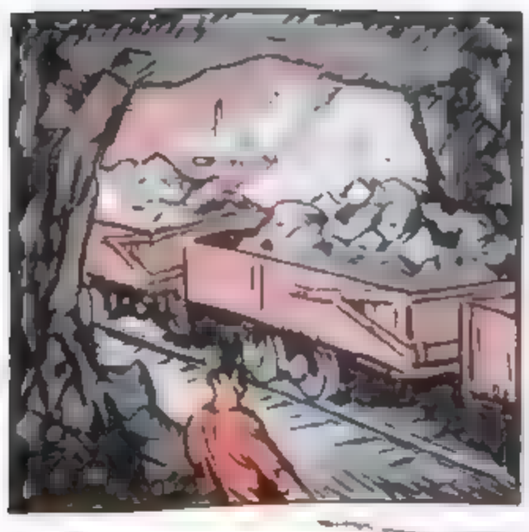

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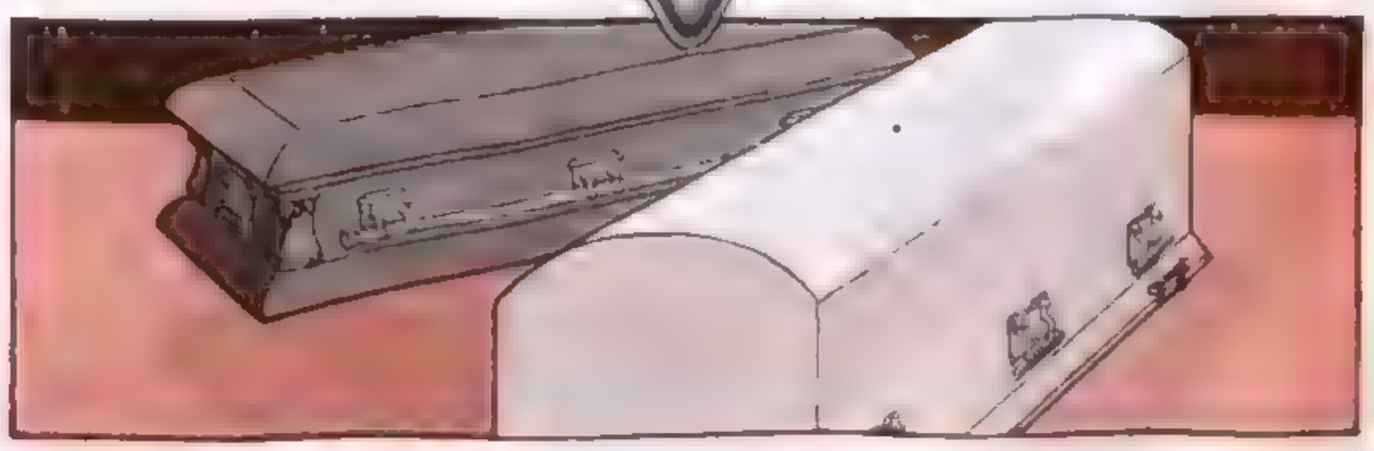

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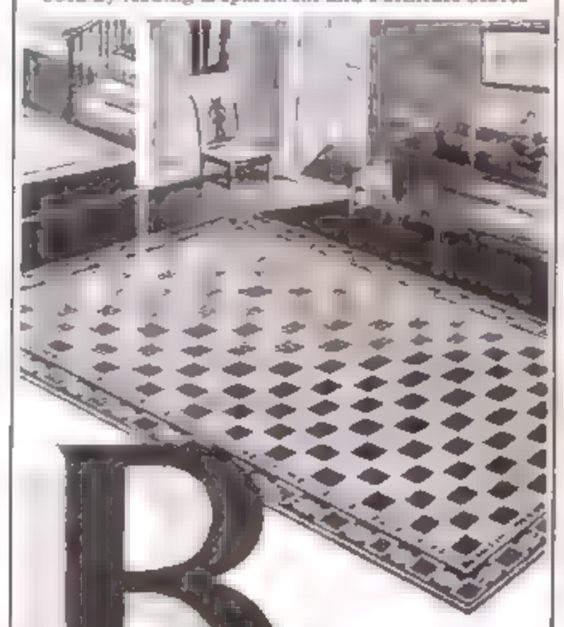

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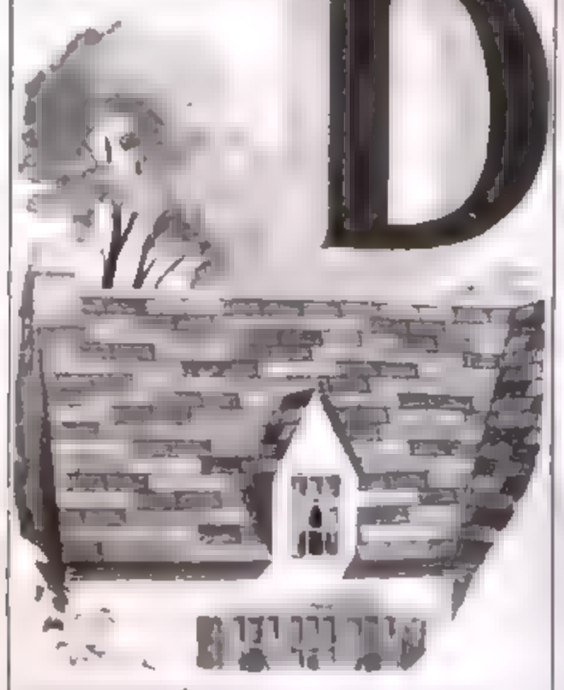

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ACCURSED YOUTH

Continued from Page 13

"Kids? You're just as much of a kid as I am," he blurted; "you're almost a year younger. You're the one that's silly. Chasing around with a guy old enough to be your father."

"That's not so. Tom is only twenty-nine."

"You're a little liar. He's thirty-four, and he looks forty."

That shook her just a little. But she rallied with a toss of her head.

"I didn't think you'd take it this way, Dickie," she observed—"acting like a sulky kid and making jealous remarks."

"Well, don't let him string you with that twenty-nine talk. He's thirty-four." And then, savagely: "You better take papa home pretty soon. This night air is bad for rheumatism!"

She lost her temper and was suddenly just as young as he.

"Better not let Tom hear you talking like that. He'll give you a good li—— spanking."

"I wish he'd try it. I just wish he would."

They glared at each other.

"If I had wanted a husky dumb-bell I'd have stayed engaged to you, Dickie," she retorted.

The shot went home, chiefly because it was so unjust.

"I got as good grades in school as you did," he said, "and give me as much time as Grandpop Grainger and I'll have just as much money."

Had she been honest with him and with herself, she would have said, "Maybe you will. But he's got it now." That was the thing which dazzled her—that and the flattery of an older man's attentions. All her life she had been young; she had played. She wanted to go on being young and playing. Tom had made his money and was ready for play. He wanted to go back and recapture the youth he had lost. But if she married Dickie there would be five, ten, maybe fifteen years ——

"What's the use in us fighting about it, Dickie?" she said. "I really don't see why you came up here. Especially if you're going to make everything so awkward."

He stared at her through a blur of angry tears. He was losing her. She was leaving him behind. She didn't want to wait for him. She wanted to go on dancing and laughing while he, back in that office in Chicago, had to thrust youth aside as fast as he could so Hilck & Co. would let him handle an important job. It wasn't fair; it was just ——

"All right," he said thickly, "marry grandpop. God bless you, my children. Don't worry about me. You won't be bothered."

Whirling on his heel, he stumbled off down the path.

As he walked along the row of lake-front cottages with their summer-resort atmosphere of insect-buzzing indolence, each a reminder of some man of thirty-five or forty or fifty who had toiled to success, the boy raged against this accursed thing called Youth. Why was he grubbing along on a drawing account of thirty-two-fifty a week, and not even making that in commissions? It was because old man Hilck said: "When you get a little more experience, Wilding, we'll give you a regular territory." It was because old man Davis—his immediate superior—said: "You need a little age on you, my boy, before we can trust you with bigger prospects." So he grubbed along, trying to persuade improvident fraternity brothers to make first payments on Canadian National 5's and Southern Natural Gas 6's instead of playing the stock market. And when he did get to see an older Illinois alumnus and lined him up for a big deal, the alumnus invariably telephoned Hilck & Co., to be sure it was all right. Hilck & Co. invariably sent an older salesman to clinch the deal.

Youth? "A flicker of sunlight on a strange shore," old Conrad said—the big liar. It was just a succession of kicks in the pants, believe Richard T. Wilding.

His mother was waiting for him in the cottage living room.

"Well, sonny," she greeted, "what brings you back from the dance so soon?"

"Had a headache," he said.

She frowned, penetrating his stricken scowl with feminine precision.

"So you and Prue didn't make up?"

"No."

He flung himself into a chair.

Mother opened up with all the usual talk. She said that no girl who refused to wait for a man was worth bothering about. Said he was young and the world was full of pretty girls. Said she didn't think a man ought to marry, anyway, until he was thirty years old and knew his own mind. Said it was foolish for him to be serious about a girl at his age. Finished with: "These modern girls aren't worth the powder and shot to blow them up. They haven't anything in their heads but a good time. You're well rid of Prue Adams, sonny."

It didn't help a bit.

"She's out of my life," he said bravely; "quit talking about her." He got up. "Where's Bunny?"

"Out in the back yard cleaning his fish. If you're going out there, tell him not to get scales on the steps, and don't you track 'em into my kitchen either."

He decided that a talk with kid brother Albert, aged fifteen and called Bunny by Richard T. Wilding to even up for the Dickie, would be a relief.

His kid brother greeted him cheerfully.

"I got a bigger bass than you ever caught," he said, holding up the fish. "Got it out of your old hole under the rock too."

"Not a bad fish," he remarked condescendingly. "How's it been this summer, kid?"

"Good fishing, bum swimming. The high springboard busted and they won't let us put up another. The girls are afraid we'll dive onto 'em. . . . You gonna get out your boat, Dickie?"

He surprised Bunny by saying, "Yes, I guess we might as well."

"Gee, that's swell! Will yuh let me steer it?" Bunny exulted.

"Not by yourself," he said in lordly fashion. "You're too light to hold it down. But you can steer it when I'm along."

"Let's go fishing tomorrow, whatcha say, Dickie? I know where we can get some pickerel. I'll take my rifle ——"

"Your rifle? Since when did dad say you could have a rifle?"

Bunny, who was small for his age, drew himself to full height as big brother Dickie frowned at him in the majesty of twenty-one.

"Dad gave me a .22 for my birthday. It's an automatic and it shoots long rifles."

"You better be careful how you shoot that thing around here. Dad's taking a big chance letting you ——"

"Aw, you had a rifle when you were fifteen. You talk like I was a baby or something. But say, Dickie; you oughta see the new speedboat. It belongs to Mr. Grainger. 'At's some fast baby. It'll do seventy. Mr. Grainger is stuck on your girl, too, and ——"

"She's not my girl any more. He's welcome"

"Well, anyway, he takes her for rides. Prue is gonna talk him into letting her drive it by herself. She's promised to take me for a ride and ——"

"Better not let me catch you monkeying around any speedboat with Prue Adams driving it."

"Ma said I could go! You're not my boss"

"Huh. You could talk mother into anything. She doesn't know anything about boats. You keep away from Prue Adams. She's crazy enough to get you into plenty of trouble."

"I bet you're just sore at her because she's going with Mr. Grainger."

Richard T. Wilding smiled in superior scorn.

"Sonny," he said, "Prue Adams can go with every grandpop in the old men's home for all of me. When I'm through with a woman, I'm through."

Bunny dug a reflective thumb at an eye of the prize bass.

"He's a kind of crummy old guy," was Bunny's observation. "Prue says she can't get him to open up 'at speedboat more'n forty-five. He's afraid it'll tip over or catch fire, Prue says. And he's got a car that'd do ninety, but he don't drive it more'n fifty."

Big brother Dickie snorted

"When guys get his age they lose their nerve." Then bitterly: "But that's the kind some of these dumb-bell women want."

Flattered at having held such a long conversation with a man of twenty-one, Bunny launched into a rambling account of gossip in the summer colony while he finished cleaning the fish. It pleased Richard T. Wilding to listen with a show of interest, but his comments were never more than monosyllables until Bunny began to describe a new rum runners' rendezvous in a cove behind Beaver Tail Point across the lake.

"They sneak stuff across the border and into a gray-colored cruiser they keep in the canal," the boy said authoritatively. "Then they run it around the lake to a shanty that's right across from that old dead tree on the point. They load it into trucks at the shanty. Petey Dyer and me, we watched 'em one night right after supper."

"You did, did you? Wasn't that a bright stunt?"

"Aw, they couldn't see us, Dickie. We had the canoe hid in some bushes and looked at 'em through Petey's spyglass."

Richard T. Wilding stood up.

"Lord knows what you kids will be up to next," he exclaimed. "You've got no business messing around that part of the lake. Want to get a bullet in your head? You going to monkey around there any more?"

"Aw, no. I didn't want to go that time, but Petey talked me into it. Looky here now, Dickie. You're not gonna squeal to ma or anything like 'at, are you?"

"Squeal to mother? Huh. Think I want to worry her to death? Just don't let her hear of you pulling any stunt like that again. I'll paddle your pants. Get me?"

He stalked into the house, wondering what this new crop of kids was coming to. Bunny had better quit tagging around after Prue Adams. She was a bad influence. It'd be just like her to get Bunny into some kind of accident. She wasn't going to take any brother of his for a ride in Grainger's boat. He'd tell Bunny not to talk to the creature any more.

As for him—well, he was just going to forget all about Prue Adams. During these two weeks he would act as if she never existed.

Next morning he plunged into the business of forgetting Prue Adams. He and Bunny went down to the boathouse to get his outboard scooter ready for service. Last summer Richard T. Wilding, with Miss Prudence Adams for mechanician and ballast, had won the outboard regatta for two-passenger racers by reeling off a dizzy 39.8 miles an hour in the Saucy Prue.

"Lookit," said Bunny when they were pulling the canvas cover off. "You still got Prue's name on your boat."

"Hand me that paint can," said his big brother grimly.

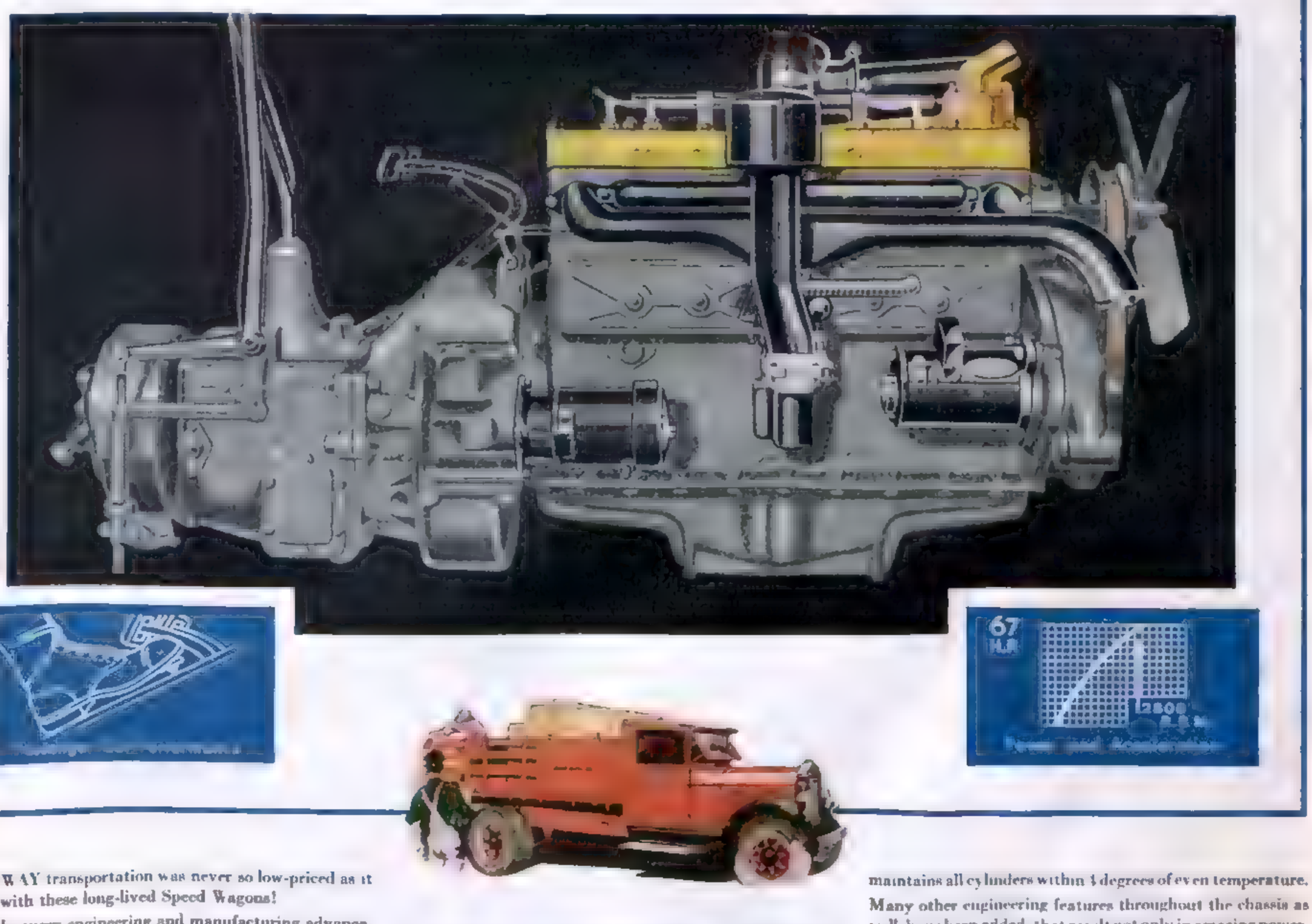
He painted out the name, faltering only when the brush reached the sacred letters, P-r-u-e. The incident didn't help him forget at all.

Then, as he worked over his engine, he could see through the open doors of the boathouse the Tighlman place, which was on a high bluff across the narrow bay. A man in white slacks was playing tennis

Continued on Page 60

THE REO GOLD CROWN ENGINE

The Mighty *Truck* Engine That Experts Say Establishes a New High Mark In Speed Wagons' Outstanding Long Life Record!



HIGHWAY transportation was never so low-priced as it is today with these long-lived Speed Wagons!

Practically every engineering and manufacturing advancement in the building of commercial vehicles has been pioneered by Reo Speed Wagons—balanced light weight; pleasure car performance, speed and economy; electric starting and lighting; pneumatic tires; 4-wheel, 2-shoe, internal expanding hydraulic brakes—all were pioneered in the hauling field by Speed Wagons.

This far-sighted engineering and manufacturing policy resulted in Speed Wagons' amazing record for long-lived, continuous service—a record we believe to be without parallel in the industry.

With this background of experience Reo engineers set about to make still more outstanding Speed Wagons' record for long life. The mighty Reo Gold Crown Engine was the result. A *truck* engine—not a passenger car engine—such as industry has never known before, say qualified transportation authorities.

Reo Gold Crown Engine

These new Reo Speed Wagons are powered by the Reo Gold Crown Engine to meet the requirements of today's rapidly changing traffic conditions—an engine that accelerates and holds the pace in traffic set by the newest passenger cars. *Chrome nickel alloy cylinder block*—the longest wearing cylinder material known today—7 times the wear resisting quality of conventional grey iron. *New type low expansion, longest lasting aluminum alloy pistons* that retain full compression and offer almost unbelievably longer life—should outlast 3 ordinary pistons. 6 cylinders. 7-bearing crankshaft.

Full pressure lubrication—and equally important, the oil is kept at proper temperature by cooling fins in the oil pan! And an oil cleaner protects bearings from dirt and grit in oil. Water, too, is kept at most efficient coolness by a thermostatic control—and an ingenious device maintains all cylinders within 4 degrees of even temperature.

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Reo Speed Wagons for General Utility Medium Duty Service

The same remarkable flexibility, speed, economy of operation, long life and value that distinguish the new Speed Wagons for the medium duty field are also built into the General Utility Medium Duty Speed Wagons. Models ranging to 138-inch wheelbase. Chassis prices f. o. b. factory, $1,075 and less.

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SPEED REO LONG LIFE *WAGON*

GOOD FOR . . . 100,000 MILES

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RADIO TUBES
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with a girl in a sky-blue linen dress. He knew that dress. Prue had worn it on their last hike together.

"That's Mr. Grainger's speedboat with the striped cover at the dock, and that's his car—the one with the wire wheels and cream-colored body," Bunny pointed out helpfully.

"Quit talking and get to work with that rag," Richard T. Wilding growled.

Accursed youth! It would be years before he could have a boat and a car like that. And when he had got them he would be thirty-five and old, or forty-five and older. He would be too old to open them up beyond forty miles an hour. He might have a tennis court and a swimming pool, and puff hard after two sets and have no heart for a fast crawl stroke. Why couldn't he have all these things now? Why didn't they come all fresh and shining while he was young enough to enjoy them? Why not success when success still owned its glamour?

"Come on," he said to Bunny, "let's get this tub into the water. I'll tune the engine while we travel."

He and Bunny launched the nameless craft which had been the Saucy Prue. Bunny whooped with glee and a bevy of summer-colony children stood about in large-eyed admiration. But to the boat's owner it was a shabby little tub, an outgrown plaything robbed of luster by that expensive mahogany hull across the bay.

In brooding somberness he looked at his kid brother. Bunny, who had a shock of tousled brown hair and alert blue eyes, and the same straight-backed, square-jawed sturdiness as he himself, was staring at the outboard racer, hugely wistful. A sudden compassion for Bunny stirred him.

"Kid," he said gruffly, "how good a sailor are you?"

Bunny laughed, full of self-confidence.

"I can handle this old boat," he said. "I can handle this old boat!"

"Sure hope so." And then: "Because if you can handle her she's yours."

Bunny gasped. "Aw, no kidding?"

"No kidding."

A monstrous happiness seized upon Bunny. Here was Fifteen's dream come true!

"Gee, thanks, Dickie!" he uttered, and turning, went scampering up the dock, yelling at the top of his lungs: "I got a boat! I got a boat! Dickie gave me his boat! Hey, Petey! Petey, I got a boat!"

It took half an hour to calm Bunny to a point where a trial trip in the scooter could be attempted. Richard T. Wilding was very meticulous and explicit in his instructions as they put out across the smooth waters of the bay.

The lake spread out fanwise from the bay and was about five miles wide. A ten-mile stretch separated the summer resort from the canal which connected with a larger lake on the east. Several other vacation colonies were scattered along the southern and eastern shores; this section was called the good side. To the north and west were wilder shores, given over to less respectable resorts.

Bunny obediently headed the boat toward the good side, and his big brother, fussing with the engine, got up speed enough for the craft to plane on its step. They were bouncing from whitecap to whitecap in a shower of spray when Bunny turned his head and pointed back.

"Here come Prue and Mr. Grainger!" he yelled.

His brother pretended to be very busy with the engine. He heard Bunny halloo and knew he was waving. He didn't look up. The speedboat kept a wide distance, but its swell slapped at the prow of the little outboarder.

"Let's turn around," he said. "You know how to run it well enough."

Bunny stared after the speedboat as they swung about.

"Prue's driving her," he reported, "but they're only doing about thirty-five. I bet Mr. Grainger won't let her go any faster."

When they got back to the dock Bunny proposed a fishing trip; an expedition to Sand Beach, three miles down the lake. But big brother Richard shook his head. You can't forget a girl by fishing or swimming in a lake while she is riding high, wide and handsome on the same lake with a guy like Grainger.

"You and Petey go," he said. "I've got a book to read."

Climbing up the walk to his mother's cottage, he met old Mildred McClure. She had been looking across the lake in the direction of the speedboat.

"Why so pale and wan, fair lover?" she greeted.

At that moment he was making up his mind to go back to Chicago tomorrow. He couldn't stand this any longer.

"Nothing pale and wan about me," he said. "I feel great. I'm cured."

She looked relieved. "Honest? I'm glad, Dickie. . . . Then you heard the news?"

He shook his head, gulping. "What news?"

"Prue is going to announce her engagement to Tom. I understand the wedding day is set for the middle of September."

"Is—is that so? Well, God bless 'em. Hey, Mildred?"

Self-centered on his own tragedy, he did not diagnose old Mildred's pallid, drawn look.

She put a hand on his sleeve as he started past her.

"I've got something pretty good over at the house," she said. "Let's celebrate. Let's celebrate the cure."

He stared at her, beginning to comprehend.

"You in on this, too, Mildred?"

"Me? Don't be silly. I'm too old for such foolishness. Why, do you know how old I am, Dickie? I'm thirty-one—thirty-one. It—it just struck me as a good idea if we went over to the house and drank a few toasts to Youth."

"No, thanks," he said, embarrassed by what he saw in her eyes. "I—I got a book to read, Mildred."

He hurried on, thinking: "So Mildred is in love with this Grainger guy. Why, that's—that's rotten."

Rotten? It was just plain hell. In his room, with the door locked, he fell to brooding. Prue married in September. Prue at her wedding; marching up the aisle with this fat old Grainger guy. Prue married. Prue going away with this old duck. Prue on her honeymoon. . . .

It seemed to him that he had lived ten years when his mother rapped on the door for the second time that afternoon and said

"Dick, I'm worried about Bunny. It's nearly suppertime and he isn't home."

He sprang up. Bunny? The boat?

Reassuring his mother, he sprinted down to the dock. But the boat was there, tied to the landing. And no Bunny. His frantic eyes swept the lake. A catboat and two canoes, but no Bunny. The evening mist was settling and a freshened breeze drove it low on the water. Whitecaps flashed.

He thought of young Pete Dyer, and ran to hunt him. Ten minutes of questioning at back doors. Three interviews with other youngsters. He located Petey in a sand hole on the beach.

"Where's Bunny?"

Petey sat up in astonishment.

"Why, Al went out with Prue Adams in Mr. Grainger's boat. Two hours ago. . . . What time is it? . . . Yep, musta been at least two hours ago."

"I told Bunny not to go out in that boat. I'll wring his neck."

Whereat Petey offered a defensive: "Al went and got speed crazy. He said the boat you give him was too slow. Prue talked him into going. He didn't want to go exactly."

So soon had Bunny passed to new horizons, to still larger and faster boats! But Richard T. Wilding was in no mood for philosophizing. Growling maledictions upon the recreant Bunny, he hurried back to the cottage to report. His mother wanted him to get in his boat and bring Bunny home.

"I'm not going to chase the little fool all over the lake," he said. "He's all right. He'll be in presently."

Six o'clock. Seven o'clock. Dusk. Petey Dyer called with irrelevant information:

"Mr. Grainger just got back from town. He told Prue's mother he didn't know she was figuring to take the boat out. Mr. Grainger's sore about it. Prue's mother is gonna phone to Sand Beach to see if they stopped there."

Richard T. Wilding muttered something about liking to wring that fat slob's neck for teaching Prue how to drive a speedboat. His mother got tearful. She said a storm was coming up on the lake. He agreed to start after Bunny.

He was going down to the dock and worrying because the lake did look nasty, when a tourist's flivver lurched into the main drive of the settlement, and out piled Bunny.

A crowd had gathered around Bunny by the time his brother reached him. He was so intent on wringing Bunny's neck that he didn't notice Tom Grainger and Mildred McClure among the group.

"Where in thunder have you been?" he demanded, pushing his way close to Bunny. Then he saw that Bunny was scratched and bleeding and looked very much frightened.

"The bootleggers have got Prue, Dickie," Bunny blurted out. "They captured us in a boat, but Prue told me to run for help. The bootleggers have got her, and you better hurry. You just better hurry!"

Bunny began to sob.

He grabbed Bunny with frenzied hands and alternately cajoled and shook more information from him. Bunny and Prue had ridden all the way to the canal. Then they started home along the north shore. They came up on a cruiser that had broken down about three miles from land. There were five men in the cruiser. Prue had stopped at their hail. They asked for a tow. Bunny had advised her not to stop, but she said she couldn't leave them out there with a storm coming up.

"Then they pulled guns on us. . . . They had a lotta guns. . . . They took our boat and unloaded some booze from their boat into it. They said we had to go with them. They took us to the cove right across from Beaver Tail. They put a bootlegger to watch us, but I got away when Prue started fighting with him to get his gun. I ran and ran, and a car came along and ——"

He didn't wait to hear any more. He did the hundred yards to his boat in about the world's record time. He gave the starter rope a jerk and cut out the muffler. The engine rattled like a burst from a machine gun. He jerked the throttle wide open and sprawled in the cockpit to steady the already pitching craft. H'm'm'm, splash; h'm'm'm, splash; he peered through the driving spray to pick out the tree at Beaver Tail Point, missed a rocky point by inches, gave the rudder a kick and leaned far out to starboard. The propeller whined and was muffled as its blade caught water again. He was planing in ten-foot leaps. Quite dark now; lightning flashes played along the far shore. "Oh, Prue, you little fool—you poor little fool—if they've hurt you I'll kill them. I'll bash their brains in."

Meanwhile, back at the summer resort, Mr. Thomas Grainger was acting like any sane, sensible vice president of a big Chicago bank. He said twenty times, "If we lose our heads we'll not get anywhere." When Prue's hysterical mother shrieked, "Why don't you do something? Why doesn't every man here get a gun and shoot those fiends?" Grainger was telephoning the police at Sand Beach. Also the police at Summerhaven. Also the state patrol at Charlevoix.

He reported: "The Sand Beach police will be there in twenty minutes and a

(Continued on Page 62)

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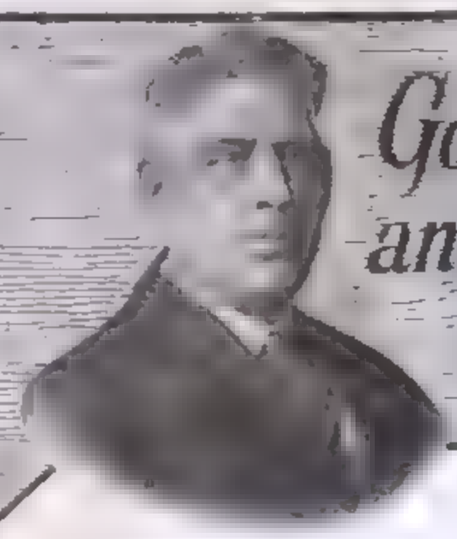

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(Continued from Page 60)

prohibition boat is starting at once from Summerhaven. The Sand Beach officers say they know those fellows and that they aren't vicious. Only hobo rum runners in a small way. All the officers advise against forming a posse, but we'll begin organizing one at once!"

Soon he was bustling all over the place, getting the few men at the resort together, arming them, getting automobiles and motorboats lined up. When womenfolks shrieked at him to hurry, he said, "We can't go off half cocked on a stormy night like this, black as pitch, and nobody knowing the way. Quit yapping at us. We're working as fast as we can."

He interviewed the somewhat calmer Bunny. It developed that Bunny's first report had been colored by a heated imagination. "They weren't mean to us," Bunny admitted. "They told Prue she could leave when I did. But Prue said she wouldn't go without the boat. They said she couldn't take the boat until they had their truck loaded and a good start. They were afraid we'd tell on them. Prue wanted to stick by the boat so they wouldn't steal it, and she told me to go for help." It also developed that Bunny wasn't at all sure he could find the shack by land, and that the tourists who had picked him up were three terrified women school-teachers from Minneapolis.

"The Sand Beach police have reached the scene by now," Grainger decided. "We should be hearing from them within fifteen minutes. The only sensible thing to do is to wait here ready for action. If we don't hear in fifteen minutes we'll divide by land and lake, and try to find the place. I'll drive around the lake a ways to see if I can pick up any boat lights."

Mildred McClure said she'd go with him.

Dick let the boat slide into a strip of sand fifty yards away; then, head down, he raced along the beach toward the bootleggers' shanty. Lightning flashes showed him Grainger's speedboat, tied up at a rough log dock.

He turned to the right, hesitated, searched his memory, knew that was wrong. He plunged into a grove of pine scrubs straight ahead. He saw a light. Crept toward the shanty.

Beyond, there was a truck loaded and tarpaulined. Peering in at the window, he saw four men bending over burlap sacks. They were sorting whisky bottles. Where was Prue? And where was his gun? He hadn't thought about a gun before. There must be another room with a door. He went around the shack. Looked in at another window.

Prue! He fought down an impulse to yell at her. She seemed in no very dire danger. She was sitting on an upturned box. There was a man in the room with her. He was saying something to her and laughing. Prue wasn't laughing. She looked to be near the ragged edge of bravado.

There was the door. It didn't look very solid. Was it locked? He couldn't risk trying to find out. He backed twenty feet away. Now —— Blam! His rush carried him through the door with a snapping of wood.

"Beat it for the boat!" he said. "Get the engine started! If I don't come, head for home!"

"What the —— Hey, you!"

Prue didn't ask any questions. She ducked as the guard grabbed for her, and vanished through the door.

The boy got set as the guard turned, blinking.

Sock! Down went the guard. There was commotion in the other room. He took a punch at the first man to come through. This one dropped, too, and the next stumbled over him. It was time to be leaving!

A gun went off as Richard T. Wilding, champion sprinter of the Big Ten Conference, dug into the muddy turf outside. When he reached the dock Prue had just kicked the speedboat's starter. He slipped the rope and gave the boat a shove, and jumped as a bullet splintered the planking he had left. A rush of feet, shouts, more shots.

"Step on it, Prue!" he yelled.

Prue was stepping on it. He crawled into the cockpit beside her.

"Gimme that wheel. I know the way!"

She slid over. Whiny things sounded in the rain. He pushed her head down and gave the speedboat the gun.

Lightning came just in time to show him he was headed smack for the island. He twisted the wheel. The boat careened madly on the waves. Prue clutched his arm in terror.

"You little fool!" he yelled at her. "You want some speed, do you? Watch this!"

Ru-u-u-m-m-m-m-m--scud, scud, scud.

"Slow down!" she yelled. "Nobody's following us."

A thunderbolt crashed and the lake was like daylight for an instant. He saw clear water ahead.

"You're not riding with grandpop tonight!" he yelled at her. "I'll give you something to remember when you're a granny!"

He did. Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty; down to the floor of the cockpit. Thunderbolts and engine exhaust, rain and spray, lightning flashes and gloom in a feverish flicker.

Terrified, she pounded with both fists at his arms. Then the magic madness of the adventure seized her. She sat erect behind the high cowl and took the spray in her face. He knew it was time to slow down, but one last burst of speed —— Lights jumped up on a horizon alarmingly near; he cut her off.

"Look out!" she yelled.

They went booming and rocketing into a ridge of sand, slued sideways and almost rolled; backwash from shore buffeted them. The boat righted itself and ground to a stop on the beach.

"Crazy fool!" she shrieked at him. "Crazy fool!"

He laughed, and his laughter seemed to rise above the storm to float on the wildest winds that blew.

"You'll never forget that," he said; "not even when you're married to grandpop!"

Jumping up, he pulled her to her feet, hugged her and said, as his lips found her rain-wet mouth: "You won't forget this either!"

Later that night, in his mother's living room, which was filled with the humdrum, prosaic things of middle age and home, he stood face to face with Prue. The rain squall had passed away, the god of thunder rioted no more, all dash and fire and speed were gone. Prue's black hair was still damp and her face looked pale. He himself was snuffling from an incipient head cold.

"Tom was pretty sore," she said abruptly. "We ruined the bottom of his boat. He talked a lot about the publicity this might cause him if he didn't hush it up." Then, with a slightly acid tone, "Bank vice presidents can't afford to be mixed up in brawls with bootleggers."

"No. I suppose not."

A pause.

"I told Tom I didn't think I'd make him the kind of wife he ought to have, Dickie."

He gulped and snuffled.

"Glad to see you're getting a little sense," he said stiffly.

She advanced on him, smiling. "Where's that Sigma Nu pin, Dickie?"

He grinned. "Aw," he said, "that's kid stuff. I'll buy you a diamond ring."

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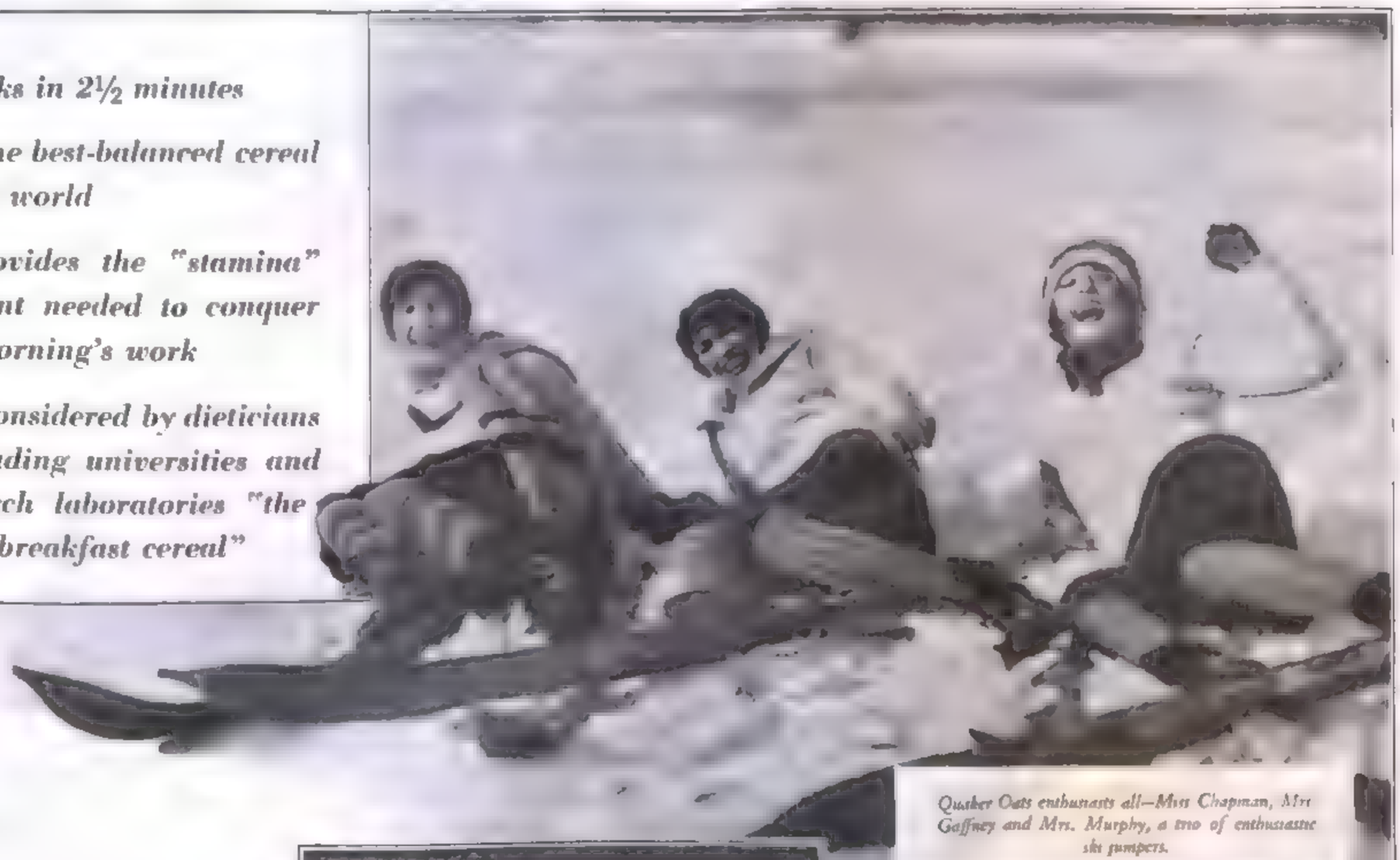

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The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word

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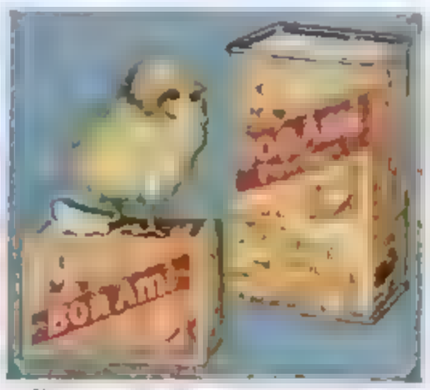

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SALVAGE

(Continued from Page 5

"I've been away a lot and I've been working like a dog," Jerry told him.

There was a little lull in the conversation, and Putnam said, "Well, what can I do for you, old man?"

Something seemed to be caught in Jerry's throat. He swallowed it and said:

"Mr. Putnam, I'm in a sort of a jam. I've got to have four hundred dollars. Do you know where I could borrow it?" That sounded pretty bald, he decided, and he hurried on: "I mean, do you think a bank would lend it to me on my character and earning ability?"

Putnam didn't answer for a minute. Then he said, "Why don't you run up and have lunch with me? Maybe we can get you straightened out."

Jerry thought it over. Luncheon might be too late, but he could call up Latham and tell him he would have the money for him after luncheon, and maybe Latham would hold the Barton for him.

"I'll be there, Mr. Putnam," he said.

Jerry opened his mail, but he couldn't concentrate on orders from Oshkosh. He sent the boy out for a paper. The paper had only the market opening in it. Barton had opened at 10⅛.

He went over a sheet of specifications three times, but after the third time he gave it up and began watching the clock. He couldn't seem to get his mind on his work, and at 11:35 he put on his hat and coat and walked up Monroe to Broad. An elevator took him to the tenth floor of the Securities Building, and he sent his name in to Putnam.

Putnam had his feet cocked up on the window sill. He pushed a chair toward Jerry.

"Sit down and tell me all about it," he said.

"I guess it's too late to tell you about it," Jerry said. "It's all over now but the burying."

He told Putnam about the letter from Latham. Putnam listened to his story and looked at him through a fan of smoke. After he was all through, Putnam stood up and reached for his hat.

"What you need," he said, "is some food under your belt. Things sort of pick up when digestion is going on. We'll step over to the club and feed. On the way we can stop in at Latham's and see if we can't get you all ironed out."

Latham & Co. were on the first floor of the Integrity Building, at the corner of Grove and Broad. Jerry followed Putnam into a vestibule and pushed through swinging doors with "Latham & Co., Investment Brokers," lettered in gold across them. The lights were on inside and shadows shifted and grew larger and smaller on the ground glass of the doors.

Jerry got a fleeting impression of hundreds of hats and heads. A curious monotone pressed against his eardrums—a sort of droning noise made up of the clicking of typewriters and telegraph instruments and news tickers, of the tiny, brittle sound of numbered squares shifting in the grooves of the Big Board, and the hum of conversation from the people standing around the edges of the room and leaning over high counters to argue with clerks.

The air was thick with smoke, and spirals of smoke rose from the rows of chairs that faced the board, where board boys on a runway, agile as monkeys, crammed numbers into slots with both hands, their voices rising at intervals above the monotone:

"Six thousand Motors at 44."

"Forty and an eighth Katy."

"Servel, 8¼."

The people sitting in the chairs were strangely quiet. Their faces were void of expression. About their eyes was a look of almost insupportable concentration, as if, by force of wishing and hoping and thinking, they might have some influence on the numbers that popped into sight on the board. Their eyes, like one big eye, shifted with the movements of the board boys, like the eyes of a tennis gallery following the flight of a ball.

Above a cabinet, a long narrow strip of illuminated greenish glass formed a parade ground for the swift, inexorable march of cryptic symbols and numbers. P.U. UNC, PX, AYY, NBH, appeared at the right edge of the parade ground and hurried across, to be blotted out at the other side.

Jerry saw Latham put down a phone on a desk and pick up another one with the same motion. They went over to the desk and waited. Jerry felt something press against his side, and, looking down, saw a little woman peering through a gap in the crowd at the board, her fingers twisting and untwisting a fine lace handkerchief. The gap in the crowd closed, but her eyes continued to stare at a broad tweed back with a fixed look of agonized intensity. It gave him a funny feeling in his stomach, and suddenly he was very glad for Putnam's friendship.

He was glad he had been nice to Putnam when Putnam had hung around the track team. Some of the team had thought Putnam was a sort of big, overgrown boy scout, and pretty much of a pain in the neck, but he hadn't high-hatted Putnam, and his democracy was beginning to pay dividends.

You could never tell, he thought, when being nice to somebody was going to do you good. It was a wonder more people hadn't found that secret out.

Latham put down the phone, and Putnam grabbed his arm.

"How's this young man's account?" he asked

Latham gave Jerry a harried look. He riffled through a sheaf of papers and pulled out one.

"If he wants to keep his Barton he'll have to buy it outright," he said. "I can't take a chance on it in this market."

A vise fastened upon Jerry's heart and squeezed it. He felt suddenly all gone inside.

He heard a voice say, "How much will that be?" and realized with a start that it was his own voice.

Latham looked at the paper and jotted down a few figures.

"Around seventeen hundred," he said.

Putnam pursed his lips and whistled softly. Then he turned and looked at Jerry.

"Seventeen hundred is different from four hundred," he said.

Jerry wet his lips with his tongue and tried to grin.

"Sort of," he acknowledged weakly.

Putnam went over to a news ticker and watched the roll of paper drip into a wicker basket.

Jerry started to follow him, then turned to Latham.

"When do I have to have it?" he asked.

Latham shrugged his shoulders.

"You need it right now," he said. "I'll have to sell it if it drops off another point. That might be ten minutes; it might be an hour. You might owe me money now. The ticker's sixty minutes late."

Jerry went over to the news ticker and looked over Putnam's shoulder. He didn't feel detached any more. The crowd in the board room had stopped being an interesting spectacle and had become, all at once, a group with which he had something very much in common. Automatically his eye sought out Barton Appliances on the board, and he gazed with a sort of hypnotized fascination as a board boy plunked a little black card with ⅜ on it at the end of a string of numbers.

He tore his eyes away from the board and looked at the ribbon of paper in Putnam's hand. The ticker clacked and clattered, and he read that trusts were buying stocks:

NY—INTERNATIONAL SUPERPOWER CORP INTERNATIONAL CARRIERS LTD AND U S ELECTRIC LT & POWER SHARES INC WERE BUYERS OF DU—OF STOCKS DURING MORNING

The ticker clattered for a brief interval and told him that

SECRETARY OF TREASURY MELLON WENT INTO RESERVE BOARD CONFERENCE ROOM AT 2 35 PM

The ticker went off into a long string of Stock Exchange floor prices, and Putnam pulled his hat down over his eyes and said, "Let's eat."

He followed Putnam around the corner to his club and watched in a sort of daze while Putnam signed the guest book for him and picked out a table in a corner of the dining room.

He didn't feel hungry. His throat felt tight and dry. He watched Putnam's eyes travel over the bill of fare and wondered how anyone could feel like eating when hundreds of people were probably being wiped out at that very moment.

Maybe, while Putnam was telling a trim waitress to bring them two eighty-five-cent luncheons, a floor man on the New York Exchange was selling his Barton out from under him.

Putnam lit a cigarette and put his elbows on the table.

"Lang," he said, "I'm not going to lend you seventeen hundred dollars, but I'm going to do something else. I'm going to give you some sound, sensible advice—which you probably won't take."

Jerry looked at his plate.

"You got your pants kicked this time, and I'm not going to help you throw good money after bad. It would be just like chucking it down a rat hole. There's nothing like a good, old, thorough operation on the pocketbook for the good of the soul. If your operation costs you only two thousand berries, it's a darn cheap operation, I think. Next time you will go after things with a slightly different attitude."

The waitress came back with two steaming cups of consommé, and Putnam picked up a spoon and pointed it at Jerry. He hadn't known that it was possible to hate anyone as he hated Putnam. He hated himself too. He hated himself for letting himself get into a position which made it possible for Putnam to sit across a table from him and tell him that he was going to give him some sound, sensible advice.

"The trouble with you is you started about five notches too high up the scale. Buying stocks on margin is pretty advanced stuff for a young man like you. Twenty years ago, when I was making twenty-eight bucks a week, I socked some of it into a savings account every Friday. It took me three years to save my first thousand. It only took me seven months to get the second. Now you are going to start all over again from scratch. The first thing you want to do is get yourself a savings account. Then take on some B. and L. Maybe after that, salt away a few bonds. When you've learned how money feels when it's greased with sweat, you might buy a few good stocks outright. I guess after today I won't need to tell you to buy 'em outright."

"I won't stand it," Jerry thought; "I can't stand it. I'll sock him in the eye if he says another word."

Putnam took a spoonful of consommé and went on:

"Now the thing for you to do is not get all hot and bothered about it. You took a chance and lost. You've got to take hard knocks in this world, as well as give them. You've got a good job, and it's a swell country and you're a hard worker. Don't sit around moping over it. You're not going to get anywhere with post mortems. I don't mean for you to forget what you've learned, but what you want to do is start looking ahead instead of crying over something that's all over and washed up with?"

Jerry pushed back his chair and stood up.

"I don't feel well," he said. "I guess I'll run on."

He walked over to the cloakroom and got his hat. He didn't feel well. He needed air. He felt as if someone had crammed his head full of emotions and excitement and advice until it ached and throbbed with the effort of containing them. It was bad enough to have all the money you had in the world slipping between your fingers and not be able to do anything about it, without having to sit and swallow a lot of unasked-for advice. The fact that Putnam's platitudes were backed by a certain amount of truth didn't make them any easier to take. He could have stood it better if Putnam had been talking through his hat. He had another reason now for wanting seventeen hundred dollars. He wanted to show this wise guy Putnam that he could take care of himself as well as the next man. He wanted to be able to drop in on Putnam some day and say casually, "Well, I was pretty low that day I called up, but I fixed things up pretty well after all."

When he got back to the office he got out a memorandum pad and wrote a row of names on it. He looked over the names for a while. Then he took a pencil and crossed out all but two of them—Jeff Price and Max Somers.

Each of them, he knew, had seventeen hundred dollars. Probably seventeen hundred dollars was pretty close to all that Jeff had. He crossed out Jeff's name and looked up Max's number in the directory. Max wouldn't miss seventeen hundred. He had many times the amount. When Jerry had gone around to see him about the new chapter house, Max had signed up for five thousand dollars. It had been the largest single donation. Max was sort of big-hearted, sentimental and loyal. If he could get seventeen hundred out of Max, he would be sitting pretty. He could laugh at Putnam. And he would be one of those who had "ridden out the storm." He could save the two thousand he had put into Barton.

Two thousand wouldn't be much to a fellow like Max, but it was all he had. Without it, he would be out of luck if he got fired or got sick. He hadn't thought of that before. Thinking of getting fired or having something happen to his health without anything to fall back on was a new and unsettling thought. It even took the place of the importance of out-smarting Putnam in his considerations. It threw him into a panic. The sensation of the vise squeezing his heart came back once more, and the vise compressed his heart until it was like a heavy lump of concrete in his breast.

He called Max's number and jiggled the hook savagely until he heard Max's voice say "Hello."

He tried to make his voice sound casual, but his vocal cords seemed all tight and funny, and his voice sounded like a squeak in his ears.

"Max, this is Jerry."

"Hi, Jerry."

He squeezed the receiver.

He mustn't hurry Max. Hurrying him might spoil everything.

"Max, I'm in a jam. I'd sort of like to see you and talk to you about it."

"Sure, fella. Come on up."

He said, "Maybe I can tell you about it over the phone."

"Shoot."

It would have been much better, he thought, if he could have had a chance to build up his story at leisure, and with a certain amount of tact, but he didn't have time for that. He had to get some collateral for Latham before the market closed. Latham might call him any moment and tell him he had sold him out.

"Well, Max," he said, "I need some money—about seventeen hundred. I've got to let some stock go if I can't raise a loan."

Max didn't answer for a moment. The vise squeezing his heart tightened up two or three notches with a rush, and the hard lump that was his heart jumped up in his throat and beat irregularly there.

(Continued on Page 68)

III
$7,000,000 INVESTMENT
The Gulf Refining Company has invested over 7 million dollars in White Trucks. Transportation is a vital part of their business and only the proved superiority of White performance could justify such a tremendous investment in a single make of truck.
GULF
GULF REFINING COMPANY

A Single Fleet of 2221 WHITES hauls over 700 million gallons of gasoline a year

Here, in facts and figures, is the story of an accomplishment without parallel in motor transportation. The story of the largest standardized fleet of trucks in the world. The figures are amazing—the facts challenge comparison.

Back in 1911 the Gulf Refining Company purchased its first White Truck. Careful records were kept on that first White—costs were recorded and performance was checked and rechecked. On strictly unbiased tests of performance new Whites have been added each year, until today there are 2221 White Trucks in this single fleet.

With this great fleet of Whites, Gulf hauls over 700 million gallons of gasoline a year—enough gasoline to supply every automobile in the United States with over 30 gallons each. This tremendous gallonage is hauled at an unprecedented low cost per gallon. Besides gasoline the fleet hauls over 107,000 tons of bulk tonnage in oils and greases. More than 24 million truck miles are rolled up annually—a distance equal to 960 times around the world.

In this fleet there are 416 Whites that have run over 100,000 miles each and many are covering their daily routes with 12 to 14 years of service to their credit. No higher tribute to the dependability of White Trucks could be found than the fact that Gulf has never discarded a White because it has worn out and has never used any other make of truck since 1911.

The distributing of gasoline and oil by the Gulf Refining Company is on a gigantic scale. Gulf operates in 23 states—serving thousands of stations along the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Florida and the Gulf Coast as far west as Texas. Such widespread operation demands the highest efficiency and economy in hauling. These Whites must keep rolling day in and day out without regard for road or weather.

To accomplish this, supervision of the entire fleet is conducted from headquarters in Pittsburgh. Every item of operating and maintenance cost is accurately recorded, together with the history of each truck, its physical make-up and its performance. There is no sentiment, no leniency in the tabulations. Each truck is judged on the basis of the cold facts. The fleet is always kept up to the highest point of efficiency both from the standpoint of appearance and operation. Even repainting is a part of scheduled attention.

The same kind of remarkable service that has made the great Gulf fleet of Whites famous is true of all White Trucks throughout the oil industry. More White Trucks are in the service of the oil industry than trucks of any other make. There is a logical reason for White leadership—a leadership built on the solid foundation of outstanding performance in every field of business, in every kind of transportation service. The fact that 1311 of the country's foremost owners operate 46,511 Whites in fleets of ten or more is convincing evidence that White gives you more for your transportation dollar whether you buy one truck or a fleet.

The economy and efficiency of standardizing on quality transportation is expressed in the statement of Mr. E. H. Grey, General Superintendent of Motor Equipment, Gulf Refining Co.:

"White Trucks have made a wonderful record in the service of the Gulf Refining Company. Their stability and durability are shown by the fact that all the Whites in our big fleet are still in service. During the last dozen years a number have been lost in accidents, but our pioneer trucks are still on duty. By standardizing on Whites we have lowered operating costs and increased efficiency and our records show that we do not get an increasing maintenance cost with quality units. Our 10-year-old Whites cost no more to operate than new ones added to the fleet."

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

WHITE

A COMPLETE LINE OF FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER

TRUCKS

BUSSES

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To All Men

who own a

ROLLS RAZOR

we extend

Christmas Greetings

and our best wishes for

A Happy New Year

WE feel confident that if their future happiness depends entirely upon a good shave every day our wishes will be granted.

To Those Men who do not as yet know

—what a lifetime of wonderful shaves is contained in its compact metal plated case, we extend the wish that on Christmas morning they will be able to start their many, many years of happy, joyful shaves with the gift they will prize above all others, a—

ROLLS RAZOR

The ONE BLADE Safety

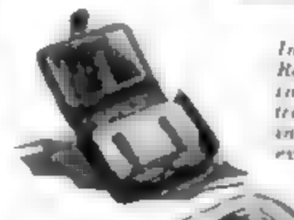
It automatically strops and hones itself

The annual gift-giving day is almost here, so don't delay longer. Just let the suggestions shown below answer the question as to what you want—or perhaps you might make sure by giving yourself a Rolls Razor for Christmas.

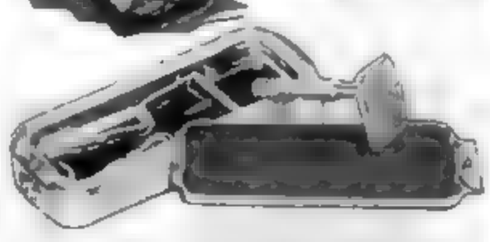
Imperial No. 2 Rolls Razor, Nickel Plated, packed in cardboard container $10.00

Imperial No. 1 Rolls Razor Silver Plated in handsome blue leatherred case $15.00

Imperial Rolls Razor De Luxe, Gold Plated, packed in beautiful English pigskin case, with two extra blades $30.00



Imperial No. 1 Rolls Razor Silver Plated, in smooth cowhide traveling kit, containing mirror and two extra blades $30.00



Complete in its case—the One Safety Blade and handle, with automatic strop and hone. Properly cared for it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves. Ask your dealer to show you the Rolls Razor way.

We recommend Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic indestructible bowl for a superior shave. Priced at . . $1.50

Or Rolls Shaving Cream Priced at . . 75c

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U. S. Distributors

(Continued from Page 65)

Then Max said, "When do you need it?"

"I guess I'd better have it this afternoon, if it's all right with you."

"O.K., fella," Max said. "I'll send you a check the first thing in the morning. You can tell your broker it's all right."

Suddenly the vise was gone, and his heart dropped back into his left breast and expanded until it felt as though it would burst. He was filled with an immense sense of gratitude to Max. He wanted to do something fine for Max, something dangerous—something that would involve risking his life for old Max, if need be. He wanted to tell Max that he was a prince among men. That he had saved him from ruin. He searched desperately for words with which to express his feelings adequately.

He said, "Max, you're a swell guy," and mentally kicked himself for his asininity.

"Oh, what th' hell," Max said. "Buy me a cigar sometime, keed."

He heard the click of Max's receiver.

He felt curiously light-headed. He felt gorgeous. It reminded him of the champagne party Tommy Latimar had thrown to celebrate his passing of the state bar examination.

He waited for a minute and called Latham's number. Latham's operator said that Mr. Latham was busy, but that if he would hold the wire she would try to get him. He leaned back in his chair and held the phone resting on his chest. He thought about what a swell fellow old Max was, and a little of his exaltation slipped away from him. His heart deflated and felt fairly normal once more. Some day, he thought, somebody was going to steal old Max's shirt from his back, and that would be a shame.

An idea formed in his head, but he pushed it away determinedly. Max, he told himself, had so much money that seventeen hundred dollars didn't make any difference to him one way or the other. He would pay old Max back in a week or two. But the idea came back again—this time more insistently. He couldn't push it away any longer. Maybe it was sort of a dirty trick to take advantage of old Max's generosity like this. He fought against the idea. He thought of Putnam and his smug advice. He pictured himself walking the streets wearily looking for a job and coming home at night with a fast-dwindling store of money, discouraged and beaten.

He told himself that Barton Appliances was a swell stock. He told himself that it couldn't help making money for its stockholders, and suddenly he realized that he didn't know what Barton Appliances were. He didn't know whether they were appliances for radios or airplanes. They might even be a sort of railroad coupling, for all he knew. He didn't know where they were made or who made them, or even whether they had ever paid a dividend. All he knew was that Barton was listed on the Big Board and that Hal Peters had been all steamed up about it once. At the time he had figured that Peters was a sort of cagy lad who always seemed to get the breaks.

Looking at it like that made it seem incomprehensible that he had ever put his money into it. He must have been cuckoo. All he had been able to think of had been the chance to get some extra money quick and buy a secondhand car with it and maybe run up to Montreal at Christmastime and throw a big party—that and the opportunity to talk about it at the lunch table and sound off at bridge parties and on the train coming in in the mornings.

He heard Latham's voice at the other end of the wire, and a memory of Max's words came back to him: "Buy me a cigar sometime, old keed."

"Latham, this is Lang," he said evenly. "Better let my Barton go at the market."

"Sell two hundred Barton at the market," Latham said. "Sorry, Lang. Doesn't look like there's going to be any salvage."

Jerry replaced the receiver on its hook. Slowly his lips curved into a crooked grin. There was salvage, he thought—salvage that didn't show on Latham's books.

KIDDING OURSELVES ALONG

(Continued from Page 29

next bend, or the one after, there is another pool every bit as populous. Nor am I describing an especial, secret and glorious stream. There are dozens, scores, of just such rivers. It is an angler's heaven, and one does not have to die to go to it.

As yet, very few anglers have gone to heaven. I have fished many such streams which it is extremely probable have never been visited by sportsmen. Perhaps on very rare occasions some Indian, or forestry man, or cannery man on a Sunday excursion, has dropped in to get a mess. On others it is very probable my fly has been the first. But the streams are there, and the trout are there, and some day the compleat angler will not consider himself so very compleat until he has gone to heaven. Then he may feel that, experience fulfilled, he is ready to die.

We Ourselves are Responsible

Unless, of course, we conclude that we must have all our salmon in cans. In that case we will listen to a constantly growing insistence that we should clean out the trout. The packers are very keen for it. Even the Bureau of Fisheries—again to judge by its bulletins—is inclined to the same view. But, also, in that case we shall can with our salmon the imponderables that, too, are our own property. Steenbock has shown us how to impound the vitamins of our sunlight in our cereals. Possibly some super-Steenbock may be able to teach us to imprison the spiritual essences of woodlands and mountains and clamoring waters with our canned salmon. I doubt it.

There is no argument as to the fact that the sum total of all these things means a great many fish in the course of the year. There is likewise no argument as to the fact that if all of them were to be swept aside and destroyed, we would be able to turn out a considerably greater number of cases of salmon. But when we kid ourselves along to the extent of a grave insistence that herein lies the basic cause of the depletion, then we ought to be wakened up and told to get onto ourselves. Since salmon began to run there have been bears and seals and sea lions and gulls and eagles and trout. In times past, before the white man came in numbers, there were undoubtedly more of them than there are now. And they have always eaten fish. Nevertheless, there was no depletion. Furthermore, with all these influences at work, even after the packing business had been going, somewhat wastefully, for twenty-five years, there was little or no falling off. Only in the past quarter century has our efficiency been reënforced by gear and expansion that have enabled us to overbalance to a decline. Make no mistake on that point—the depletion is due not to natural causes but to ourselves; there is plenty for all purposes if we will take the necessary trouble to make it so. The natural causes have always been at work. Nature seems to have thought of that when she provided that each female salmon should deposit between three and four thousand eggs in order that a minimum of two should come to maturity.

Allowing full force to the statistics brought forward by the specialists, what of it? Is it absolutely necessary that we look upon this salmon business as more important than anything else we may own up north? Must we subordinate everything to it? The packers say yes, naturally. Every man, thoroughly in earnest, thinks his own occupation the most important in the world. No one can quarrel with that phenomenon, unless he wants to quarrel with the whole of human nature. That is the attitude that makes artists in any field of endeavor. The Bureau of Fisheries says yes—though with fainter voice and with certain reservations. The business men of Alaska say yes; for much of their property depends directly on the season's catch. That is quite a chorus. We are in danger of drifting into that point of view; accepting it without taking the trouble to think about it. That also is human nature. It saves trouble. But let us see.

First of all, let us be honest. Let us earnestly avoid kidding ourselves along on either side of the question. Let us realize that the packing of salmon is tremendously important from every point of view. It furnishes a not expensive food, in handy form, of high dietetic value. It gives employment, in Alaskan waters alone, to more than 20,000 men. It is the gauge of prosperity for the whole seacoast. It brings greater returns than any other Alaskan activity, not excepting the gold mines in their most productive years. If it were suddenly to be wiped out we should suffer a serious disaster, the widening ripple of whose effects would be felt to unsuspected distances. There is no doubt of all that. Nevertheless, to look at the other side of the picture, we, the world, could get along without canned salmon if we had to. There are plenty of other things to eat. There are even plenty of other canned fish to eat. In other words, desirable as it is to have the greatest quantity at the cheapest price, it is obviously not a necessity of life. We could give it up entirely if we had to, or if for some reason it were worth while.

Since this is so, it is obvious that we can even better get along with any quantity less than a possible maximum, if for any reason that proves desirable. What I am trying to say here is that it is emphatically desirable if that maximum involves our wholesale destruction of our natural fauna. We must again remind ourselves that these are our salmon. In the final analysis, it is we who have the say-so as to what is to be done with them. We can permit our middlemen, the packers, to can them for us so we can eat them. We could even—if it were desirable, which, of course, it is not—decide to keep an open-air aquarium on a large scale and allow the whole species to swim abroad as a natural curiosity. No matter how thickly the issue is befogged, that is the rock bottom of the whole matter.

Let Other Animals Live

Since that is so, why in blazes are we even entertaining the idea that we want them all canned, and at the expense of any of our other property that may interfere? Are we so fond of canned salmon as all that? I do not believe we are. There are some three million or so of us who would cheerfully give up our quota for any good cause—we had all the goldfish we needed in the Army. I have no idea how many cases our bears and gulls and eagles and trout and seals eat in a year. But suppose it is a thousand, or ten thousand, or even a hundred thousand. Cannot we spare them to feed our fish and animals? If in some strange fashion it should become known that all these things were in imminent danger of starvation, and that they could only be saved by donations of canned salmon from our shelves, would not we all hasten to frisk the pantry for our contribution to so good a cause? Of course we would! And we would have canned-salmon drives, and luncheons at which captains of teams would report. We have bears in zoos, and we tax ourselves to feed them. We keep cages of sea gulls, and pools of seals, and aviaries of eagles, and aquariums of trout. And we feed them lavishly and expensively. Why in the name of all the gods, then, do we object to feeding them in the open, where they are a million times more

attractive and charming? What if it does cost us some cans of salmon to keep them in their natural state? They are our salmon, and by the sufferance of our regulations we decide how they shall be distributed. Let us, by these same regulations, distribute a small proportion of them for the benefit of something besides our stomachs

Of course, the great majority of us will never go to Alaska to see the bears and things, and any of us can go to the corner grocery. But it seems to me, somehow, that a world in which these things exist is a better world than one that becomes merely a factory for the fullest production of economic assets.

A lot of us never see any amount of things for the support of which we cheerfully pay taxes. Personally, I experience considerable satisfaction in the realization that certain things exist, that certain people are on earth, even though the exigencies of life make it probable I shall never see them again. It is time we began to take that point of view. And who knows when happy chance may bring us opportunity?

Without Weighing the Cost

I think that sentiment is growing. We are establishing more and more National Parks, to even the most accessible of which a very small percentage of us will ever go. We are setting aside bird refuges, game refuges, actuated almost wholly by the sentiment that our wild fowl and our animals should not be permitted to disappear. The one hundred and twenty millions of us are building things and planting things and saving things that only a few hundred thousand of us can hope to utilize and enjoy. We are edging nearer to a consciousness of ourselves as a unit rather than as individual self-seekers. There is no doubt that when that consciousness fully emerges we shall be able to look upon our property with a collective mind, and administer it as one would administer his own estate. In that consciousness we could not fail to realize that it would be silly to throw away our beautiful natural things—which, once destroyed, are gone and cannot be replaced—for the sake of squeezing out in the immediate present a few more cans of fish. Especially as we can with proper management have them anyway in a not too distant future. We could not fail to realize, too, that when the wild natural creatures go there is an emptiness which cannot be filled, for it is the emptiness of the commonplace.

It is very difficult for us to get away from the idea that there exists a compulsion to wring the last drop of economic return from any situation. Our history in the conquering of a wilderness continent has brought us to this frame of mind, as well as to a jealousy of individual rights that lets nothing stand in their way. It is sufficient for one man—perhaps incompetent—to turn loose a dozen cattle to impose on us an obligation to permit him, perhaps to aid him, to cut out or kill off anything whatever that he thinks interferes with them. It does not matter whether or not the venture is more than a wild experiment, whether or not there are millions of acres better adapted to the raising of cattle, whether or not we are already raising sufficient cattle elsewhere. We do not reflect that even if he succeeds to his fullest expectation, the numbers of cattle he can produce will be a mere nothing in the world's supply. If he thinks the bears are likely to kill his beef—whether they do or not—we open the season on bears for him and wipe them out. If the deer are, in his estimation, so numerous as seriously to reduce his winter feed, why, the deer must go. We not only permit but we encourage others to alter the whole balance of Nature on behalf of his colossal enterprise. And, in all probability, shortly he goes bust and moves out.

We have not paused to reflect on his chances of success, or whether, if he succeeds, it is really worth while. We have not balanced what he might possibly produce in the way of beef against the desirability of keeping things as they were. We are not that collective-minded as yet. All we have acknowledged is the compulsion to subordinate all things to the immediate economic asset. The only human obligation we have assumed is that of giving him free hand, no matter what the intrinsic importance of his undertaking. Nothing must stand in the way of his right to a clear field. Otherwise we would be inflicting a personal hardship. We do not pause to consider that his hardship is his own fault of judgment. We must permit him to find that out, no matter at what irretrievable cost to ourselves.

Take the case of the Kodiak Island bear. He is the biggest of the bear family. He is the most restricted in his range of any of the bear family. On Kodiak Island alone is he to be found in his purity of species, though his first cousins may be encountered on a very few other islands and a very small portion of the adjacent mainland. He is one of our greatest natural curiosities. We have a small number of him in cages here and there, where we preserve him very carefully and do not permit anyone to kill him. We have most of the rest of him on this comparatively small island off the Alaskan coast. There we permit anybody who wants to, to kill him under such liberal regulations that his numbers have been decreasing quite rapidly. But now there is a growing agitation to remove all regulation; to permit indiscriminate killing, with the idea of getting rid of him.

Let Them Squeal

Why? Because certain men or groups of men think they can raise cattle with advantage to themselves on Kodiak Island; and they believe, or profess to believe, that the bears will destroy the cattle. There are places all over the world, hundreds of thousands of square miles of them, where cattle are being raised, and hundreds of thousands of square miles more where they could be raised to better advantage than up near the Arctic Circle. There is just one place in the world where Kodiak bears can be raised, about a hundred miles long by sixty miles wide. If we had arrived at that point in evolution wherein we were capable of thinking with the collective mind, we would not hesitate for a moment in deciding the sensible thing to do. We would tell our would-be cattlemen to go elsewhere if they wanted to raise cattle; and we would keep our unique little island for our unique big bears, just as we keep apart a park in a city for a zoo.

That is only common sense, from the point of view of the collective mind. But let a few vociferate loudly enough about their right to make a living or the hardship inflicted upon them by not letting them have their own way, and we weakly give in to them. So firmly fixed is the point of view that a man establishes a right by his mere presence, no matter how unwarranted, that I confidently anticipate these few remarks of mine will draw some very indignant protests. Nevertheless, I maintain, as stoutly as I may, that if we had any really developed collective sense we would make of Kodiak Island a bear refuge for this unique species. We can afford a few thousand square miles of problematical beef country out of our considerable millions to preserve one of our ancient splendors of natural fauna.

But all that is not the immediate subject of this article, though it is distinctly relevant as an illustration. The point we were making, when these bears butted in, was that there really exists no compulsion to squeeze the last drop of the utilitarian out of any situation, when it has to be done at the expense of other desirable things.

Possessions We Cannot Replace

We are edging toward that point of view. The question is: Are we going to get to it in time? Or are we going to continue to kid ourselves along; to keep on looking for alibis and exhausting them one by one? And in that exhaustion destroy valuable properties of our own that can never be brought back? For, once we have killed our bears, they stay dead. Once we have taken our eagles from the air and our seals from the rocks, no amount of wishing will call them back from the shadows in which dwell our legends of the buffalo and the antelope and the wild pigeon. Once we have wiped its primeval freshness from the face of Nature, it remains fixed in the blankness of vacuity. We can breed more salmon, we can breed more beef, we apparently can manipulate at will the docile elements of Nature we have adopted into our economic scheme. But our pen-and-cage-bred game, and our park deer, and our menagerie bears, and our planted forests, and our trimmed and trained parks, and our pool-raised, liver-fed trout never quite synthesize the wilderness. These subtler things of the spirit are offered once. The choice is ours. They vanish forever at the arrogant handling of our megalomania; they dwell with us as friends of our broader understanding. We must realize that it is necessary to relinquish some small part—a very small part—of our hard-driving vision of our complete economic efficiency. In our insistence that "after all, these things are meant for man's use," we must acknowledge that there are other uses than the economic. Or it might be that a dash of humility would not disfigure the spectacle we present to an amused cosmos, so that we might permit certain subtler essences to live with us side by side, as equals, instead of under our dominance. Perhaps, even in our attitude toward our own importance, we are kidding ourselves along!

My impression is that such is the case. We are waking up to ourselves. But the process is very slow. May we complete it before it is too late; may we soften the lineaments of our iron god before we have laid at its feet in sacrifice precious possessions that we can never replace!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. White.

BEAUTIFUL VALLEY

(Continued from Page 15)

The look Bill gave me made me thankful I hadn't followed my first impulse and put Peggy's name in the sealed envelope. But the way was yet long before us.

Peggy leaned her cheek against Bill's damp arm.

She wore blue, almost backless; with lip rouge, sandals and snug hat similar to Rita's. She tossed the hat back on my lap and sent a kiss with it. Her fair hair was longer than Rita's and had a lazy wave in it.

"I'm miserable to have kept you waiting, you nice Bill. But I just simply didn't wake up. . . . Bill, I never in all my life saw such a wonderful car! This is your new one, isn't it? What a stunning surprise! I'll bet we could reach New York tomorrow afternoon in that, if you wanted to."

Bill glowed. "Sweet thing, get in," he said. "You're right. Want to drive?"

"Simply adore to. But I'd better watch you for a while first. I'll have to learn what all these pretty doodads are for."

It is remarkable what one degree south of the Mason and Dixon's can do in beguiling power for a woman's tongue.

"Awfully good shade of stockings, Cousin Jane," said Peggy, glancing back at my reactionary legs. "Can't tell you've got any on. Why waste the money?"

"Sis was born to waste money," said Bill.

"I won't have you slandered, Cousin Jane," championed Rita. "If you could see her mosquito bites, Bill, you'd buy her stockings by the box."

DOUBLE EASE . . .
DOUBLE COMFORT

BECAUSE OF DOUBLE-ACTION

WHERE ordinary shaving stops, a shave with Squibb's Shaving Cream only begins. For Squibb's now contains a newly perfected shaving ingredient that brings you swifter ease, greater comfort—that gives you a *double-action shave!*

Try it. Off come the whiskers, neatly and cleanly zipped—yet you scarcely feel the razor because your face is shielded by this soothing balm.

Then, stand by for an after comfort that's double any you've ever felt before. Your face feels superbly natural—alive! This ingredient also restores the vital oils essential to the skin.

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SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM

"But we all have mosquito bites," said Peggy. "Only you don't scratch them if you're economical enough."

"You're certainly winning Bill's heart, Peggy dear," I said.

"That's why I'm here." Peggy smiled softly back at me. "But Rita'll win out in the long run. She always does. Then she refuses them. And all my efforts are wasted!"

"Going to refuse me, Rita?" Bill asked, fringing a wabbly load of watermelons by a fraction of an inch.

"I probably won't live for that glad day," said Rita promptly. "Besides, I never decide till I'm asked."

But Bill wasn't listening, for Peggy was saying breathlessly, but admiringly, "Bill, you're certainly a wonderful driver—wonderful!"

Until 3:30 that afternoon Bill's new car gave a stunning performance. We flashed along so swiftly that the broken watermelons all along the way gave the effect of a roadside bordered with tropical crimson flowers. We went so fast that we passed the lakeside town where we had expected to lunch, more than an hour before lunchtime. Peggy suggested gently that we might stop anyway. She had had no breakfast. But she didn't mention that.

"Plenty of places to lunch farther on," said Bill. "Any amount of farmhouses. More interesting to see the people of the country. From now on we'll see better country all the time."

Of the two girls, Rita was rather more pleasingly observant than Peggy. Bill, as is not unique in the male, likes his guests to evince enthusiasm. And as we skimmed northward Rita observed that, though the persistent Florida pines still traveled with us, the flat country was climbing into softly rolling hills; that the streams, heavy with purple hyacinths and lilies, were giving way to hill-lifted lakes; and that orange groves were far more frequent, dark green and beautiful on the lazy slopes.

"I've never realized what a nature lover you are, Rita," said Peggy, languidly keen. "One thing, though, you haven't mentioned. That's these enormous trees like big umbrellas in the back yard of every cabin. . . . Now, Bill, please notice what an interest I'm taking too."

"I'm noticing everything, Peggy," he told her. "This is the most earnestly watchful trip of my life. Those are umbrella trees. The darkies love 'em. And they grow better for darkies than for anybody else. Tomorrow you'll see really beautiful country . . . and you don't notice the heat much, do you?"

"Not so much as my hunger. Are we going to get to one of your plenty of places to eat pretty soon? They seem to be dying out."

At 2:30 we stopped in a sun-struck village of twin filling stations and partook of thick white unbuttered sandwiches and cold but slightly sour milk. Here again Rita scored.

"What's the difference?" she mumbled, feasting courageously. "The gastric juice always sours milk, anyhow, the instant they meet."

Peggy, however, remained firmly and fastidiously abstemious. And Bill beamed on Rita.

"I can't drink sour milk, even if I'm banished for it," Peggy announced, climbing into the back seat with me.

Rita drove. We were going smoothly at about seventy miles when a sudden fearful thunder reverberated under the long, shining hood.

Rita switched off the engine. The thunder echoed into silence. No one spoke. Silently we glided to rest on a recent sand fill. There was no shade.

"They all do it," said Rita.

Bill leaned forward in a listening attitude, though there was nothing left to listen to. Bill is not mechanical. "Fan belt," he said. "Hang it."

"Fan belt, your hat," said Rita. "That, big boy, is a burnt-out bearing."

"I can see you're going to be a great comfort," said Bill, disembarking.

"I'm not going to be anything. I'm going to flag a freight or the first car that catches up with us."

"It does sound like the last noise Mike's car made," Peggy gently remembered. "But perhaps something just fell off. The time that Mike's carburetor or something dropped off into the engine it made a terrific noise, too; don't you remember?"

"Nothing like this," said Rita. "You see, Cousin Jane, the mechanics in this country don't understand these cars. And the oil systems clog up. Then the bearings burn out. Then we appreciate home industries."

I put my finger on my lips and leaned out to give Bill his hat. My husband was an Aldrich, and my sons are Aldriches. I never advise a male.

"Bill, Cousin Jane thinks you're sensitive about this secondhand chariot. You're not, are you? Because, really, it'll be cheapest to bury it right here."

"We'll go, all of us," said Bill, "to New York in this car, if it takes three months and three murders."

"Two murders'll be ample, Bill," Peggy assured him sweetly. "I wouldn't mind being towed all the way in this car. Then more people could admire and envy me. As it was, we went so fast nobody saw us."

Bill was too warmly occupied under the hood to acknowledge this tribute, but I knew Peggy was gaining ground every time she opened her mouth.

"Start the engine," he commanded Rita.

"Worst thing you could do," said Rita in a voice of irritating omniscience.

"Start her!" said Bill.

"I won't," said Rita. "Ruin her yourself, villain." Though irritating, her voice carried conviction.

"Rita's terribly intuitive about machinery," Peggy advised inoffensively. "She can even fix plumbing."

"Sis, we haven't had any wisdom from you yet," said Bill. "What do you think?"

"I don't think at all," I evaded accusingly. "I'm too busy perspiring. But here comes a penitentiary. Let's ask it to take us with it."

Bill hailed the truckful of road-working convicts, and though he did it blithely, I well knew what thorns pierced his pride. One of the guards, a pistol on each hip and a pipe in his mouth, sauntered over and listened knowingly to Bill's recital.

"Burnt-out bearing," he said, and spat. "We'll tow you into Beau Vue. You're lucky. Best garage there in the country. Old man Binner'll fix you up. . . . Hi, boys, hitch this baby on behind."

On our well-audienced way to the village of Beau Vue, Peggy discovered the tiny locked door behind the folded rug. "This car's as mysterious as an old castle. Here's a concealed compartment. And locked. What do you reckon's in it, Cousin Jane?"

"I know," I said. "A winter in Europe."

"She means," said Bill, "a winter in New York."

Rita had leaned back to examine it. "Clever. Let's unlock a little winter, Bill. We could stand some cool weather, foreign or domestic. How do you open it?"

"You don't," said Bill. "The key's in New York. And don't be led by your mechanical intuition into picking the lock."

"Funny," mused Rita, "how in all matters except one, men prefer women to be wrong. Bill, old dear, why must you hate me because I wouldn't mangle up the poor engine worse than it is? Do forgive me for being right." Mockingly contrite, she kissed his unturning cheek. Ordinarily I'm certain that Bill isn't averse to unexpected kisses. But the interested truckful of our striped Samaritans was vastly and audibly entertained. Bill reddened—almost a miracle with him—and said nothing—still more of a miracle.

"I have embarrassed it," said Rita in a voice of wonder. "Bill, your youthful charm undoes me. I'm afraid I can't resist kissing you again."

"I wish you wouldn't," Bill said. And we were all uncomfortable. Peggy recovered first.

"Rita, this ought to establish my theory as a working principle. You see, Rita believes in freedom of expression. She will kiss men whenever she feels like it. But I "

"—— exhibit more control, praise God," said Bill.

"Yes, Peggy believes in letting men kiss her whenever they feel like it"—there was a sharp note under Rita's banter. "Perhaps there's more to be gained by it."

"Infinitely more," said Bill. "Peggy, will you go walking with me this evening?"

"Hopefully, if there's any place to walk in the city of Beau Vue."

"There will be," said Rita. "It sounds most promising for the dominating male. Even the view is masculine."

"You girls will go on to Jacksonville for the night."

"Never," said both girls with one voice. No one noticed my silence.

"I hope there's an electric fan," I said.

"If there isn't, Cousin Jane," Rita promised, "I'll sit up and fan you."

"You're not so bad," Bill relented. "When we have less of an audience, you may kiss me again."

Both girls evinced a charming enthusiasm over the town of Beau Vue. Our striped escorts left us in the middle of an empty and enormous galvanized tin temple, labeled in red letters Binner Garage. A German mechanic telephoned for Mr. Binner, who proved a delightful and comforting character. His German mechanic knew exactly what had to be done, and Mr. Binner knew exactly what to do with us. He was the mayor of Beau Vue, the banker of Beau Vue, and the proprietor of the white, wide-verandaed hotel. He liked Rita immediately.

"No, you're right, miss. I'm no cracker. I came here from Maine twenty years ago, and I liked it so well I just stayed. Boom didn't do much to us; built this garage and widened Main Street and excited us a little. Few fool promoters from Michigan kind of got control of the city council and changed the name from Oak Center to Beau Vue. Outside of that, though, we kept our heads pretty well. Biggest problem the council's got is to keep the lake clean of those hyacinths. We cut the weeds every fall before the tourists come, and it's a right pretty little town. Like to drive around and look it over?"

"Just a moment, Rita," Bill firmly interrupted. "Before you take Mr. Binner away, there's the little matter of this car to be "

"Oh, Herman will see to that," said Mr. Binner. "He'll probably have to get parts from Jax, but you can trust it to Herman. I'll drive you up to the hotel."

We were the only transients at Mr. Binner's hotel. The long-closed rooms smelled so distinctively of the past that I determined to sit up all night in one of the green wooden rockers on the veranda. Mr. Binner admonished the coatless clerk to have a splendid dinner for us. We had beef stew and warm cabbage slaw and a dessert with hot chocolate sauce. And the mercury stood staunchly at ninety-two.

After our survival, I suggested a game of contract.

"Sorry," said Bill, "but I've a previous engagement with Peggy."

Peggy, prettily weary as a wilting peony, looked faintly pleased, but did not rise from the green rocker.

"Stick by your principles, Peggy," Rita encouraged her. "Bill feels like kissing you, and perhaps it's cooler by the lake."

Nothing disconcerted, Bill and Peggy sauntered off under the moss-hung oaks, much after the maligned manner of lovers in what the girls call the "maudlin" days of my own youth, when frankness had not reached the appalling state of perfection which this generation approves.

"Cousin Jane, what's the low-down on that combination? It seriously looks to me like the stuff of which legal marriages are made."

I gave her a sharp glance, which she met like a little Spanish sphinx.

"Why, Rita; is Peggy seriously in love with Bill? I never think of you girls as being serious about anything."

"Well, naturally, she wouldn't be serious about love until she's serious about marriage. Girls aren't as emotionally extravagant as they used to be. But I can't think of anyone who'd suit Peggy so well as Bill. And I'll certainly never forgive us for dragging you on this fearful jaunt if it doesn't accomplish anything."

"'Fearful'?" I said. "My Lord, I thought you were both passionately devoted to educational motoring!"

"In this weather! Dear Cousin Jane, whatever you think us, we're still human, you know. I can assure you that nothing but the most lovingly altruistic motives kept me from flying to New York with Jerry Miles in his new plane."

"I think Jerry asked Peggy too," I said.

"He did, before he asked me. When she turned him down for this trip with Bill, I decided Peggy needed help."

"Then I should certainly think the best way to have given it was to go with Jerry and leave her a free field."

"You flatter me, darling. The more men see of me, if they're inclined toward Peggy, the more positive they become for Peggy. But this Aldrich brother-in-law of yours doesn't quite fit the pattern. If you think he doesn't seem definitely purposeful, I'm never going to waste my life trying to get to New York in that dressy car."

"Bill always seems purposeful with pretty women, Rita. But to tell you the truth, I think he's exactly as fond of you as he is of Peggy. If she doesn't succeed, why not exert your teamwork in your behalf?"

Rita was so oblivious to any sarcasm on my part that I was ashamed of having intended any.

"I've had my turn. I was a lot stronger for Bill at first than Peggy was. In fact, I was quite ready to present my finger for one of his grandmother's diamonds. He's such a comfortable soul. And of course he is a bit old for Peggy."

"My husband was ten years older than I."

"But you're not Peggy's type."

"Am I yours?"

"You would have been if you'd waited a few years longer to be born. But you're rather nice, even if you are my type. It's awfully decent of you to take this trip on our account."

"I'm not." I felt obliged to correct this in part. "I'm taking it on my own account. For one thing, I won't have to loan money to the one who marries Bill. And for another, I made it plain to him that I wasn't chaperoning you for pleasure alone."

"Oh, that's the trip to Europe, is it?"

"Exactly," I said.

"But what's the winter in New York?"

"Oh, Bill and I made a wager about—the time it would take us to make this trip. If he wins, I stay at home."

"You'll go. That car will be stopping at every garage on the road. Those foreign cars smell garages like bloodhounds. Why, here come our walkers already. Bill probably wants his camera."

"No, it's mosquitoes. I knew they wouldn't walk long. Now we can have some contract."

Bill enjoys good bridge—"a sign of age," Peggy says, who plays a deplorable game. By the time we went up to bed, where gigantic ants were exploring our toilet things on the bureaus, Rita had won eleven dollars.

"What's the last bulletin on your winter in Europe, sis?" Bill called through the partition.

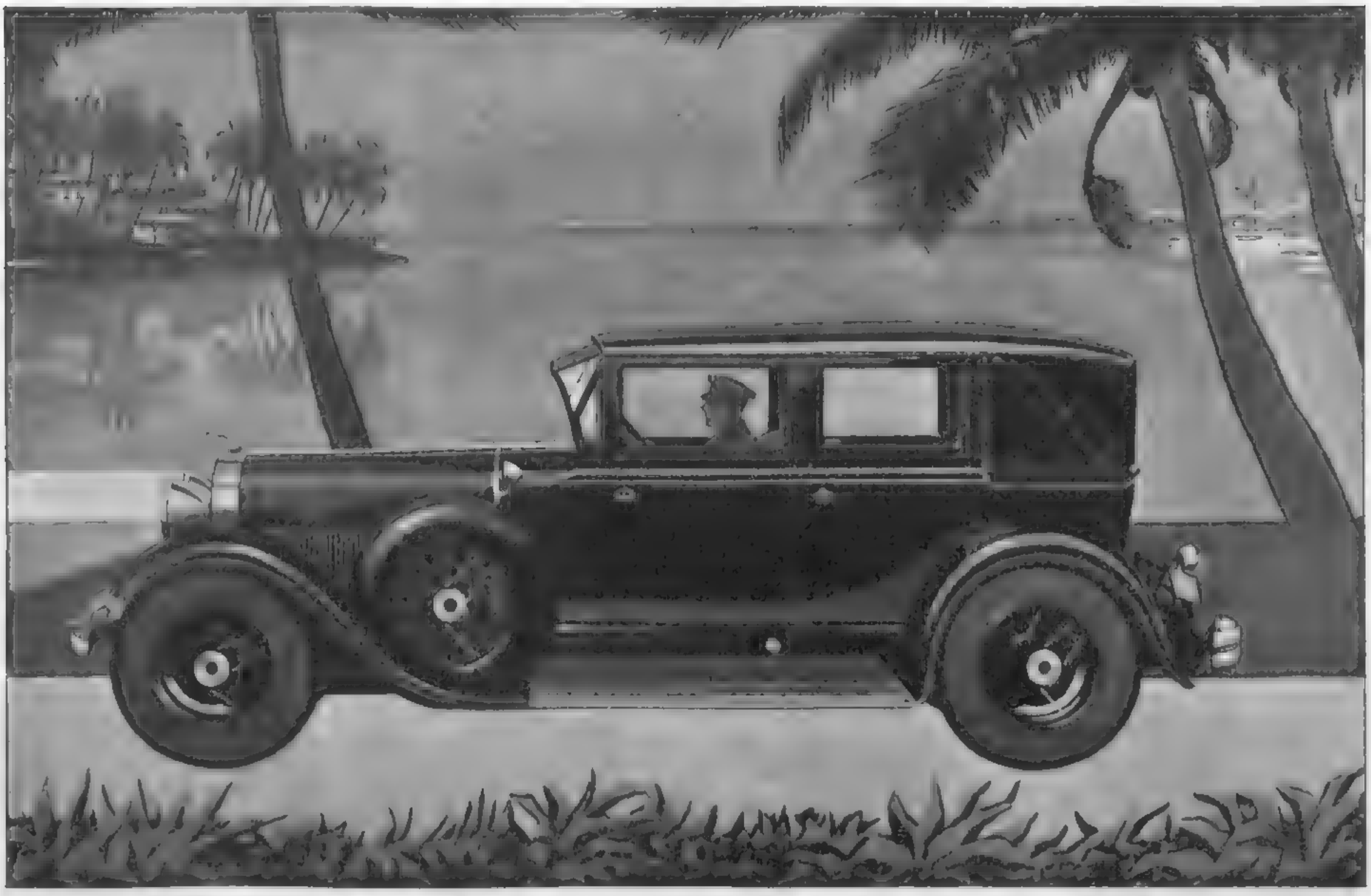
"I'm spending it expensively in the Alps," I said firmly, "where it never gets above zero."

"Not unless Bill gives his beautiful hearse away and buys a car," called Rita, en route to the communal bathroom. "You're more apt to spend it in the Shenandoah Valley."

Bill isn't naturally retaliative, but his cars lie with his cameras in his heart. "If you'd watched the oil gauge, señorita, when you were driving seventy miles an hour,

(Continued on Page 73)

ITS BEAUTY REFLECTS THE CHARACTER OF LINCOLN CRAFTSMANSHIP



The Judkins Two-window Berline, seating six people in luxurious comfort, is fully adaptable to both owner and chauffeur driven use

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Your local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 70)

we'd have seen the Shenandoah tomorrow night."

"You can't put over anything like that, Bill, on a poor girl with a past like mine. I learned about those cars from Mike's. The more you watch them the less you see. What time tomorrow evening will we start again?"

"We'll start tomorrow morning at 7:30. Those who are ready will leave and those who aren't will follow!" This was yelled through the partition, but Peggy didn't raise her golden head from the pillow.

In the morning our shining coach was waiting for us, attended by the royally remunerated mechanic who had worked all night on the car of his country land. But this time it was Rita who delayed us. When Peggy and I woke up, Rita had fled. Her closed bag sat by the door.

"Is she given to nocturnal absences?" Bill grimly inquired.

Under pressure, Peggy divulged that Rita and Mr. Binner had made a sunrise engagement to drive to some near-by mineral springs where the goldfish were bright blue. "Rita takes such an interest in things," Peggy tactfully expressed it. "Now, I couldn't get up at five o'clock to see goldfish, no matter how unnatural they were."

"Nor could any normal woman," said Bill almost bitterly. "Goldfish and Binner! I'll go get the bags in. We'll leave her here with her *Burgemeister*."

Peggy's placid beauty seemed stirred by some emotion which I'm not modern enough to understand. At first I thought it was depression; then it seemed to be delight.

"Cousin Jane, I do believe Bill's annoyed. Don't you think that's an awfully good sign that he's serious about Rita?"

"Perhaps. Bill always gets very serious when he's trying to escape women."

"Cousin Jane!" In her consternation, Peggy put her hat on backward. "For heaven's sake don't tell me you think we may be taking this terrible trip for nothing!"

And Peggy proceeded with an almost perfect duplicate of Rita's altruistic confidences of the evening before.

"I never prophesy about Bill," I said. "I think he's in love with both of you. As I told Rita, Bill's wife must be ready to face the world with a camera in one hand and a road map in the other." A siren sounded outside.

"Thank the Lord!" said Peggy from the front window. "Rita's here. Really, I think I can't bear it if they don't discover they're meant for each other. But Rita does detest poor machinery."

The car, however, with the exception of a slight tapping which annoyed Rita, though the rest of us pretended not to hear it, left the miles miraculously behind us. My eyes stung and my nose grew red and shining. But the girls were only prettier from the slapping of the hot wind.

"How about running down to St. Augustine and having a look at the Spanish ruins?" Bill suggested as we flashed into the outskirts of Jacksonville.

"I think it would be lovely," said Peggy, imploring me with distressed violet eyes over Bill's shoulder.

"Great," said Rita, and whispered, "Save us," in my ear. I was quite willing to rescue them.

"St. Augustine wasn't in our bargain, Bill, and I won't go. Save it for your honeymoon trip. It ruined mine. Your brother fell off one of the walls and broke a front tooth. You'll have enough fun today in the old cemetery, without doing any Spanish ruins."

"A cemetery does sound more restful," said Peggy. "I love them."

"This ought to be a good one," Bill said, pleased. "Jack Payne told me it hadn't been exploited much yet. Some jolly old epitaphs. We'll have time for a couple of hours there, and get into Savannah for dinner. Pretty country through here, don't you think?"

"So many more trees," said Rita. "At least I suppose it's trees making the green blur. You better glance at the speedometer occasionally, Bill, as well as the oil gauge in that galaxy of gadgets."

"Why, Bill, I don't believe the speedometer's working," said Peggy.

Bill slowed the car, accelerated it, slowed it. He and Peggy talked. Rita kept silent, but her thoughts on the subject needed no audibility.

She remarked to me in a detached manner that the red soil of Georgia was a beautiful color and that it was nice to stop occasionally in order to get some idea of the country we were passing through. Bill ignored her.

"But, Bill dear," Peggy was saying comfortingly, "the speedometer doesn't make the slightest difference in the running of the engine, does it?"

"Not the slightest. We'll have it fixed in Savannah. That Dutchman probably forgot to tighten a bolt somewhere."

"Would it matter if it fell off into the engine? I remember that something in Mike's car fell off and ——"

"That was an oil can, Peggy," Rita was driven to explain. "The speedometer can't fall into the engine. It isn't being done. How many miles does it register, Bill?"

"Ten thousand. Hank swore he'd only driven it around town for a week or so."

"Then," said Rita knowingly, but this time not irritatingly, "it's probably an automatic thing that's stuck. Or else it has to be turned back. When we get to your cemetery I think I can fix it."

"Rita can take her own car apart and put it together like a house of blocks," Peggy loyally recommended, and I began to suspect that Peggy was not unaware of the great natural aversion men have for feminine efficiency.

I would have stayed with Rita, but Bill and Peggy insisted that I enjoy the cemetery with them. Drizzles of rain interspersed the humid smiles of sunshine and permanently spotted my new felt hat, but I shall always remember pleasantly the beauty of that old burying ground in Midway, Georgia. The dead must lie most peacefully there under the great trees. The old high brick wall is crumbling and the beautiful hand-wrought iron palings are falling, and many graves lie unnamed and lost even to the memory of the old darky sexton who has watched them for a lifetime. But there is an intangible survival of spirit there, as in many ruins of the old South, that surpasses sadness and material decay. We found cypress slabs dating from 1770, and Bill took pictures of them all while Peggy copied the quaint, devout epitaphs and I protected her bare legs from mosquitoes with a locust switch.

Rita joined us as Peggy was finishing the last epitaph. I had never seen her look prettier. Her cheeks were flushed with triumph and her dark eyes glowed. With the assistance of an admiring, drawling young farmer, she had revived the speedometer, but Bill's only expression of gratitude was: "Why don't you open a machine shop, Rita?"

"Because, futile as you no doubt consider it, I still think it will be easier to marry a living than to make one. Show me the oldest grave and let's travel."

While I was taking a snapshot of Bill and the two girls posed attractively beside the oldest grave, the old black sexton apologetically gave way to his curiosity: "Yuh sho has got two powerful pretty chillun, ma'am. Will you excuse me fer bein' so inquisitorial as to ask which of 'em the young gemp'um is courtin'?"

"That's what he's trying to find out, himself, uncle. Which one would you guess?"

Uncle deliberately guessed Peggy, but he supplemented cannily, "But whichever one he done takes, he's gwine to be powerful likely to sorrow for t'other."

I told this to Bill that night at Savannah—that is, I told him part of it. There are limits to age indifference. If I looked old enough to be the mother of my young cousins, I was getting careless. That night I was more careful.

"So he guessed Peggy, did he?" said Bill. "Oh, well, he's not so good. He guessed you were her mother, for that matter."

"I wasn't going to tell you that part. Do I look any better tonight?"

"I never notice any difference in you, sis. You do if rouge and lipstick add to the score. I like you without 'em, myself. Except that you do usually look a bit despondent when you think you're going to lose a bet."

"I'm winning a bet this week, you know," I reminded him.

"No, I don't know. Many an old abstainer like myself has gone polygamous with far less provocation. If you've guessed the future Mrs. Aldrich, it'll be because of the luck of the undeserving."

I felt guilty, but pleasantly so. It would have been nerve wrecking if I had risked spending a winter in my sunless New York apartment on any such uncertainty as was obviously baffling poor Bill. He fluctuated between the femininely flattering Peggy and the spiritedly independent Rita like a well-preserved autumn leaf discovered by the fitful gales of a succeeding spring.

The next day, which we spent skidding across the state of South Carolina, went to Rita. Cheerful and unperturbed, she sat beside him in a scarlet raincoat, chatting brightly while we veered from one brink of eternity to another on the wet red hills, with Peggy screaming with true Southern fervor for every skid.

"'Through rolling country with some peach orchards and cornfields, but principally devoted to cotton,'" Rita read from the road map. "Doesn't say a thing about detours, and surely this state must lead the nation in them. We're now on a detour of a detour of a detour of a detour."

"If we can only stay on it," wailed Peggy. "I prefer even a detour to the grave. Let's slow down to fifty miles, Bill. What if you do lose your old bet? . . . Cousin Jane, plead with him. I should think a winter in New York would be equally as interesting as one in Lexington beside Stonewall Jackson. That's our next good cemetery, isn't it?"

I explained hastily into Bill's attentive but unturning ear that I had told the girls about our wager on reaching New York in a week's time.

"I never make bets to lose them," Bill's voice was almost paternally impatient. "Roads get worse instead of better in a rain like this. We may as well get over them as fast as we can. Isn't very rough back there, is it?"

"We'll never be the same, internally, again," said Peggy bleakly; "but these springs are certainly splendid; they rearrange you painlessly."

"Of course. This is a good car. What d'you think of her now, Rita?"

"I'm not committing myself. There's sort of a drag in that back left wh——"

"Bah," said Bill, and drove faster.

Early that evening we reached Charlotte, North Carolina, a glowing city even in the gray rain, brisk with its industries. Bill and Rita went to the movies. Peggy wrote a letter to Jerry Miles.

If I had put Rita's name in the envelope I would have felt secure that night. But the next day was Peggy's. We had sped into old Virginia, crossing an antiquated man-pulled ferry that excited Bill's photographic ardor to the extent of all twelve films. We began to see our first hayfields and meadows of Queen Anne's lace, and hillsides of gnarled old apple trees, and bright green patches of tobacco.

Bill had just said, "Well, sis, isn't a day like this worth any amount of perspiration?" when something peculiar—an eerie sensation of all not being to the good—came over us. We were on level ground, but our speed began to diminish. The quiet engine loudened as Bill increased the gas. A dejected car that we had just passed, passed us. Rita met my gaze with an ironic grin and pointed downward. Peggy was gazing down at Bill's feet as they busied themselves with the clutch and brake. Rita hummed.

"Delve into your past, Rita, and drag out the answer to this," Bill finally said, as a small knoll completely stopped our progress.

"Your rear axle has passed out; probably cracked it in some of those chug holes yesterday."

"Why, I don't see how that could be; it didn't seem very rough," said Peggy with a comforting lapse of memory.

"It couldn't be," said Bill, with his heart in the glance he bestowed on her.

But it was. Roanoke was our headquarters during the axle episode. The things that Rita and Bill said to each other while we were being towed to that venerable city have no place in Romance, no matter how modern.

I thought I detected a faint look of satisfaction in Peggy's serene blue eyes, and I felt that, whatever Rita might be doing, Peggy was working for herself alone. But Rita found Roanoke a place of such superlatively good welding plants and machine shops that she developed, in repairing the car, an affection for it scarcely second to Bill's own. And from that time on Peggy gained no advantage.

The delay caused us to miss no one of the sights dear to tourists; we only saw them faster. Natural bridges, historical tombs, underground caverns without number or end, sunny cemeteries raising shining shafts to the memory of Confederate heroes, musty museum rooms full of gallant mementos, battlegrounds, monuments, statues and arches—all went by in a kaleidoscopic maze.

"On the square now, girls," said Bill a trifle anxiously at the end of the week, "hasn't it been a pretty good week, after all?" We were driving slowly enough to talk, because in the Hudson Tunnel a legal pace is watchfully insisted on.

"It's been a simply wonderful week, Bill," said Peggy; "but then, I knew it would be."

"I didn't," said Rita. "I thought it would be a blight. But you're a great Americanizer, Bill, in spite of your taste in automobiles. Your trip's made a patriot out of me. Cousin Jane's your only unconverted."

"No, I joined the ranks, too," I capitulated, "during the hour I sat in front of Lee's statue at Gettysburg. It's the only statue I ever saw that I didn't wish the money it cost could have gone into hospitals for cripples and waifs. I'd like to take all the sick souls I know to see that statue of Lee. There's something about it that heals the spirit and lifts the heart."

Bill twisted his long neck and gave me a brief, approving glance; rarely does he look so pleased with me.

"Take you down there sometime this winter, Jane, to break the monotony of your season in New York. I like to look at Lee myself."

"I've a hunch," said Rita, "that there's more to this winter-in-New-York bet of yours and Cousin Jane's than you've told us poor girls."

"Infinitely more," Bill said. "We'll tell you about it day after tomorrow."

They dropped me first, at my remodeled Ninth Street apartment, for the girls lived further uptown. Bill thrust my bags in the elevator and bade me good-by without ceremony. "I'll come down later and see if you're lucky."

"I'm better than lucky. I'm sure," I said, but Bill had eagerly returned to the waiting car.

It was a bleak homecoming. My rooms hadn't been opened as I had ordered, there was a message from my cook saying she was ill and intended to be for another week; my maid was detained in Maine by a dying mother, and there were no usual welcoming telegrams from my two boys. The only comfort in the wretched musty place was the thick envelope from Florida that held the little key to my winter in Europe. I skinned the dust cover off the big chair by the curtainless window and sat down with it in my hands. For the first time I wasn't in the least ashamed of my clever advantage in the wager. I hadn't any more idea than a field mouse whether Bill's final inclination was for Rita or for Peggy. And it

piqued me, somehow. I felt I deserved to get the best of him.

There were letters from both my boys. They both wanted money. The elder of the two wrote:

. . . By the way, I've found me a girl friend, a nice kid. You ought to like her; she's got the same good-guy grin and honest complexion that you have. No compliment. Just natural admiration. I don't expect to marry her. But I might, at that. Please brush up the little old apartment and ask her down for the week-end. She's Janet Eames. You know her tribe, I guess.

I read this again and again, with wet and wetter eyes. My baby—with a girl friend—whom he might marry. I was feeling older than grandmother had looked under her robe of roses, and I hadn't even got my hat off my weary head when Bill telephoned from the desk downstairs.

I began to tell him that I had no cook, no food, no welcome. But the voice of a man in love is an undiscourageable thing.

"Never mind. I'll take you to dinner somewhere; a good dinner too. A man of my age can afford to celebrate his first proposal charitably. Hey! Don't forget the key."

I didn't even powder my nose, or look at it. There are times when vicarious romance can be peculiarly distasteful. Bill's gray eyes were as glowing and enthusiastic as my young son's probably were, somewhere, beaming on his girl friend.

Bill had his driver.

"I'm so tired of this car I could cry," I told Bill as he pushed me into the back seat and got in beside me. "We'd best have dinner before you open that safe, for if you lose your bet it'll spoil your dinner for you. Mine's spoiled anyhow. Your namesake, William, my son, whom I've looked upon as an infant, is well on his way toward making me a grandmother. It's almost more than I can bear—after this horrible week of being treated like a matriarch."

"You're tired, old thing," said Bill kindly.

"Tired! I'm ready for the grave. Where in heaven's name are we going? Haven't you had enough motoring for a few minutes?"

"I foolishly thought," said Bill in a sincerely aggrieved voice, "that you were interested in my—romantic affairs."

"I am," I said. "But after seventeen years they pall occasionally. Here, take this key and let's have it over. I'm afraid you may not take my gift for prophecy very gracefully. Have you actually proposed?"

"I have. By a very proper little note, I think I'll have my answer, let us hope a favorable one, when I get home tonight." He was unlocking the tiny door.

"Wait," I said. "Before you see the name I wrote, suppose you declare your honorable intentions."

"Oh, I'm ready for you, my dear Jane. My business dealings with you have made me wary. I've put her name down in black and white. Here you are."

He took a folded sheet of paper from his pocket and I waited to open it until he had torn open the envelope. I had to loan him a hairpin to tear the seal I had so carefully closed.

"Forgive me," I said, when he didn't look up from the "Marguerite West" I had written. "It was a dirty trick, Bill, but I couldn't risk staying in that dank apartment all winter."

Bill, staring at his paper, got faintly red, and I knew he was furious at such poor sportsmanship.

"Poor old Jane," he said without looking up, "to double-cross me—and still lose."

Then I remembered to look at the paper he had given me. It said:

For fifteen years there has been only one woman in the world for me. Her name is Jane Aldrich. Will she marry me?

"Well, old girl," said Bill finally in a hatefully complacent voice, "who wins?"

"Where did you pick up the idea," I managed to say, "that Jane Aldrich gives a hang about you?"

"From a woman who never made a mistake in her ninety-seven years. Grandmother. Her farewell admonition was, 'Bill, you tall idiot, Jane loves you. And if you don't marry her, I swear I'll get well and disinherit you.' So I thought I could afford even a winter in Europe better than that."

"No," I said. "You've won honestly. And we'll stay in New York. And you know, I think I'd rather like to motor down the Shenandoah Valley for our wedding trip."

Bill kissed me gratefully. "It is a beautiful valley, now, isn't it?" he said.

THE BULL MARKET IN ANTIQUES

(Continued from Page 11)

of a Chippendale carved-walnut side chair—"open back with swept whorl top rail terminating in unusual volutes and centering a branch of honeysuckle; graceful perforated strap-scrolled vase splat. Slip seat in molded seat frame, on cabriole legs carved at the knees with a cartouched cabochon and leafage, and terminating in claw-and-ball feet"—made, the catalogue conjectures, in Philadelphia around 1760. It is my own conjecture, since the design of the back splat is very similar to that found on many English Chippendale chairs, that this chair was made from one of Chippendale's own designs. This one chair sold for $4600 at the Reifsnyder sale.

In the most recent catalogue of the American cabinetmaker is a half-tone reproduction of a chair that is identical in almost every detail with the $4600 Reifsnyder chair. The cabinetmaker will produce this chair for $118. For $125 he will add flutings to the back. For $150 he will make an armchair of the same design, fluted and fully carved.

This cabinetmaker, like the best eighteenth-century cabinetmakers, is extremely proud of his work. All his cabinet work is hand fitted with deep mortise and tenon. His chairs are finished with five, six and seven coats of shellac or beeswax. He would no more consider wearing down portions of woodwork in imitation of antique woodwork than a cabinetmaker of 1779 would have considered doing such a thing.

Heirlooms for Your Children

It is my fixed belief, in view of the bull market on antiques—and I fully expect that the advancing of the opinion will make me the target for large numbers of lemon pies, mud balls, old shoes and imitation millefiori paper weights that have been purchased as genuine by half-baked collectors—that 95 per cent of the bull-market suckers who now play the antique market would display more acumen, more good taste and more consideration for the general welfare of their descendants if they would spend less time among mediocre antiques and more time in the selection of high-grade cabinet work.

On Pages 260 and 261 of the catalogue of the Reifsnyder sale is a picture and a description of the $44,000 highboy. An almost identical highboy, whose slight differences seem to me an improvement in design over the $44,000 highboy, is pictured in the catalogue of the cabinetmaker to whom I have already referred. This highboy, solidly constructed out of the best obtainable mahogany, perfectly made and perfectly carved and perfectly finished, sells for $875.

In my journeyings in antique circles in recent years, I have repeatedly seen nondescript antique highboys with patched legs, new brasses, repaired drawer edges and replaced moldings; and I have seen them sell for $600, for $800, for $1200.

To those who contend that an antique possesses an aura or atmosphere that cannot possibly emanate from a reproduction, I would reply that the same sort of vocal hooey is dispensed in all real-estate booms. I have a friend with a strongly developed leaning toward fine antique furniture. Some of this friend's furniture has been inherited from distinguished ancestors, and some has been purchased. One of her most highly prized possessions is a Chippendale chair which her grandmother commissioned a cabinetmaker to make in 1860. Strictly speaking, this is not an antique—though it is my impression that if one wishes to push any antique expert into deep water and keep him floundering far beyond his depth, one needs only to question him closely as to what constitutes an antique. Nevertheless, the Chippendale chair made in 1860 is prized both as an antique and as an heirloom by my friend, and will be similarly prized by her children.

Now that I am fully committed to tossing off unpopular opinions, I hasten to remark in passing that any present-day individual—John D. Anybody, for example—will be more highly respected by his children and his grandchildren if he has the good taste to leave behind him a few fine pieces made by a fine modern cabinetmaker than if he leaves behind him a battered assortment of sleigh seats, tavern tables, hooked rugs, Currier & Ives prints, sandwich glass, bureaus with replaced inlay and new brasses, and other antiques that have been pushed to unjustifiable heights by the bull market. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Anybody's grandchildren, if not totally lacking in education, taste and good sense, will regard the work of the cabinetmaker as highly prized antiques that clearly indicate grandpa's mental caliber and social status, whereas the sleigh seats, the cup plates and other similar *bijoux* will be gracing the kitchen middens and the storerooms of the Transatlantic Air Liner Era.

It must be understood that as many brains, if not more brains, are needed to select a cabinetmaker and choose the proper sort of furniture that he shall make as are needed to walk into an antique shop and buy a line of the goods that are dispensed to present-day bull-market buyers. American antiques are now held at such inflated prices by boom-bitten owners that many American dealers have stocked their shops heavily with somewhat inferior English antiques. It has been estimated by a furniture appraiser in the American customs service that 25 per cent of imported English antiques are fakes, that 75 per cent of imported French antiques are fakes, and that 90 per cent or more of Italian antiques are fakes. After a somewhat extensive browsing among English antique shops, it is my belief that of the millions of dollars' worth of English antiques yearly brought to America to be passed on to boom-bitten American collectors, a large per cent are either faked or are carrying extensive replacements that make them far less desirable than good modern reproductions.

A Crack in the Market

Anybody at all can buy these doctored goods, but to order intelligently from a cabinetmaker, one must be thoroughly familiar with the best types of furniture—furniture that will be a lasting and welcome ornament to any home, large or small, rich or poor. Fortunately, the art museums of America have recognized that the work of master craftsmen is as worthy of preservation and display as fine sculpture or fine painting. Consequently, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, in the Philadelphia Art Museum, and in many other museums throughout the country, the seeker after furniture perfection may see the finest products of the early English and American cabinetmakers. From these museums, from catalogues and from books, he can learn what is good; and having learned, he is equipped to call on a cabinetmaker.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that there is a slight cracking at the edges of the big antique bull market. There was a time, not long ago, when the small glass plates known as cup plates were considered quite the thing among antique collectors. Large sums frequently changed hands for these plates, which were about half the size of butter plates, and singularly devoid, from my viewpoint, of usefulness or beauty. For the past year or two, however, I have noticed that a number of dealers are unable to move, as the saying goes, their cup plates. Some of them have drawers full of cup plates, but when they call the attention of collectors to these little *bijouteries*, the collectors stare at them blankly and disinterestedly, and pass heartlessly on.

There were no cup plates in the Reifsnyder sale, unfortunately, so that the bottom is probably permanently out of the cup-plate market. There were a few handsome hooked rugs in the Reifsnyder sale, but I have yet to hear an antique dealer emitting a noisy bellow concerning the hooked-rug prices at that auction, as they so frequently do concerning the prices which obtained on Chippendale chairs and highboys. This is a matter that deserves some study by students of market trends; for hooked-rug dealers have been so inflamed by the antique boom that they have marked the prices of hooked rugs up and up and up. They have been known to ask $100, $200 for small rugs; $1000, $2000, and even $5000 for large, antique hooked rugs. And bull-market buyers have paid the price, as happens in all bull markets.

Item No. 216 at the Reifsnyder sale was an early American hooked rug, three feet nine inches by two feet three and one-half inches, "worked with leaf medallion and spandrels in red, green and pink in a buff ground; gray border." It brought $17.50. Item No. 217 was an early American hooked rug, three feet seven inches by two feet two inches. It sold for fifteen dollars. Item No. 218 was an early American hooked rug with a "beige field, woven with a circle of eight scattered leaves in pale blue and ivory." It was taken away for thirty dollars.

Of course I may be wrong about everything. Not for worlds would I attempt to gainsay any expert or group of experts on antique furniture or antiques in general who wish to take issue with my beliefs. It has been my observation that when an antique expert really becomes haired up over a theory, and attempts to defend it in a big, serious way from the attacks of other experts who disagree with him—and it is always possible to find an expert to disagree with any other expert—it has been my observation, I repeat, that when such a thing happens, all the experts wind up in court, and somebody has to disgorge about $236,876 and costs. Therefore, I merely advance my beliefs and then step to one side without attempting to defend them.

None the less, it is my belief that the slight cracking which I have seemed to note at the edge of the big antique bull market is a premonitory symptom. I have observed a number of lady antique buyers, in the past two or three years, who have invariably bought more lavishly immediately after a protuberant bulge in the stock market. I have even thought that I detected a number of male antique buyers becoming a trifle careless in their expenditures just after Amalgamated Birdfeather had soared 111 points, and immediately subsequent to the report that International Fish Eggs would split sixteen for one within two months.

(Continued on Page 78)

LEE of Conshohocken

WHY TREADS BY LEE of Conshohocken WEAR LONGER

THE factors responsible for the long life of tire treads are the contour of the tire, the design and thickness of the tread, and the toughness of the tread rubber.

Grant, for argument's sake, that one or two of the eighty-two makes of tires have equally as good tread material. Still we know of no other tire made anywhere, at any price, which will produce the uniform long mileage of the LEE of Conshohocken 6-Ply De Luxe and the 8-Ply Super De Luxe.

The reason is simple. In our tests of all leading tires, not one was found which had as many square inches of rubber in contact with the road under normal driving conditions, as our De Luxe tires.

Therefore, each square inch of our tread has less work to do than each square inch of other tire treads, and under the strain of quick starts, side-sways and quick stops, where the rubber in contact with the road must stand terrific friction, these LEE of Conshohocken Tires go further, skid less and wear longer.

The nearest of the thousands of LEE dealers will be glad to explain to you the characteristics of LEE of Conshohocken contour, design, material and workmanship which produce this superiority. They also will give you an equitable trade-in allowance for your present tires, old or new, if you want to exchange them for tiredom's toughest masterpieces.

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ANNOUNCING WINNERS OF THE $25,000

NOW MILLIONS KNOW BELOW 50° LIES SAFETY *for* PERISHABLE FOODS

Nation-wide contest arouses America to need for adequate year-'round refrigeration . . .

A LANDSLIDE of public interest! No other words can describe the success of the National Food Preservation Contest, held last September to *set the nation thinking* on the vital problem of correct refrigeration.

Tens and tens of thousands wrote letters on "Why 50 Degrees is the Danger Point." But many times that number discussed the subject. They questioned doctors, dietitians, home economics experts. They besieged libraries; combed books on chemistry and bacteriology for information. *Their collective activity, we believe, constitutes the greatest mass research in all history!*

Since the dawn of history, improperly kept foods have menaced mankind. Yet this great contest made many recognize for the first time that adequate, year-'round refrigeration is the staunchest ally of thrift and health.

These thousands upon thousands of letter-writers disclosed the folly of relying on makeshift devices like window boxes and back-porch cooling. Many quoted Government figures to prove that on an average only 19 days of the year is it safe to trust outside temperatures in preserving food. Other times it is too warm or too cold.

Thorough study of the many splendid essays led the Judges unanimously to award first prize, a Model Home or $10,000 in gold, to Dudley L. Harley; second prize of $3,500 to Miss Grace Hampson; and third prize, $2,000, to Miss Grace Morris Price. Read the excerpts from their winning letters—simple, dramatic documents charged with meaning for all who wish to safeguard their family's health. The other prize winners are as follows:

4th PRIZE, $1000
REV. WARREN C. TAYLOR, *Albion, N. Y.*

5th PRIZE, $500
F. FERN FERNEAU, *Fort Wayne, Ind.*

6th PRIZE, $400
MRS. CHRIS MASON BRADLEY, *San Francisco, Calif.*

7th PRIZE, $350
MRS. FREDERICK H. KRANZ, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

8th PRIZE, $300
ROSE FINE YOUNG, *Sherman, Texas*

9th PRIZE, $250
ETHEL M. ARNOLD, *Manhattan, Kan.*

10th PRIZE, $200
CHARLES PAGET GOLDING, *Cambridge, Mass.*

Wins Grand Prize

$10,000 IN CASH

Dudley L. Harley

324 West John St., Martinsburg, West Virginia, winner of National Food Preservation Contest—writes in part:

"The battle with bacteria has shown us that below 50° reproduction is greatly retarded . . . Thus the modern housewife can eliminate costly spoilage and buy in greater quantities at cheaper prices . . . But the greatest value of well-kept food is in safe-guarding health. Fresh, crisp, vegetables and fruits are more palatable, more nourishing. Low temperature keeps germs in check, so that the body is able to resist disease. Above all benefits of proper food preservation is this vital function."

Winners of $100 Awards

Ruth Forbes, Acushnet, Mass. Schaefer O'Neill, Alton, Ill. Eleanor M. Wilson, Bellevue, Pa. H. Bernard Larsen, Mrs. Ruby Slater Stevens, Brooklyn, N. Y. Thurston H. Cole, Burlington, Vt. Ethelwyn B. Pelles, Chicago, Ill. Sister Mary Claretas, Chippewa Falls, Wis. Bessie N. Marshall, Halifax, Va. Mrs. G. W. Fitzlen, Higgins, Texas. Lieut.-Col. Charles D. Carroll, Kansas City, Mo. Grace Nielsen Melelo, Va. Arthur H. Jones, Newark, N. J. Miss Mabel M. Morgan, Anderson, Ind. Henry Holcomb Bent, Jr. Bent, Charlotte N. Montgomery, New York, N. Y. Carroll Cady, Oakland, Calif. Mrs. G. M. Garrett, Richmond, Va. Wm. E. Woods, Roanoke, Va. Mrs. I. L. Rasbury, San Angelo, Texas. Willard McFall, Sheffield, Ala. Henry M. Lathert, St. Paul. Miss Edwin Frances Mahler, Toledo, Ohio. James Edson Corey, Washington, D. C.

Winners of $5 Awards

ALABAMA

Bessemer: Geraldine Hall. Birmingham: Annie Laurie Culpepper Pressley [illegible] Mrs. L. L. Whitmer, Gordon H. Williams [illegible] Mrs. George F. Williams, Florence [illegible] Huntsville: Dr. F. V. Caldwell, Victor Benjamin S. Lowen, Wilson Gaillard, Mountdrone, Mrs. Jeff Powers, Jr., Selma. Maud Harris Hudson, Tallahassee. Mrs. S. D. Stanfield, Thomasville. Mr. J. Rogers Moore, Tuscaloosa. Mrs. Thos. P. Abernethy.

ARIZONA

Ajo: Helen Hanus Malone. Bisbee: Ada Maxam, Benson. Harold W. Holcomb, Douglas: Shirley Penar, Flagstaff. Mary Hall [illegible] Mr. F. J. Tansey, Peoria. Nat M. Leupp, Phoenix. Mrs. Jos. W. Stephen, Wilma S. Stone, Prescott. Mrs. Ivan Foster, Sacaton: Lewis J. Monk, Tempe. Mrs. Sophie Van Deck, Tucson: Mrs. Charles Ketchum, Howard S. H. Matthews, Mrs. Josephine Marshall, Mrs. A. R. Ostman, Warren: Ernest R. Tompkins, Mrs. B. McPherson, Williams. Ruth S. Wells.

ARKANSAS

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RECORD

Temperature on Top Shelf		
Temperature on Middle Shelf		
Temperature on Bottom Shelf		
Average Temperature		

NOW MAKE THIS 2-DAY TEST

Is your food container providing proper protection? You can quickly learn. Place an accurate thermometer in the different parts of the storage chamber; record the readings as indicated on the accompanying chart. The average of these temperatures should be below 50 degrees—the "safety point" in proper food preservation.

NATIONAL FOOD PRESERVATION CONTEST

Awarded 2nd Prize

$3,500 IN GOLD

Grace Hampson

21 Stratford Road, Edgewood, Rhode Island—winner of second prize, writes:

"Cold is as harmful to germs as germs are to us. Fifty degrees is the crucial point in food values—for as the degrees mount, your 'food efficiency' must of necessity show a corresponding decrease."

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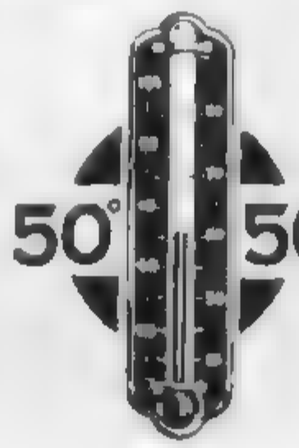
Grace Morris Price

127 Hazelwood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—winner of third prize, says:

"Studies of various foods show that at temperatures ranging from 40° to 50°, bacteria multiply about 1/400 as rapidly as above 50°. Hence foods should be kept below the safety point both winter and summer."

Awarded 3rd Prize

$2,000 IN GOLD



Fifty degrees is the safety point . . . for perishable foods

(Continued from Page 74)

There was a tendency during this gay and roseate period, it seemed to me, to trust implicitly in the dealer; to take a Hepplewhite chair or a Currier & Ives print or a very important lowboy on anybody's say-so, with a careless, grandiloquent gesture, and without crawling suspiciously and indelicately beneath it to scrutinize its joints and scratches. It is my thought that with the recession of International Fish Eggs and Amalgamated Birdfeather to a point where their values are based on their actual earnings instead of on their potential earnings to a point, that is to say, where they yield a good old juicy 6 per cent instead of a scant 1⅝ per cent—there may also be a similar recession of carefree enthusiasm for paying very important prices for antiques that are not only not important but even a trifle inconsequential.

I can understand how a lady who has heard her husband speak carelessly of taking a 25-point profit on 1000 shares of United Whiskbroom might become excited over an amethyst-colored Stiegel toilet bottle less than five inches in height, and gayly write a check for $1200 in return for it.

I doubt, however, that many collectors, male or female, will blithely drop $5000 into an antique here and $10,000 into an antique there, if business is merely going on as usual, and if stocks are moving up a point one day and down a point the next day, according to their custom in ordinary non-boom periods. They will not drop it, that is to say, without considerable contemplation and a prolonged scrutiny of the antique.

I even venture to doubt that the great public will long retain its recent fine enthusiasm for paying $200 for an ordinary chest of drawers with new brasses and two new legs, or coughing up $40 for a small blue three-mold glass bottle of the sort that held vinegar in many an old-time Pennsylvania and New England farmhouse—not until it has figured very carefully as to whether the money wouldn't better be spent on groceries.

If it seems to antique lovers that I am hinting at the possibility of a deflation in the price of antiques, I will state briefly, in closing, that I am hinting at exactly that. I have seen too many suckers of late—including myself.

THE PRESIDENT GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 4)

Heading the list is legislation. Here you have a composite of two drawbacks. One, as a high-placed Washington official once described it, is that "legislation is usually after the fact, and therefore late." This directly confutes the Hoover idea, which is to fix the fact first and then adapt the legislation to it. The other is embodied in the rigidity of the law. The administrative capacity of a President is checked by lack of legislative flexibility. He has no margin of power to enable him to initiate emergency actions.

In most European countries the way around is through so-called Orders in Council. We permit certain discretionary powers, but behind them invariably stands the uncompromising letter of the law.

Second is the Civil Service. Rigid regulation hampers employment. Only the gravest offense can warrant dismissal. In consequence, our various departments are cluttered up with much almost useless human lumber. A high official in the Government recently received a letter from a senator practically demanding that a certain woman in his department be promoted. The official in question investigated the status of the employe and found that she had occupied the same position for many years and had never gone ahead a foot. He therefore replied that if this particular person had shown the slightest qualification for advancement, it would have been recognized. As matters stood, she was lucky to hang on to what she had. In other days this senatorial letter would have been a command.

Another instance deals with an official in another important department. He also received a senatorial communication. In this case the legislator wanted a job for a kinsman. When the official asked him what the man's qualifications were, he got this reply: "He failed as a garage owner and must have a job." The kinsman is still at liberty.

Half a Million Assistants

Third comes the matter of appropriation, where you have practically the same inelasticity as obtains in legislation. Every dollar authorized by Congress is earmarked. Hence there is no leeway to divert money from an overfinanced division to one that is underfinanced. Hoover ran afoul this state of affairs when he came to the Department of Commerce. He had sufficient funds, but they were not allocated to the best advantage. He went to Congress and said: "We must have a commodity division and there is no specific appropriation for it. Yet there is too much money for some of the other branches." With the utmost difficulty he succeeded in getting authority to shift money to what became one of the strongest agencies in our trade-promotion scheme. I cite this episode to show one of the many obstacles in the path of the far-seeing President.

From these handicaps on initiative we can turn for a moment to the scope of the presidential job. Few people realize how it has grown. Up to 1898 we were practically a self-contained entity. Our foreign trade merely turned surplus stocks and was just so much velvet. Our over-sea investment was trifling compared with the billions which today represent our stake abroad. We had no colonial responsibilities. The Spanish-American War gave us dominions, while the World War annexed us to the economic and political fabric of the whole world, begetting a multiplicity of problems that demand world-mindedness in the presidency.

When the Federal Government moved to Washington in the early days of the last century, there were exactly one hundred and twenty-five officials. Today, on Capitol Hill in Washington, the congressmen and senators with their staffs alone represent a cohort of nearly three thousand persons, while the army of Federal employes throughout the country is more than half a million.

We have ten major departments, each with a Cabinet officer at the head. These officials, in turn, deal with the citizenry in some specific relation. You have a vast and ramified network of officialdom, with diverse activities all converging, in a sense, at the desk of the President, where final accountability to the people reposes.

The Need for Coordination

This was the task that confronted Hoover when he went into the White House. He saw all the factors that I have enumerated, and he also saw something else. This something else was a chronic overlapping of work in the various departments both at home and abroad. A concrete example will illustrate. Both consular officers and Department of Commerce attachés make reports on economic conditions in their respective territories. Obviously one of them could easily cover the ground. Yet the hard-and-fast taskmaster which is legislation decreed duplication. It is one of many kindred cases.

The President realized that one of his first major tasks was coördination. He could not arbitrarily change the structure of government, because this is set up by law, but he could adapt it to that ruling passion of his, which is efficient business organization. Its first law is elimination of waste, whether in effort or product.

If you could project this Hoover conception of government on a chart, you would see that the President sits at the apex of the pyramid as President and executive of the corporation which is the United States. He personifies centralization of authority and responsibility. Directly under him, as the first step of decentralization, are the members of the Cabinet, who, to continue the corporate phraseology, constitute the executive vice presidents. The Cabinet Assistant Secretaries—the second line—are the general managers, or rather the production managers, of the different departments. Next comes the White House secretariat, which forms the conduit through which some of the President's ideas flow out and reactions to them, political and otherwise, filter in. The half million Federal employes make up what in a commercial concern would be the sales and advertising directors and the working staffs. Thus you run the whole range from the man highest up down to the furnace stoker.

The President, as head of this vast national corporation, must master a problem not shared by other business executives. James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, has to deal only with steel. Walter Gifford, chief of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co., has a single responsibility, which is communication. Owen D. Young, as chairman of the General Electric Company, concentrates on electrical equipment in the same way that Henry Ford centers on motor cars. Ivar Kreuger, over in Stockholm, can stick to his match making.

The President of the United States, on the other hand, has a variety of interests that range from the maintenance of law and order, through the conservation of natural resources to international issues that touch the safety or pocketbook of everybody. They comprise a sort of department store where every need is supplied. The President is meeting it in the same way that he has met all his other executive responsibilities—by selecting the best type of man, a specialist whenever possible, and putting the job squarely up to him.

This is, of course, ordinary business procedure. There have been many attempts to impose it upon the government structure with varying results. We have heard a great deal at one time or another about business administration, but it has frequently been more of a phrase than a reality. We intermittently had too much government in business, as expressed by the excess of regulatory laws and costly, deranging investigations, or too little business in government. Injudicious national economy has on occasion become a synonym for parsimony and made thrift a vice instead of a virtue.

Expanding the Job of President

The fundamental failure all along has been the inability to coördinate government and the forces of business and production so as to bring about a synchronization profitable to both sides. Hoover saw this deficiency and is remedying it in characteristic fashion.

At first glance, the Navy Department and industry seem widely remote, save for the business of war. As a matter of fact, they have a close connection, because at all times the Navy is one of the biggest of all purchasers. It needs uniforms, motors, munitions, food, and endless other commodities. Hoover appointed an Assistant Secretary of the Navy who left a successful marine-engineering business to devote himself almost solely to the job of coördinating the Navy and production. It puts the supervision of spending by the Navy in the hands of a man who knows actual values. The performance is being duplicated in the War Department and in other departmental fields. It is reflective of the work of the "second line," soon to be disclosed.

We can now go into the Hoover expansion of the presidential function, beginning with the agency in closest daily association with him. In the reorganized secretariat you have a close-up of the man's scope and method. Nothing could more clearly visualize his prodigious capacity for work as well as his intimate grasp of the intricacies of government and life in general. Ten years ago—or even later—if you had offered a President three secretaries on a silver salver, he would have said: "What on earth will I do with them?" Up to March of this year every President was able to get along with one secretary. In some administrations there had been a single assistant, but usually on the larger clerical or research side. The latter was, in the main, a literary aide.

How does Hoover keep his enlarged secretarial staff busy and what do they do? In the answer you get an indication of the effectiveness of close-knit organization.

Three Secretaries Instead of One

Hoover brought to the Chief Executiveship not only a unique mental equipment in which a remarkable memory is only one asset but also the instinct for detail which is part of his make-up. He had to have three secretaries because they simplify his expanded relationship with public and private affairs. Avid for information, he had to provide his own sources, and also the human pipe lines through which the data could flow to him in condensed and workable form. Furthermore, he needed a link with experts for the program of social betterment which is so close to his heart. The whole secretarial system, therefore, elucidates his theory of utilization of every factor at his command for service.

If the President had to see every departmental head and others interested in administration, it would mean a fifteen-minute interview with hundreds of persons. Behind them are those three wasters of presidential time which are the people with a message, the hand-shakers, and the chronic letter writers. Dominating all this is the inexorable thing summed up in the word "routine." Hoover has emancipated himself from this yoke to a large degree. It explains why he has been able to probe into so many different activities and deal intelligently with them. This does not imply that the President insulates himself. He is not the executive hermit of the Woodrow Wilson type. His two passions are work and people, and he is never quite so happy as when he is combining them. No President has ever seen more visitors, but they are pruned down to the essential ones and include only those who have something to say.

Three secretaries and an administrative assistant meant, first of all, a readjustment of office space. No additions have been made to the Executive Offices. They have simply been employed more efficiently. Here as elsewhere in the Hoover scheme of things, before and after the presidency, elimination of waste is the keynote. The office space was always there, but it had not been previously used to such advantage as now.

In the old days the President's offices, which included the Cabinet room and also quarters for clerks and telegraphers, were on the second floor of the east end of the White House proper. The President's own office was Abraham Lincoln's room, in which the Emancipation Proclamation was signed. When Executive Offices were added in 1902, the old Lincoln office was converted into a bedroom, while the room adjoining on the west—the old Cabinet room—became

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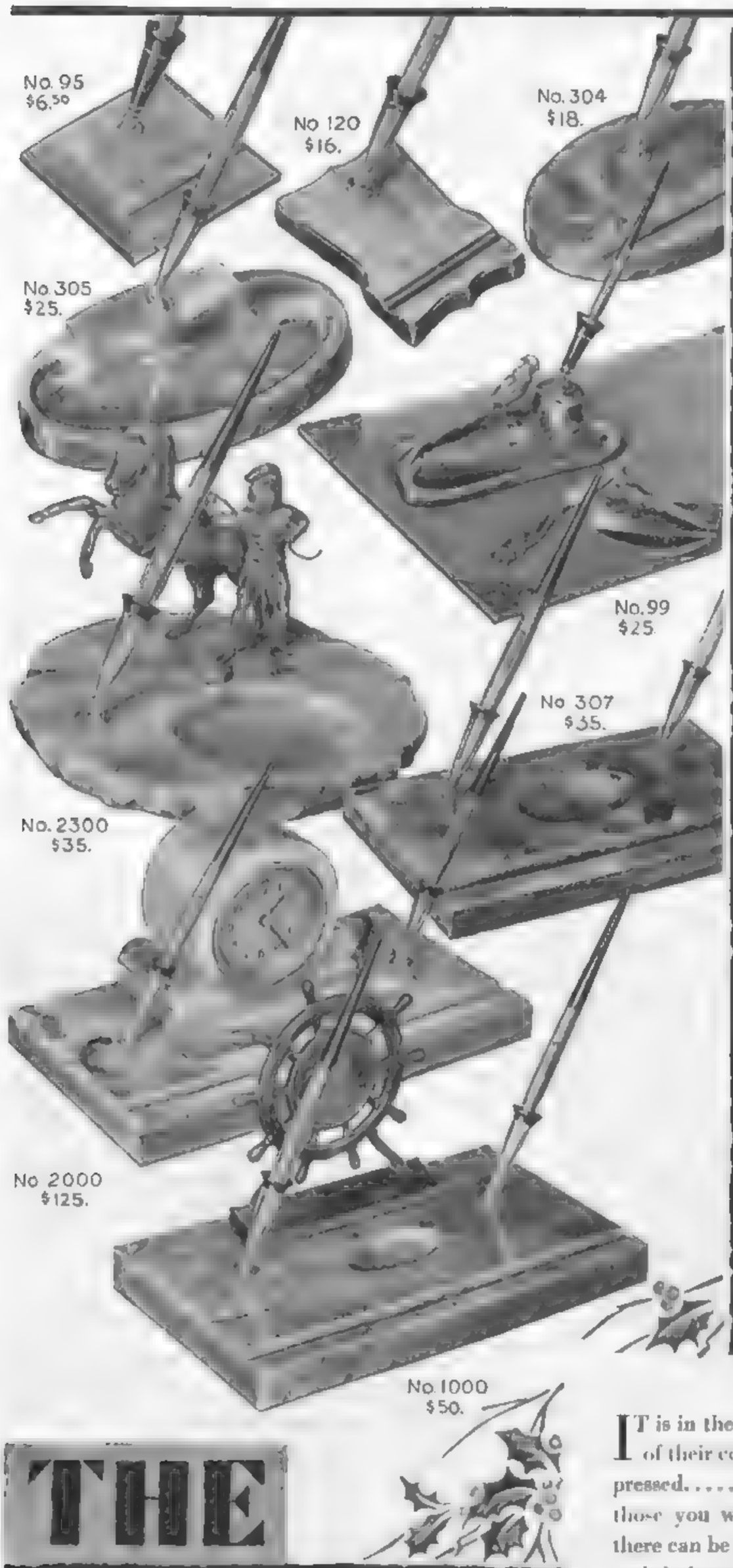

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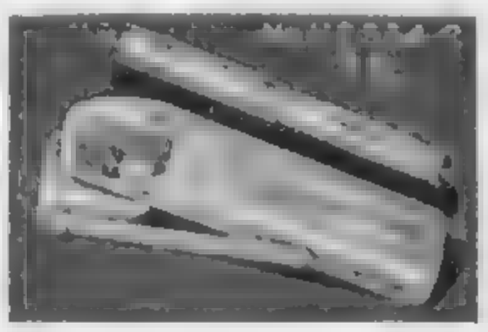

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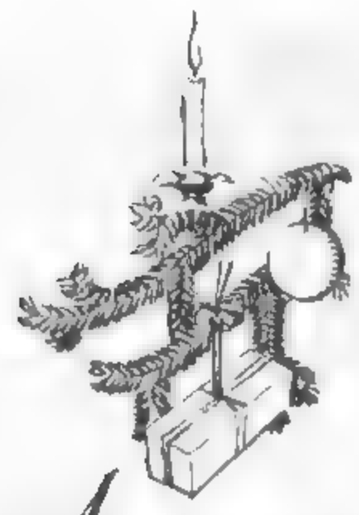

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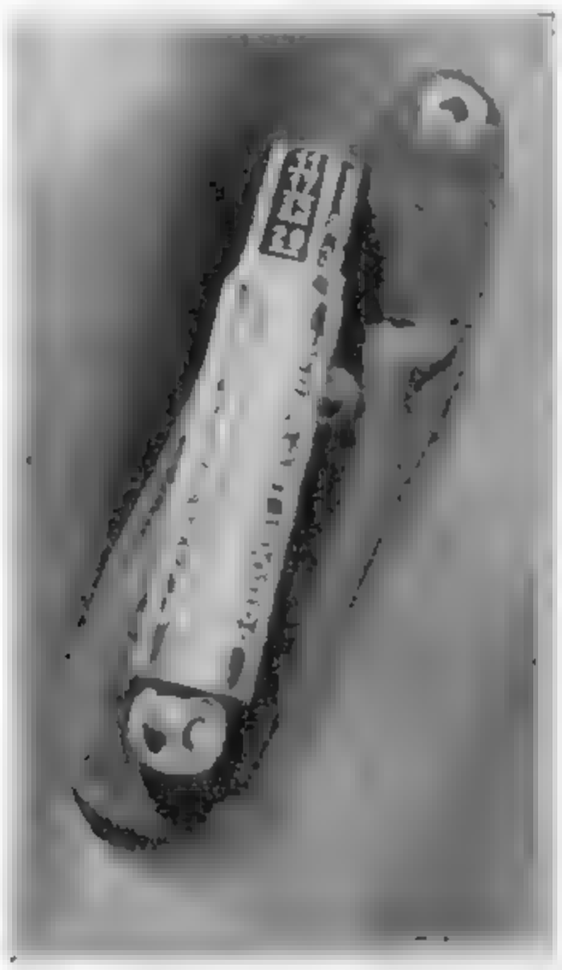

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a study. It was so used from the Roosevelt Administration through to the end of the Coolidge régime.

When Roosevelt set up administrative shop in the new offices, the tennis court, upon which the famous tennis Cabinet played itself into wide publicity, occupied the present site of an addition erected in 1910. In this addition are President Hoover's office, the Cabinet room and the quarters of the secretary who is the link with press and public.

Before Hoover took the reins there was a considerable amount of unused space in the basement. Some of this was vacated to make room for the clerks, typists, and telegraphers who had been on the main floor. This, in turn, provides space for all three secretaries and the administrative assistant. They are now mobilized and readily accessible to their chief.

Nothing is more typical of the galvanization of work than the increased telephone activity in the Executive Offices. For the first time a presidential office plug is in the double switchboard down in the basement. As I have previously stated, Hoover is the first President to have a telephone on his desk. Moreover, it is in frequent use. There is a plug for his instrument in both boards. Hence special precautions are taken so that no one can break in on a presidential conversation for conscious or unconscious eavesdropping. When two of the operators are at work, one of the President's plugs is temporarily filled up as an insurance against any interruption of conversation.

Even the White House itself has not escaped change. I will dwell on one, because it is rather Hooveresque in inspiration. The day after the President took the oath he looked at the room where Lincoln had worked. He then made inquiry as to the disposition of the original furniture. He found that the historic desk where the Great Emancipator had written his immortal messages and speeches was in the study. The still existent chairs upon which the Cabinet sat in the well-known painting by Carpenter—a steel engraving of it hangs over the mantel—were scattered throughout the building. Hoover then and there decided that the Lincoln room should be restored. It has become the President's study, while the old library is now used as a salon.

Liaison Officer With the Press

To analyze the triple-headed secretariat is to disclose the corporation-organization idea expressed in highly specialized units. Each secretarial assistant has, of course, a well-defined task. Combined, they relieve the President of unessential personal contacts, supply him with information, project his views on occasion, and thereby give him the latitude of action that he requires for the myriad activities that emanate from him directly.

In a big business, part of George Akerson's duty would be filled by what is called a public-relations man. He is the best-known of the secretaries, since he is the direct link between the President and the public. Every letter asking for an appointment with the Chief Executive passes across his desk. Every visitor who sees the President in his office must arrange the audience through him. Not the least of his troubles is disposition of the hand-shakers. Precedent dictated that the President should receive every day at twelve o'clock. A letter from a congressman or a senator provided the entrée. Amiable and easy-going Presidents bowed to the ordeal and well-nigh succumbed to it. Hoover first cut the hand-shaking days down to three and subsequently to one. On one day he shook the hands of twenty-seven hundred persons. A single senator, it is said, was responsible for more than one hundred.

Making and keeping the presidential calendar is only one detail in the Akerson task. As liaison officer with the press—and no one is better equipped, for he has run the whole newspaper range from reporter, by way of Washington correspondent, to assistant managing editor—he disseminates the White House news every day at ten o'clock in the morning and four o'clock in the afternoon. The exceptions are on Tuesdays and Fridays, when the correspondents see the President himself. In connection with these conferences is a radical change characteristic of Hoover. Formerly, as most people know, it was the unwritten law that a President of the United States could not be directly quoted. What he said in the usual conferences was attributed to "the White House spokesman." Everybody understood that this was the President, yet the camouflage persisted.

Hoover supplanted the hypothetical spokesman. In his first press conference he declared that in matters of vital national and international importance what he said could be attributed to him. He also introduced two other innovations. One was to give out what he calls "chicken-feed news"—that is, minor stuff not to be attributed to him. The other was his determination to acquaint the correspondents with the background of the news. The background is his conception of the source and significance of what is going on at home and abroad. It is for the sole purpose of enabling the writers to deal with the subject intelligently.

The White House Manager

The President is not only the biggest single news item in the United States—everything he says and does is of widespread interest—but he is also the most photographed individual in our midst.

Akerson is the shepherd of the photographers. They include the men who make the still, movie and talkie pictures. Obviously there can be no indiscriminate photographing of the head of the nation. Only qualified photographers having official cards are permitted to accompany the President or snap him in the White House grounds.

The talkies presented a new problem. It was impossible to permit any informal presidential remarks to be reproduced. In consequence, the President's speech is recorded only on important occasions. An interesting illustration of the care exercised in this direction was on the day when the Kellogg Peace Pact was signed at the White House. Various circumstances operated against talkie effects while the actual ceremonies were on. In order to have a permanent sound record of his utterances, he repeated it afterward for the sole benefit of the movie operators.

When Akerson first sat down at his desk in the White House he was no stranger to Hoover. One of the original Hoover men in the Northwest, he had served with his chief in the Department of Commerce and been his political and official adviser and coworker. The same is true of Lawrence Richey, who, to a greater degree, embodies the business-organization idea in the executive staff.

Hoover early decreed that the White House shall have a business manager because, as never before perhaps, it is run on a business basis. Richey, who began in the Secret Service, had been a successful insurance executive before he became involved in Hoover activities, originally in the wartime food administration and later in the Department of Commerce. Hoover always called him his "trouble man," because he had an unerring instinct for getting at the root of irritating things. So the White House management job was put up to him. He functions in precisely the same way that a management expert operates in a big industrial concern. He handles all the business details of the President's office, which includes personnel. It was Richey who supervised the construction of the President's camp on the Rapidan.

One detail of Richey's work is of wide interest. Among many other things, he handles the President's mail. In a democracy like ours, everybody who thinks he has an idea immediately wants to put it up to the President, and many do so. Nor is he immune from fan mail—the one prerogative he shares with movie stars. Hundreds of letters addressed to the President reach the White House every day. To read them would occupy all his time. Hence there is a rigid weeding-out process.

All the President's mail goes first to Rudolph Forster, the executive clerk. Those letters which may possibly interest the President are turned over to Richey, who is the final judge as to whether they should be passed up to the chief himself. This is why, as you sit talking with the President, Richey enters noiselessly and lays a sheaf of papers on the desk. They represent the final boiling down of mail for the presidential eye.

Third in the list of secretaries—I say third only in the order of their presentation here, because they are equal in rank—is Walter H. Newton. His activities emphasize anew the Hoover determination to get at facts. In this case it is to keep in intimate and intelligent touch with the forces and agencies that make for national legislation and the political reactions to them. So far as White House organization is concerned, it represents an absolute departure. Just as Akerson is the link with the press and the public, so is Newton the link with legislation.

It is almost needless to say that with Newton, as with the other secretaries, Hoover, with that unerring accuracy for man finding, has a well-equipped person on the job. Newton is a lawyer of the go-getter type. He has also served ten years in Congress. He resigned his office just after being reëlected, in order to take the White House post. The congressional experience therefore qualifies him to deal with legislation. He has been through the ordeal of election and has labored in House committees. No man knows better the technic and the psychology of the legislative game.

Moreover, like Akerson and Richey, he had enjoyed a previous contact with Hoover, but from an entirely different angle. He was a member of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce when Hoover was Secretary of Commerce. They had to meet frequently. One was able to take a full measure of the other. Newton collaborated with Hoover on the famous rubber report which indicted the British control of an essential commodity, and on other kindred matters. He is thus able to bring to his aideship both a business and a legal point of view. In short, he represents the specialist in an organization that bears down hard on specialization.

Saving the President's Time

There is another angle to the Newton assignment. He is undertaking various special tasks, the first of which is to coöperate with the members of the Cabinet in the study and development of a plan for the reorganization of the ten major Federal departments. Aside from the quasi-judicial commissions whose many personnel questions come directly to the President, various administrative or partly administrative agencies, which represent an annual expenditure of more than $600,000,000, in some degree also head up to the President. They include such agencies as the Bureau of Efficiency, The Employees' Compensation Commission, The General Accounting Office, The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, The Personnel Classification Bureau, and the Veterans' Bureau.

It is the President's desire to bring about coördination in all these activities. Its achievement will eliminate the large amount of overlapping which now exists and adapt each department and bureau to an efficiency standard. In army phraseology, Newton is the coordinator.

All this secretarial organization and operation has one objective, which is indirect presidential contact with people, legislation and events. It means immense saving of time for the Chief Executive and enables him to have the direct contacts only when

they are essential. As I have already indicated, he sees many people, but there is a reason in each case. The spade work is always done before the individual gets up to him. No preliminaries are necessary.

All the secretaries and the research assistants report to the President between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. After that come the visitors with appointments. Here is a sample list of engagements for a working day, which happens to be October thirtieth:

10.00 A.M. Senator Deneen and Judge Brentano.
10:15 A.M. Senator Vandenberg.
10:30 A.M. Representative Hawley.
10:45 A.M. Representative Owen.
11:15 A.M. American Forestry Association
11:30 A.M. Mr. C. J. Hepburn, Philadelphia.
12:00 NOON Chairman O'Connor, Shipping Board.
12:15 P.M. Mr. John Hays Hammond.
12:30 P.M. Mr. Edward H. Loftus.
12:45 P.M. Delegates, National Association Commissioners, Secretaries, and Departments of Agriculture.
2:30 P.M. Attend funeral Senator Burton.
4:00 P.M. National Academy of Science. Present radium to Madame Curie.

Aside from the number of people who see him in his office, the President has other means of establishing direct contact. His White House hospitality, which has already set a record, accomplishes it. Between March fourth and October thirty-first exactly 1045 persons, not including members of the family, had meals at the Executive Mansion. During the same period 161 overnight guests were entertained. In addition, on the fifteen visits that the President has made to his camp on the Rapidan, a total of 150 guests enjoyed the air there. The number of meals is really greater than the number of guests, because many had more than one, and some guests, like members of the Cabinet, for example, have been entertained many times.

This, by the way, is no departure. Hoover has always been a generous host. While occupying the house on S Street during his term as Secretary of Commerce, his breakfasts were a famous institution. Almost invariably a large company sat at the board. Lloyd George was equally strong on breakfasts during his premiership. Some of Britain's most important war and peace problems were discussed and sometimes settled over the proverbial British porridge and bacon and eggs.

Mobilizing Men and Facts

One branch of presidential contact with the public requires a section all its own, because it reflects the Hoover ideal of service linked with a characteristic organization scheme. Many magazine readers are familiar with the work of French Strother. Some have wondered, perhaps, why he has been silent since the fourth of last March. The reason is that he is an administrative assistant to the President, in charge of a research work that reaches to every citizen of the republic.

This is the individual whom Hoover has charged with the task of mobilizing men, facts and agencies for his program of social betterment. To understand this program, two brief preludes are necessary.

If you know Hoover at all, you know that one of his deepest concerns is for the social advancement of his fellow man. Many people with this tendency are sentimental. Not so with Hoover. With him it is cerebration instead of emotion. This mental formula enabled him to project relief on a business basis. It is significant of him that he almost resents the use of the word "welfare," probably because it has been abused by the uplifters. He prefers "well-being."

The second preliminary is that he has always felt that the organization for social well-being frequently lacked sufficient grounding. It is easy to call a convention of people earnestly concerned in a movement and thresh it out in open session. This airs views, but the inevitable conflict of opinion makes concentrated action impossible. Further investigation and coordination are required before a definite remedy can be set up. In his social-betterment scheme, as you will now see, the President has gone on the theory that the ground must be thoroughly prepared first. A definite program can then be reared on the facts at hand. This is precisely what he is doing, with Strother as the intermediary. As with all those other presidential activities, it is a case of working data first.

The Child-Health Program

That both need and interest in social betterment exist may be gathered from what I believe is a hitherto unpublished story. As soon as the election returns indicated his elevation to the presidency, Hoover began to receive letters from all parts of the United States asking him to use his rich equipment and wide authority to bring about certain pressing social reforms, notably in connection with child health. Altogether 15,000 of these letters came in. To digest them, to say nothing of answering them, was a well-nigh staggering proposition. But Hoover is a glutton for work. Moreover, he sensed that, with few exceptions, everyone of these letter writers was sincere in his appeal. He therefore had every letter read—he perused many himself—and divided them into twenty classifications, each representing one phase of the social problem. He dictated one letter to cover each of the twenty subjects and signed a reply to everyone who had written. It meant affixing his signature to no fewer than fifteen thousand communications.

The initial social subject that enlisted the President's active investigation is child health. This naturally grew out of his great love of children. Yet there was, as always, the larger view.

If you probed into the Hoover consciousness you would find that he regards child health as important a national obligation as education, and likewise a matter for community inspiration. In answer to the question: "Why the child first, and not the adult?" he would raise the following argument: First, there is a sentimental interest in the child; secondly, in teaching the child how to live properly, the older person is influenced. In consequence, the health wave, so to speak, can be set in motion and the whole American people made health-minded.

In organizing his child-health program the President began with one small group of Washington experts, who surveyed the situation. This nucleus was followed by similar expert groups elsewhere throughout the country. Each has dealt with an individual local problem. The result is that, at the time I write, the foundation has been set for the most sweeping study of child social betterment that has ever been planned.

The work falls into four divisions. One deals with medical service, which, in turn, is divided into three subsections—one on prenatal and maternal care; one on medical care of children; and one on growth and development. The second section is public health and administration, which is also divided into three sections—namely, public-health organization, communicable-disease control, and milk production and control. Section Three is devoted to education and training, which has six subsections. They are the family and parent education, the infant and preschool child, the school child, vocational guidance and child labor, recreation and physical education. The fourth has to do with the handicapped child, and will consider prevention, maintenance and protection. At the head of each major division is the best-qualified authority on the subject, with competent aides.

The various investigating committees will report their findings to the President, who, at the proper time, will call a conference, where concrete recommendations will be made. I cite all this to show that in social betterment, as in every other activity that his presidential responsibility touches, he makes sure of his facts before commitment to a procedure. In order to finance the work, the President obtained gifts aggregating $500,000 from foundations and other sources.

This child-health program deals with a situation for which certain data are already available. The second social task that he has set in motion means the digging out of fundamentals. For the want of something better, it may be termed sociological, for it affects the problems of middle life, old-age pensions, and whole relationship between people. It is conceived with the view of doing for the adult what the child health and affiliated labors will accomplish for the juvenile population. The underlying purpose is to find a basis of accurate thinking and effective action. The procedure will be precisely the same as is now being employed in child health.

The White House research job does not end with the social well-being program by a long shot. To get another phase we must turn to a field remote from the conventional conception of investigation. Once more there is a manifestation of the change that has been wrought in the presidential function.

Hitherto the White House publicity has been largely on the promotion side. This did not imply that a President needed a press agent. Consciously or unconsciously, he is the fountainhead of more exploitation than any other person in the country. The publicity man at the White House was charged with accelerating publicity about the occupant and seeing that he got an even break in the news.

Getting the People's Views

Former Presidents were unable, in the main, to appraise public opinion accurately. The principal agencies at their disposal were the few papers they read themselves, callers and letters. The traditional White House newspaper, as it was often called, consisted of news and editorial clippings cut from not more than twenty newspapers, mostly on the Atlantic seaboard, and pasted on large yellow sheets.

Hoover has reversed this process, and in a little-known fashion. Acting on the theory that it is more important for the President to know what the country is thinking and writing about than for the country to know what the President is thinking about, he has set up a system of searching public opinion through editorial comment in more than 600 newspapers of every political faith, with a total daily circulation of nearly 15,000,000.

It is in no sense a press-clipping bureau. Under the direction of Strother, offices have been established in one of the big Washington office buildings. Here the newspapers are delivered every day. The editorials commenting on all national questions, administrative acts of Government, and especially those pertaining to legislation, are cut out. Then they are sorted by subjects, such as tariff, waterways or farm relief, and pasted on sheets. From these sheets trained newspapermen make typewritten digests which are laid on the President's desk twice a day. By the first of next year the

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WADC	Akron	WCCO	Minneapolis
WBNC	Asheville	WLAC	Nashville
WCAO	Baltimore	WSMB	New Orleans
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WNAC	Boston	WTAR	Norfolk
WGR	Buffalo	WCAW	Oklahoma City
WDOD	Chattanooga	KFJF	Omaha
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WKRC	Cincinnati	WCAU	Philadelphia
WTAM	Cleveland	WCAE	Pittsburgh
WSAI	Cincinnati	KGW	Portland, Ore.
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WJBK	Detroit	WFBC	Rochester
WOWO	Fort Wayne	KMOX	Saint Louis
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WREC	Memphis	WMAL	Washington

KSD Wichita

Brown Shoe Company
SAINT LOUIS

Manufacturers of *Brownbilt* Shoes for men and women, and *Buster Brown* Shoes for boys and girls

rural press and the leading magazines, especially the weeklies, will be included in the summary.

Hoover does not depend entirely upon editorial comment to find out what is going on. He follows the news carefully on his own. He reads six newspapers a day. The leading New York, Philadelphia and Washington journals are on his desk when he reaches the office, which is usually before nine o'clock.

The Second-Line Executives

The dynamite train that exploded under the shipbuilding lobby can be traced directly to the President's careful newspaper reading. One morning he saw in a New York paper that W. B. Shearer had filed suit against a group of shipbuilders to recover money alleged to be due for lobbying services. Hoover pounced on the item like a terrier on a rat. Within twenty-four hours the senatorial machinery had been geared to an investigation that ultimately performed a distinct public service by exposing the lobby system.

Such is the organization of activities that spring directly from the President. In placing indirect responsibility he has also exercised his usual ability to find the right men. The Cabinet is as highly specialized as his immediate circle. Secretary of Commerce Lamont, for example, was head of a great steel business and had only casually met Hoover twice before receiving his appointment. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde is both farmer and business man. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur knows the West, where our pressing land and conservation problems lie. Secretary of the Navy Adams is a yachtsman, while Postmaster-General Brown has the background of law and banking. Attorney-General Mitchell served as Solicitor-General. The late Secretary of War Good had been lawyer and congressman, while Secretary of State Stimson is a skilled administrator. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Secretary of Labor Davis are veterans.

No less effective is that second line, comprising assistant secretaries and other assistants to high-placed officials. I doubt if at any other time save during the World War, when the dollar-a-year all-star cast operated, has there been such a rich enlistment of the best business and professional brains of the country for the national service. Hoover, to employ the business phrases, has sold these men on high and unselfish duty. When he asked them to take government posts at salaries one-tenth of their actual earning power, he naturally met this retort: "Why should I leave $100,000 a year?" His answer was: "You have had that $100,000 a year for some years. Why not serve the country now for less?" He always won.

Nor are all the second liners in spectacular departments such as the Army and Navy, where the limelight beats. With a single illustration I can show how Hoover has filled a post that, though more or less obscure, has nation-wide economic and other importance. It is the job of Third Assistant Postmaster-General, which controls the division of finance, stamps, registered mail, postal savings and cost ascertainment. Ordinarily it is bestowed for political service. Hoover named Frederic A. Tilton, for years a successful certified public accountant, whose only connection with politics was as voter.

Efficiency in Government

The wisdom of his choice is evident when you know that the United States Post Office Department is the biggest single business in the world, with an annual revenue of $696,947,577.69 and expenditures of $783,257,091.90. While Federal policies require the public to use the postal service without regard to the margin between profit and loss, the President felt that the infusion of the kind of seasoned, technical, financial direction such as is represented in Tilton, would apply the yardstick of everyday commercial practice Tilton is doing this through surveys and reorganization that will put the department on a sound fiscal basis.

The inexorable measure of efficiency first, is seen in every public group that Hoover has organized. Take the Federal Farm Board. On instructions from the President, the Secretary of Agriculture sent a telegram to a long list of farm organizations asking them to propose members of the board and setting out types of men required for its workability. Since the Farm Act is primarily devoted to distribution, it was indicated that an outstanding business man or banker be included. As a result, Alexander Legge, head of a great agricultural-implement concern, and who had been conspicuous in the War Industries Board, became chairman.

The President realized that many years of sheep grazing had interfered with water storage on our public lands. Water is the key to the West. He therefore initiated the turning over of the 200,000,000 acres of public lands to the various public-land states to exercise their sovereign authority for reclamation and conservation. He discovered that the names of sponsors of Federal judges were not attached to recommendations for the bench when they went to Congress. This led to indiscriminate indorsement. Today judicial recommendations are accompanied by the name of every man who stands for the appointee. Publicity insures discretion. He beheld disarmament mired in misunderstanding, so he invited Premier Ramsay MacDonald to come to America, and the way to accord was cleared. He saw prohibition enforcement falling between the stools of the Department of Justice and the Treasury Department. A law divided, like that well-known house, must fall. He is therefore coördinating enforcement under one head—Justice. When fear and inflation blew the bottom out of the stock market he established councils of confidence which proved that the country was fundamentally sound. It showed real leadership of the forces that make for stability.

Everywhere along the administrative line constructive energy animates the Hoover mandate. There is a power house in the White House.

THE POETS' CORNER

They Dream of Farms

THEY dream of farms, those city folk,
Who know the great town's heavy yoke,
Who on their flesh feel every stroke
Of trade's unflagging whips;
They dream of farms and maple trees,
Of clover fields and drowsy bees,
As those sad exiles far from seas
Dream still of ships.

They dream of farms, of soil and sod
Where their forefathers, farmers, trod
And shared the mystery with God
Of giving green things birth.
They long to leave the city shrill,
Where souls are ground in greed's great mill,
They want to find and own and till
Their share of earth.

And we who long have had in fee
What they so yearn for ceaselessly,
We hold our treasure carelessly,
And even half despise
These fields, a too familiar sight,
The little farmhouse warm with light
That seems, to hosts who dream tonight,
A paradise. —*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Deep South

LAND of old dreams,
Down where the far magnolias call,
Land of shadows and singing streams
Where roses cluster against the wall,
And someone waits that I used to know,
And maybe a voice that whispers still
A song that echoes from long ago
As moonlight gathers upon the hill.

Over the ways,
At least there's a song I can send to her
By long-lost lanes where the south wind plays
And the mossed oaks whisper and sway and stir,
And the soft, deep-scented twilight glows
As the star dust scatters across the sky—
A song that only the south wind knows
From vanished days that have hurried by.

I'm going back
Some day, some day—will I be too late?
Have I come too far—have I lost the track
That leads again to the rose-rimmed gate?
Where the air is heavy with mignonette
And ghostly pines haunt the twilight gloom,
How long does it take one to forget
In the land where love and the roses bloom? —*Grantland Rice.*

Destination

LIKE a great whirlwind of mad air
That hurries on, it knows not where,
Mankind sweeps by in swift procession,
Not progress, but a mere progression.
Great architecture and God's trees
Are left unseen; for souls like these,
With some new folly, or new duty,
Have neither time nor taste for beauty.

How long since they have had a walk,
How long since they have had a talk
In the sweet twilight, stood on bridges,
Looked down at streams and up at ridges,
And watched the stars of peace appear,
Day-hidden, that the night brings near?
Have sat on doorsteps, when day's labors
Were done, and called across to neighbors?

Whipped by the pagan god of speed,
They hasten on who have no need;
For all things happy, all things holy,
Come not so swiftly but come slowly.
Where is the tide forever flowing?
Whence do they come, where are they going?
From some old care to some new worry.
And yet, poor souls, why must they hurry?
—*Douglas Malloch.*

Sewing Circle

HERE the willing workers sew, through the busy morn,
Fashioning for the hospital vesture meetly worn
By the tranquil newly dead, by the newly born.

Turn the hem and run the seam, ply and clip the thread!
Warmth for pilgrims lately come, veils for travelers sped;
Garments for the life to be, covering for the dead.

Lack and want may lie between, in the strife of earth,
But for those at either gate let there be no dearth—
Shelter for the sleep of death, raiment for the birth.
—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

The Lament of the Wind

I HEARD the wind in an old wall wailing,
So full of trouble, so sure of doom,
That I rose and went where the ivy trailing
Over a window brought in gloom,
Green and dim, to a little room.

There the wind in a cleft was crying,
And there I found, between stone and stone,
Tight imprisoned and vainly trying
To turn where daylight and moonlight shone,
An ivy tendril, forlorn, alone;

Trying to turn where the swifts were sailing,
But held in shadow and never freed.
It was for this that the wind was wailing,
Who little cares for the human breed,
But is friend of ivy and rain and weed.
—*Lord Dunsany.*

Mystery

COURTSHIP, rings, and wedding vow,
Lovers' fair prophetic skies,
Lohengrin and bride's veiled brow,
Mendelssohn and bride's veiled eyes,
Great bouquet of roses rare,
Sweeping train of duchess lace,
Honeymooning in the air—
All is quite a commonplace:
Molly feels no thrill in this.

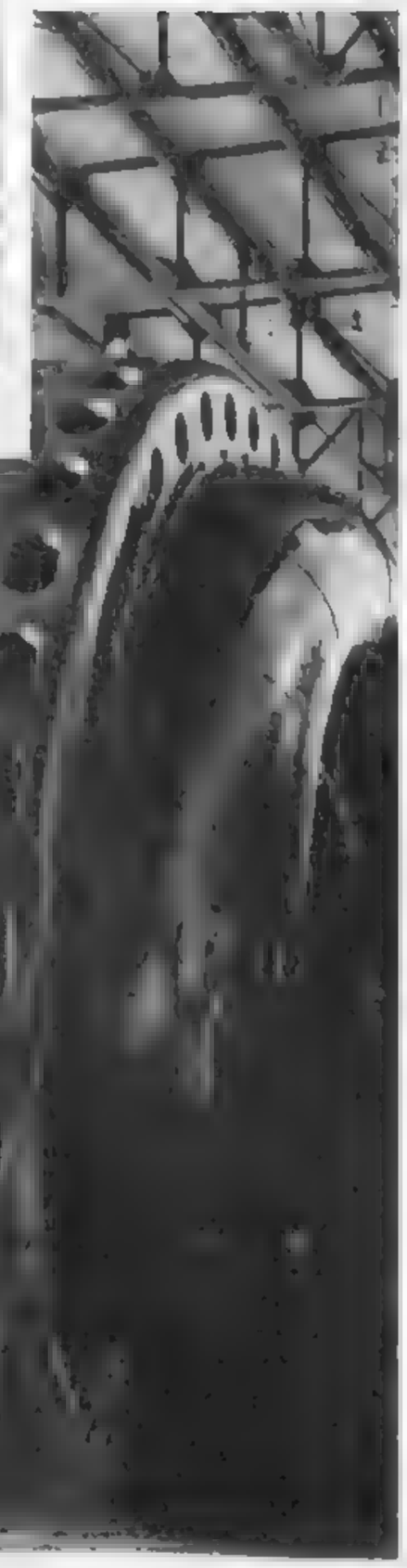
But two, married for a year,
Pausing for a cool brief kiss,
A "put up the ice card, dear"—
Kiss, and hand reaching for hand,
"For no reason I could see!"—
Molly thrills to understand.

Molly is a mystery.
—*Helen Baker Parker.*

Wissahickon Drive, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

7 Reasons why New York State is the place to locate your plant

ABUNDANT LABOR



POWER IS CHEAPER IN NEW YORK STATE

1 **CHEAP POWER.** In the territory served by Niagara Hudson Power, rates for electricity are materially lower than in the nation as a whole. The Niagara Hudson transmission system makes this cheap power available in even the smallest communities.

2 **LABOR.** This state has an unlimited supply of the highest-type skilled labor in the world—contented employees who live well and spend well. The manufacturing output per worker is higher than in almost any other state.

3 **POPULATION.** Surrounding New York State are 49 per cent of the nation's people and 55 per cent of the nation's wealth. Your distribution costs are low here.

4 **TRANSPORTATION.** The state is blanketed by 53 railway systems operating 8,400 miles of track, linked with 900 miles of navigable waterways, 80,000 miles of concrete roads, and a harbor that handles half the imports and exports of the country.

5 **RAW MATERIALS.** Within the state, many important manufacturing materials are produced. But even more important is New York's inexpensive *access* to raw materials from Canada, from the West through the Great Lakes, and from abroad.

6 **CAPITAL.** New York has more money to invest than good things to invest in. In 1925 the state paid more than one-fourth the entire income and miscellaneous taxes collected by the Federal Government.

7 **CLIMATE.** Experience proves that employees do more work and better work where the average yearly temperature is about 50 degrees—as in New York State.

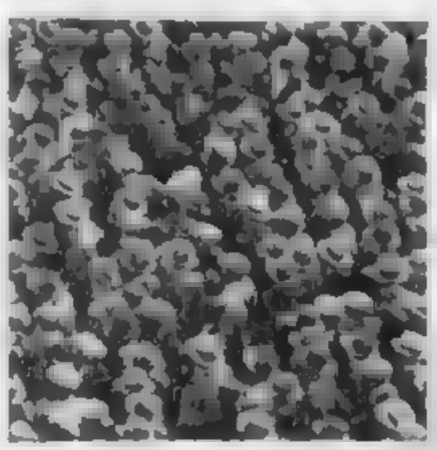
For manufacturers who are interested, a detailed booklet, sent without a personal follow-up, is available. Write Industrial Development Bureau, Niagara Hudson Power Corporation, Albany, N.Y.

NIAGARA · · · HUDSON
POWER CORPORATION

PLENTY OF CAPITAL

ACCESSIBLE RAW MATERIALS

TEMPERATE CLIMATE



CENTER OF POPULATION

GOOD TRANSPORTATION

"Romance Curdles—when COUGHS cross the Footlights"
—BERT LYTELL

"NOW—*really*—how do you expect us actors to play soulful love scenes when there's a small army of coughers in the audience? Even a single cough can spoil the whole mood of the scene.

"For the sake of romance and the stage—for the sake of your neighbor's ears—for the sake of peace in your own throat—I suggest Smith Brothers' Cough Drops to you. They can stop any cough quicker than you can say Bert Lytell . . . !"

Coughs stop FAST when Smith Brothers' begin their soothing, healing work. There's nothing like them for hoarseness and throat irritation. They soothe and calm irritated membranes and relieve "cigarette dryness." Fine for children—they love the taste.

5¢ *Two kinds: S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.*

OUT-OF-DOORS

Ornamental Birds

FOR those people who have a genuine liking for birds, a little land and a desire for some sort of profitable pets, the breeding of ornamental birds presents a real opportunity. Most of these birds do not require the great amount of acreage so necessary to the breeding of game birds. A pair of Lady Amherst pheasants, the most beautiful birds in all the world, will thrive in a covered cage eight feet square, and the young birds are not stunted in their growth if they are deprived of free range over an extensive tract. Not only may the business prove profitable as a hobby but after sufficient experience and knowledge have been gained the operations may be extended, more breeding stock kept, and the income increased until it is sufficient amply to support the entire family.

Ornamental birds are distinguished from the game birds by the fact that the former will not flush well in the field, they prefer to run away from danger, and that, when they do rise, their flight is low and short. The most common species of the decorative birds are the golden, Lady Amherst and silver pheasants, wood duck, California valley quail, and so on. None of these cost more than fifty dollars a pair at maturity.

The demand for them is not so gigantic as for ring-neck pheasants but fully as much money may be made from them. Where the sale of ring-neck pheasants is mainly to sportsmen who liberate the birds for shooting, the ornamental stock is generally sold for breeding purposes or personal enjoyment of the living specimens.

Usually the largest breeders of ornamental birds are the game farmers, who keep them as an accessory to the sporting birds. Yet there are many establishments which are unsuited for the propagation of game, but which have been made lucrative through the introduction of the more colorful creatures.

The pens and food for these birds are practically the same as for the ring-neck pheasant. The aviary pheasant hens seldom go broody in captivity, and their eggs are hatched and the young reared by bantams. In the case of the quail and the wood duck, the females are allowed to keep a nest of eggs after completing one or two previous clutches of eggs, and by this means production is multiplied.

All the birds mentioned here are perfectly hardy and will withstand Northern winters without trouble if they come of first-class strains and have not been previously pampered.

On my farm in Southern Maine we provide the ornamental birds with an opportunity to seek the protection of a roofed and weather-tight shelter during the winter, but they seldom use it, and at night we find them roosting in the open with the snow piled upon their backs.

It has been my experience that when proper methods were used these birds were fully as easy to raise as ordinary chickens. The comparatively small number of breeding farms in this country prevents disastrous competition and the demand for good stock is so good that prices have remained about the same for the past ten years.

These high prices are caused by the slow maturity of the stock. The cock pheasants of this class take two years to attain their full plumage. Hens sometimes lay eggs the second summer, but these are generally sterile. Furthermore, the prices for which hatching eggs are sold are higher than in

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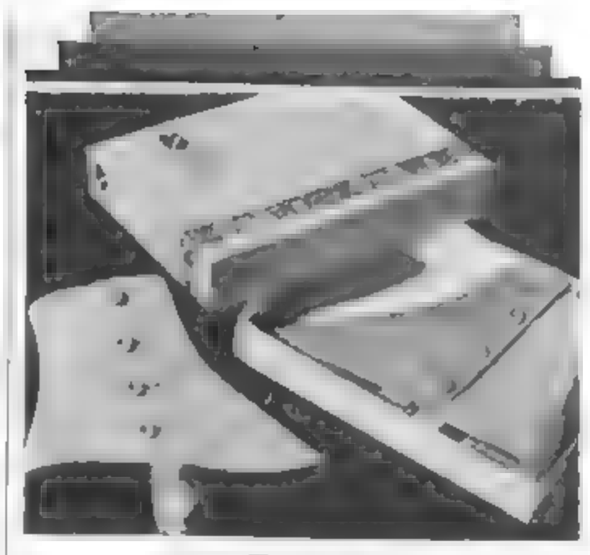

A GIFT THE MAN WILL WEAR

THIS time . . . why not something different . . . something as correct, comfortable and fashionwise as BOND STREET SPATS? Comfort is in style and the man with a flair for smartness will like the snug fit and feel of BOND STREETS over his low shoes and silk hose. Styled in England, made of the finest materials, expertly tailored, ultra-smart. Ask your shoe man or haberdasher for BOND STREET SPATS. The Williams Manufacturing Co., Portsmouth, Ohio.

BOND STREET *Spats*

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How Every Girl Can Earn Money

What schoolgirl doesn't thrill over a new sports frock . . . gay accessories . . . plenty of spending money for winter parties and school activities? Don't you? Then you'll surely "go after" a chance to earn your own money for the things that spell happiness for you.

Hundreds of schoolgirls in cities, in small towns and in the country are earning the money they long for, through our pleasant subscription plan. They find it so easy that it's "just fun." And such wonderful, wonderful prizes as they win. A bright beret . . . shoe skates . . . a sweater, a handsome watch may be yours, too. Write for the details today to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
641 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

LAW STUDY AT HOME. Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material including fourteen volume Law Library. "Law Guide" and [illegible] LaSalle Extension University Dept 1271 L, Chicago

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"
Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
For Garage—Factory—Warehouse. Send for Catalog.
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE
BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C

Husbands don't fret at *this kind* of Shopping!

—Shopping through booklets and folders that clipped coupons will bring

IF YOURS is a healthy, normal specimen of American husband, he is probably a dismal failure as a shopping companion.

He is restless on journeys from store to store. He is impatient with crowded aisles. He doesn't get any fun from sitting at a counter while colors, patterns, values, prices, are compared!

But clip and mail coupons for the booklets and folders of merchants and manufacturers. Try that same husband on shopping tours in the pages of well-printed advertising pieces!

He'll examine goods shown in an appealing illustration. He'll listen to intelligent arguments set forth in text. You will find it less difficult to discuss the budget with him when he scans it for money to buy the new and interesting things that add beauty and comfort to your home and your life—the things that printing daily introduces

This "fireside shopping" is coming to be the most enjoyable, the most intelligent, the most satisfactory form of buying.

Better paper and better printing on modern high-speed presses daily increase the value of this kind of "shopping."

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

The Warren program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. Furthermore, it includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary

In addition, many of the uncertainties of press work and printing are overcome through a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper and lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So, when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. Warren Company, 89B Broad St., Boston, Mass.
Printer ☐ User of Printing ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program which shows how to save time and money in planning printing
Name
Firm Name
Firm Address
City State

How to step out smartly!

STEP into *Style* and *Comfort*—both in the selfsame Shoe! Step into Natural Bridge Arch Shoes! *Good to the eye—good to the foot—good to the pocketbook!* Quality shoes cleverly designed to protect the natural loveliness of dainty feet—*naturally.*

Write for name of nearest dealer.

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS

Lynchburg (Division of Craddock Terry Company) Virginia

Listen in! WJZ and Associated Stations *every* Friday night, 8.45 Eastern Standard Time.

NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES

(Continued from Page 84)

the case of the game birds because the number is smaller than is produced by the ring-neck pheasant. Fifty or sixty eggs a year is a good average for a golden or Amherst pheasant hen. Wood ducks lay about three clutches of ten eggs each. And the valley quail will give about forty eggs a season. Golden eggs bring about nine dollars a dozen. The average price of the Amherst eggs is twelve dollars a dozen. By careful breeding on our own place, we have produced a superior type of Amherst pheasant and are able to get eighteen dollars a dozen for their eggs. Since we became fairly well established in the trade, we have never been able to fill every order for this specialty, and at times have not had sufficient eggs for our own hatching. The cost of producing these eggs is no more than for the ring-neck pheasant, far less than in the case of domestic laying hens, and the profit a year much higher than could be obtained by even the most modern egg ranch.

Day-old ornamental birds are not often offered for sale, but there is no reason why they should not be so sold.

Advertising such stock is best done in the high-class magazines which cater to the trade of the owners of country estates. The general price of the stock being high, and their sole reason for being valuable being their fascinating beauty, it is the men and women of means who are the largest purchasers. As soon as it is known that first-class specimens are for sale, inquiries will come from all over the country. Over a period of ten years we have shipped birds to almost every state in the Union and to some of the provinces of Canada.

The business may be made to pay a further profit if the owner cares to branch out to the services offered by the ornithological decorators. These men and women know ornamental birds thoroughly—the various species, their dispositions, adaptability to various locations, breeding habits, and so on. Such advisers are not numerous in the United States and the field is open for qualified individuals. As the number of American millionaires increases, the demand for ornamental birds grows by leaps and bounds. Birds are wanted for liberation on the country estates. And people are realizing that these gorgeous creatures add color and life to the landscape which cannot be obtained in any other way.

No one should consider entering the work unless a real affection for birds exists in his or her nature. The owner must be willing to care for them every day, rain or shine, study them, provide them with the feed that will assist them in reaching their maximum beauty, and to stand the losses which cannot be prevented. I receive many letters from persons who wish to jump from a life of employment in a city office to ownership of a bird farm bringing in three or four thousand dollars a year. One case out of a thousand might do this successfully. The stock in trade is alive, subject to disease, assaults by vermin, and accidents; losses from these causes, however, should not exceed 5 per cent in number. The birds cannot be treated as domestic creatures, even though they may remain of their own free will about the place where they were hatched and raised. Start small, with a pair or trio of golden or Amherst pheasants. They are the easiest to keep. Observe them and expand cautiously.

The demand for stock is good and is steadily increasing. The work has a joy about it that is present in no other occupation.

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Mail this handy coupon *today* for full details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Please send me your cash offer

Name
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street or R.F.D.

Town .....

State ..... *Age*.....

Mr. John E. Griffiths of Pennsylvania is busy with other duties all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $50.00 extra in a single month.

Long ago, Mr. Griffiths expressed a *willingness to try.* And he has been making good ever since.

$100 Extra in One Month

Many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

Supplies—Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

December days . . . is your child getting the *sunlight vitamin* he needs so much?

So many dark, dreary days in December. So much more time the children must spend indoors. And even the bright sunshiny days cannot give them all of the Vitamin D they need. For it is only in the outdoor *direct* rays of the sun (as in summer) that this precious sunlight Vitamin is produced in its full effectiveness.

But those youngsters of yours *must* have this Vitamin D in some form or other, if they are to grow up with straight, sturdy bodies. For Vitamin D is Nature's great force that prevents rickets—soft bones, bowed legs. Without it, the milk minerals (lime and phosphorus) in the diet which go to build strong bones and sound teeth are not efficiently utilized by the body.

Vitamin D . . . in this delicious nourishing food drink • Thousands and thousands of mothers are discovering in Cocomalt a happy aid to this problem. For extensive research has proved that Cocomalt makes a definite contribution to the anti-rachitic potency of the diet—and contains Vitamin D in sufficient quantities to aid in building strong bones and sound teeth when taken under normal everyday conditions.

And Cocomalt, you know, supplies not only the Vitamin D, but the milk minerals as well. It actually increases these minerals by over 50% and adds 70% more nourishment to milk. A completely balanced *natural* food drink that combines in correct proportions nourishing elements ideally suited to children, and grownups too.

What child doesn't like Cocomalt? Make Cocomalt part of your children's regular diet—breakfast, supper, and for after school lunch. It's a delicious drink with a delightful chocolate flavor that appeals to youngsters instantly . . . and induces them to drink the daily glasses of milk that doctors say they *must* have.

Cocomalt is as good hot as it is cold . . . Better *for* them, really, during the winter since doctors agree that every child should have a nourishing *hot* drink for breakfast . . .

You may get Cocomalt from your grocer in half-pound, pound and five pound cans. The half-pound size is 25 cents (30 cents west of the Mississippi).

R. B. DAVIS COMPANY • Hoboken, N. J.

Makers of Davis Baking Powder

FREE: A fascinating booklet entitled "Children of the Sun." This was prepared by specialists in the field of medicine and nutrition, based on their own comprehensive research work on Cocomalt and Vitamin D, the sunlight vitamin.

R. B. Davis Company, Hoboken, N. J.
Please send me free booklet (M-11) "Children of the Sun."

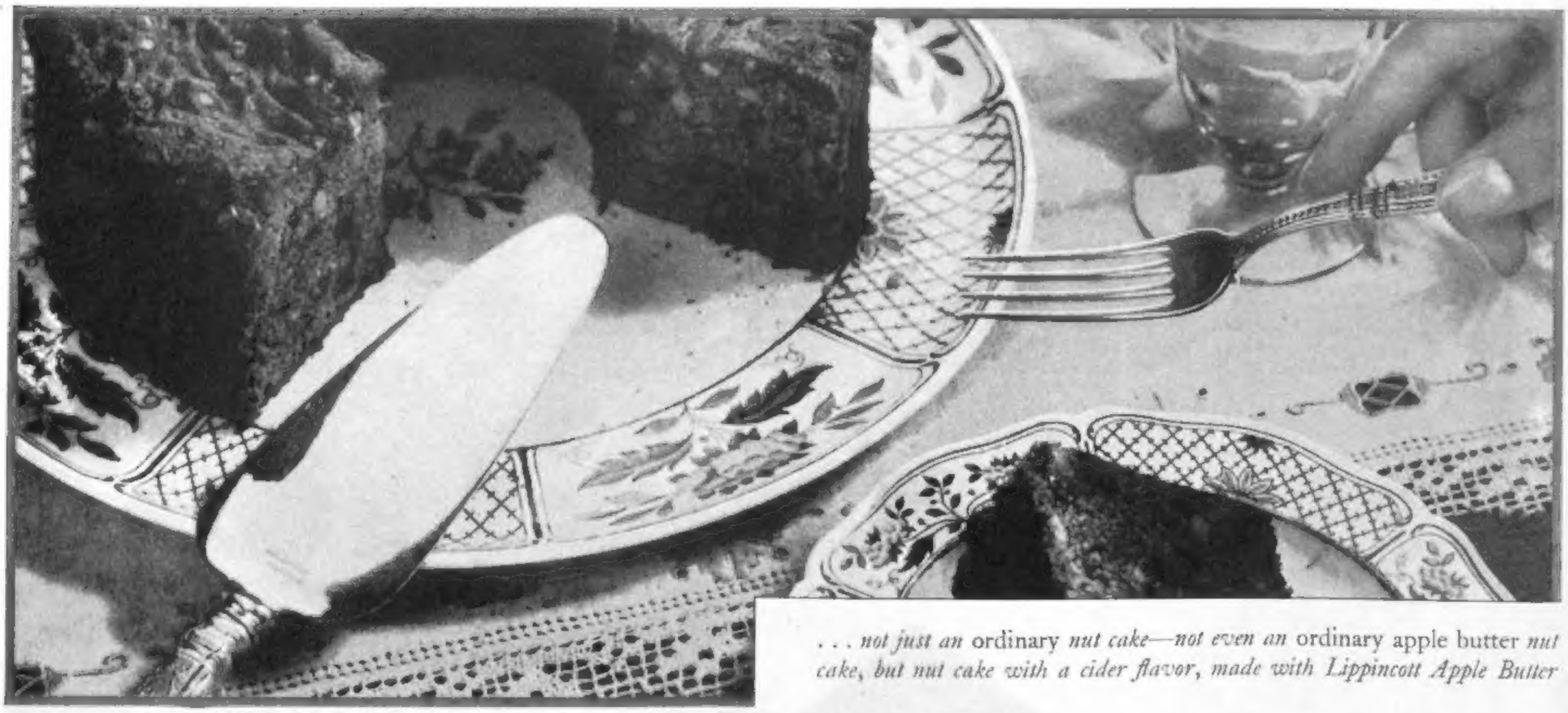
Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Cocomalt

Adds 70% more nourishment to milk



. . . not just an ordinary *nut cake—not even an* ordinary apple butter *nut cake, but nut cake with a cider flavor, made with Lippincott Apple Butter*

they taste . . they pause . . . they taste *again*

THE most discerning one speaks up, "Nut cake with cider flavor!" And then begins a chorus of comments and compliments—exclamations of praise which you may always expect from your guests once they savor the zestful spiciness, the persuasive deliciousness of Lippincott Apple Butter Nut Cake.

And you, who revel in serving a different, unexpected "something" to make your luncheons, teas and dinners memorable events, may well pride yourself on this delectable discovery.

For, of course, Lippincott Apple Butter Nut Cake is not just an *ordinary* nut cake. It's not even an *ordinary apple butter* nut cake, for it's made with no ordinary apple butter.

Only ripe and rosy apples, the pick of the nation's crop . . . the purest of cane-sugar . . . cider, sweet and mellow . . . thin-quill Saigon cinnamon and spices that are the choicest go into the great, shining caldrons to be blended and stirred by skilled chefs into the luscious thickness of Lippincott Apple Butter.

Small wonder that this most delicious of apple butters makes such a strong appeal to palates masculine and feminine . . . old and young. Small wonder, too, that so many hostesses are finding it the answer to countless culinary problems, such as: How to economize time and labor and still keep the Sunday night supper guests singing one's praises? How to have delightfully different sandwiches for tea? What to give the children when they come in hungry from school?

There is, of course, a Lippincott Apple Butter recipe booklet that is yours for the asking. And, of course, your grocer is ready to fill your order for the apple butter itself.

LIPPINCOTT
APPLE BUTTER NUT CAKE

½ cup butter or substitute
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten light
1 cup raisins
1 cup nuts
1¾ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup Lippincott Apple Butter (hot)

Cream the shortening, beat in the sugar gradually, then add the well-beaten egg, and the nuts and raisins, chopped and floured. Add the flour, sifted twice with the soda and salt, and next Lippincott Apple Butter (hot). Bake in a tube-pan, lined with greased paper, in a moderate oven about one hour.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

© 1929, The L. Co.

Spur Tie

All tied for you

50¢ - 75¢ - $1.00

Husband, friend or brother . .

They'd all like a Spur Tie. Because it's a bow tie tied right. A Spur Tie is always perkily correct, never a lumpy, lopsided failure which feminine fingers itch to fix.

The universal popularity of Spur Tie is just another instance of old-fashioned ideas giving way to progress. Young men love to wear a breezily correct Spur Tie with a soft collar attached shirt. More sedate business men know they are correctly dressed when they wear a Spur Tie with a starched collar. Spur Tie clicks and is at home with all ages and all collar styles.

For Christmas giving, a Spur Tie in a special gift box breathes the holiday spirit and is always welcome. There's a spirited assortment for juniors. The hidden, flexible chassis, adjustable to any shape you like, is the secret of Spur Tie supremacy.

Insist that the Spur Tie red label is on every tie and avoid inferior imitations. You can shape a Spur Tie in any way you like—fluffy or flat, severe or sportive —and the patented H shaped Innerform holds it that way.

FREE . . . a great little book

Send for "Off the Lot". Tells all about movie folks. Richly illustrated with fascinating photos and intimate details of their daily lives. Send for your free copy to Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65R Bedford Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Other Spur Ensemble Gifts

Haberdashery counters everywhere in addition to displaying Spur Tie in special gift boxes . . . all ready to present or mail . . . are displaying these other Spur items, attractively boxed, singly or in happy combinations:

Spur Dress Tie and Spur Belt Ensemble
Spur Tie and Spur Garter Ensemble
Spur Four-in-Hand and Spur Tie Ensemble
Spur Suspenders . . Spur Belts . . Spur Armbands

Hewes & Potter, Inc., 65R Bedford St., Boston, Mass.; New York, 200 Fifth Ave.; San Francisco, 120 Battery Street; Los Angeles, 426 South Spring St.; Chicago, 412 S. Wells St.; Denver, 1604 Arapahoe St. Made in Canada by Tooke Bros. Ltd., Montreal. In Australia, Wallace, Buck & Goodes, Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Sydney.

LET HOLIDAY TIME START AN ENDLESS **Glow of Health**

SUNKIST CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Luscious Sunkist Seedless Navel Oranges bring you Merry Christmas greetings from sunny California . . . Good Health as well as Good Cheer. Never was a better time to start drinking Orange Juice *regularly* to balance over-indulgence in good things to eat . . . and to set out to make a 365-day better health record for the new year!

It is an ever increasing Christmas custom not only to have an abundant home supply of Sunkist Seedless Navels for decoration as well as for important holiday uses, but to present these wonderful California Oranges as gifts . . . a dozen, a basket bedecked in bright ribbons, or a whole box! *Probably nothing would be more appreciated by an entire family;* surely nothing could do more for health!

And, thousands of Orange Juice enthusiasts will remember family and friends with a Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor (illustrated above), an appreciated and durable gift.

Richest Juice — *Finest Flavor*

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor; simple to operate; only two instantly removable parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. With alabaster glass bowl, $14.95, delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price, $19.95.

Dealers using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition of this speedy, efficient machine. Write for full information and terms to the address below. Please state business.

ADDRESS—CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
DEPT. 112, BOX 530, STATION "C," LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

California Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. And, now comes the additional scientific word that these Oranges are *extra*-rich in vitamins A, B and C, mineral salts, healthful fruit acids and fruit sugars. Here's a health-hint:—Squeeze the juice of a Sunkist Lemon in a glass of Orange Juice. Many prefer the combined flavors this way; in addition, Lemons, like Oranges, are rich in vitamin "C."

Sunkist Oranges, like Sunkist Lemons, while acid to the taste, are actually alkaline in reaction in the body and are potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis, the common malady due to our over-acid diet.

Know more about Acidosis. Send for a free copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods" to the address given in the adjoining column. It discusses Acidosis and suggests normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority.

California Sunkist Oranges carry the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper. "Sunkist" assures uniform, dependable quality. © 1928 C. F. G. E.